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THE

WORKS

OF THE

BRITISH POETS.

WITH

LIVES OF THE AUTHORS,

BY

EZEKIEL SANFORD.

VOL. XVII.

TICKELL, &c.

PHILADELPHIA:
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1819.

Eastern District of Pennsylvania, to wit:

BE IT REMEMBERED, that on the sixteenth day of March, in the forty-third year of the independence of the United States of America, A. D. 1819, Ezekiel Sanford, of the said district, hath deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as proprietor, in the words following, to wit:

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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

THOMAS TICKELL.

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

BY

EZEKIEL SANFORD.

LIFE OF TICKELL.

THOMAS TICKELL, was born at Bridekirk, in Cumberland, in 1686. He entered Queen's College, at Oxford, in 1701; received his master's degree in 1708; and, two years afterwards, was admitted to a fellowship; which he vacated by marriage, in 1726. His lines in praise of *Rosamond* secured him the friendship of Addison; who treated him, through life, with the affection of a father, and, at his death, made him his literary executor.

During the treaty between France and England, Tickell wrote his *Prospect of Peace;* and, when king George came over to rule the country, he celebrated the *Royal Progress.* The first was praised in the *Spectator,* and the latter inserted in it at full length.

But the most important literary enterprise of Tickell, was an attempt to divide the favour of the world with Pope, by a rival version of the Iliad. A translation of the first book had lain by him ever since his residence at Oxford; and, when Pope began to publish his, there was envy enough in Addison to bring that of Tickell to the light. Each version had its party of admirers; for what Addison had been the means of sending into the world, he *would not let die for* the want of support. He

bestowed great praise upon the translation
Pope; but, as he gave that of Tickell the
ference, his praise of the former only serve
enhance the merit of the latter. The wits
with Addison, and the town with Pope. 'I h
the mob,' says the latter, on my side;' but, he a
'it is common for the smaller party to make u
diligence what they want in numbers. I appe
the people as my proper judges: and, if they
not inclined to condemn me, I am in little
about the high-flyers at Button's.'

This was a wise and valiant speech; but his
sequent attempt to prove Addison the autho
Tickell's translation, was too clear a proof, that P
cared more about the high-flyers at Button's
he was willing to admit. The evidence of A
son's authorship is given by Spence; and Dr. J
son has copied the facts with an apparent a
escence in the conclusion. Pope tells his
story; and, according to him, as there had
been such a coldness between himself and Add
that they seldom met except at Button's, he
surprised one day to be taken aside, and invite
dine. After dinner, Addison told him, that
friend Tickell, while at Oxford, had made a
sion of Homer's first Book, which he now desig
to publish; and, as the manuscript had been
into his hands for revision, he begged, that P
would not desire him to look over the first boo
his, because it would have the appearance of do
dealing. When it became known, that Tick
version was in the press, Pope met Dr. Yo
who, it seems, had not yet heard of the fact,
was confounded with the intelligence. He s
that he and Tickell used to communicate to
other whatever verses they wrote, even to the
things; that the latter could hardly have been
ployed upon such a work without his privity; and
it was unaccountable he should keep the trans

ɔng a secret. Steele, too, in his anger, says, t, if the reputed translator of the first book of ıer shall please to give us another book, there ! appear another good judge in poetry, besides Alexander Pope, who shall like it;'* and ıce tells us, that, when a third person introduced subject in a conversation between Pope and :ell, the latter did not deny, that Addison was ıuthor.

ıe last statement is not sufficiently authenti- l; nor would it be conclusive, if it were. It t said, that Pope charged Addison with the orship; and we can hardly suppose, that :ell would be forward to deny a fact, which had ɣet been asserted. Addison's paternal friend- for him is sufficient to explain the interest he in the fate of his translation; and we are not onclude, without the most positive evidence, he would thus impose upon the world, or that :ell would submit to be the instrument of the :. The remarks of Dr. Young might be very ral; but they are by no means decisive. :ell might be free to communicate the trifles, :h he occasionally produced, without thinking ıelf obliged to increase the chances of detection, nparting even to a friend, that he had under- n so important a task as that of translating ıer. That he might labour at such a task, with- the knowledge of any other person, it is quite ible to imagine; and the circumstance of his ɔing the translation so long unpublished, will be a wonder, if we allow him prudence enough ɔstain from giving the world the earnest of a ormance, which he might not be able to com- e. It has been said, that the translation is too l for Tickell. This is always a dangerous argu- t. The slightest fact will serve to refute it;

* Steele's Letters, vol. ii. p. 499.

and, when refuted, it only increases the merit, which it was designed to undervalue. Tickell has written other poetry, which shows him capable of such a translation; and his Elegy upon Addison alone, would vindicate both himself and his friend from the charge of practising upon the credulity of the world. Steele, indeed, calls his elegy nothing but 'prose in rhyme;' but Johnson thinks, there is not 'a more sublime or a more elegant funeral poem to be found in the whole compass of English literature.'

When the dispute arose respecting the Hanover succession, Tickell wrote the *Letter to Avignan*. Nor did his zeal go unrewarded: Addison employed him in public business, when he went to Ireland as secretary to Lord Sunderland; and, on being made secretary of state, appointed him his under-secretary. After the death of his patron, he became a man of considerable consequence in the administration, and, about the year 1725, was made secretary to the Lords Justices of Ireland. This post gave him an opportunity of becoming acquainted with Swift, to whom he had been recommended by Addison, and who seems not to have underrated the legacy. He wrote him many complimentary letters, which were answered by others still more complimentary. He had frequent occasion to avail himself of Tickell's influence with the government, and the readiness with which his requests were always [illegible] one of those flattering [illegible] which he was accustomed to [illegible] gentleman under the [illegible] and [illegible].

[illegible] says, in a letter of July 18th, 1725, [illegible] to myself [illegible] from which [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

pose to load me, so as to put it out of my power to express my gratitude; and, against your conscience you put compliments upon the letter I write, on purpose to make me write worse, or not at all, for the future. I remember some faint strokes of this unjust proceeding in myself, when I had a little credit in the world; but in no comparison with yours, which have filled up the measure of iniquity.'*

Mathew Pilkington, one of Swift's pennyless 'spur-leathers,' had written an *Ode* on the King's birth day; for which Lord Carteret gave him an order on Mr. Tickell for a gratuity of fifty pounds. Overwhelmed with the magnitude of the donation, he could not help expressing his ecstacy in a *Diary* of his feelings, from the time he heard the news, until he received the money. Some delay was occasioned by the illness of Mr. Tickell; but Pilkington could find no excuse for a man, who stood betwixt him and fifty pounds; and, among the other 'plagues of wealth,' he reckoned his frequent visits to the door of the secretary.

—'Went in high spirits to the secretary's (but, as a drawback to my happiness), received the dispiriting account of his being confined to his chamber; denied admittance.

'Memorand. His excellency easier of access than his officer.

TUESDAY, 17. (February.)

'The secretary still sick; paid a visit to the street door about twelve; returned melancholy.

WEDNESDAY, ditto.

THURSDAY, ditto.

FRIDAY, ditto.

SATURDAY, ditto.

SUNDAY, ditto.

'O! 'twas a dreadful interval of time!

* *Scott's Edition of Swift's Works*, vol. xix. p. 357.

MONDAY, 23.

'Ordered to wait again on Mr. T——; but happening to be over eager to receive the sum, I hastened away too unseasonably about half an hour after twelve, and found him asleep.

'Mem. Admitted this morning to stand in the hall, and not at the door, as hath been slanderously and mischievously reported; I presume it happened so at other times.

'Walked in the piazza till after one, ruminating on the various hopes and fears with which my mind had been tormented this week past; could not forbear repeating aloud the two lines of the libel, which accidentally are not more true of Mr Addison than his friend,

> Who, grown a minister of state,
> Sees poets at his levee wait.'

It was, as we have said, about the year 1723, that Tickell was made secretary to the Lords Justices of Ireland. He continued in that office till his death in 1740; but his life appears to have been spent without any remakable occurrence. Whatever might have been his occupation, he did not entirely forsake the Muses; and, though we are unable to name the particular works, about which he employed himself, the following letter will show, that he submitted poetry of some sort to the criticism of Swift:—

'Deanery House, July 20, 1731.

'SIR,

'After frequent reading with as much care as I could, I found but the three remarks above mentioned that I could possibly make. Only I would sink nine of the ten thousand fathom, and call it *a thousand*. I desire you will please to finish it. I *have been* riding out to-day, as well as yesterday, for *my health*, but find myself much disordered, &c.

'I have marked the figures 1, 2, 3, in your original.

'1. For *when* I would advise *where*.

'2. I do not well understand this line.

'3. I see what *this* and *that* refer to. But in the line just before, there are two words, *present* and *past*, and in the next line above *viscus*, and *leach*, which will make some difficulty to a common reader.'*

There are nearly ten years in the life of Tickell, of which we can find no account. He died at Bath, on the 23d of April, 1740.

There was little weight in the argument, that Tickell could not have translated the first *Iliad*, because the style is above his powers. The reader will find great spirit and harmony in nearly all his original poems; and we would mention the *Letter to Avignon* as one of the happiest specimens of epistolary poetry to be found in the language. It is difficult to sustain our interest through a series of topics, which, uniting in no common effect, are apt to neutralize each other; and, whatever may be the merit of particular passages selected from the epistles of the various English poets, they are, as a body, by no means the most fascinating species of composition. Tickell seems to have written in a felicitous mood; and he triumphs over all disadvantages. He soars at the first start; and sustains his elevation to the last. He is happy in the choice of topics; apt in his expressions; lively, without pertness; and sarcastic, without being severe.

Nearly the same remarks may be applied to *Kensington Garden;* a poem, by which the author probably intended to convince the world, that, like Homer, he could celebrate the battles of small beings as well as great. It is an epic upon Oberon and his fairies. His heroes are half an ell in height;

* Scot, Sw. vol. xix. pp. 371-3.

they hold council under a toadstool; and rush to battle with the stings of bees. To endow such creatures with the same passions, and make them subservient to the same motives, as ourselves, affords ample scope for the display of those incongruities between thought and action, project and performance, which, though an inferior species of wit, are always sure to produce a smile. But Tickell shows himself more fitted to sing the wrath of Oberon, than that of Achilles; and, when he stopped at the first book of the *Iliad*, and never gave us the promised translation of the *Odyssey*, we may suspect, that he was restrained, not so much from the fear of competition, as the consciousness of inability.

TO HIS EXCELLENCY

THE LORD PRIVY SEAL,

ON THE

PROSPECT OF PEACE.

—Sacerdos
Fronde super Mitram, et felici comptus oliva. *Virg.*

TO THE LORD PRIVY SEAL.

CONTENDING kings and fields of death too long
Have been the subject of the British song.
Who hath not read of fam'd Ramilia's plain,
Bavaria's fall, and Danube chok'd with slain?
Exhausted themes! a gentler note I raise,
And sing returning Peace in softer lays.
Their fury quell'd, and martial rage allay'd,
I wait our heroes in the silvan shade.
Disbanding hosts are imag'd to my mind,
And warring powers in friendly leagues combin'd,
While ease and pleasure make the nation smile,
And Heav'n and Anna bless Britannia's isle.
  Well sends our queen her mitred Bristol forth,
For early councils fam'd and long-tried worth,
Who thirty rolling years had oft withheld
The Swede and Saxon from the dusty field,

Completely form'd to heal the Christian wounds,
To name the kings, and give each kingdom bounds,
The face of ravag'd Nature to repair,
By leagues to soften earth, and Heav'n by pray'r;
To gain by love where rage and slaughter fail,
And make the crosier o'er the sword prevail.
  So when great Moses with Jehovah's wand
Had scatter'd plagues o'er stubborn Pharoah's land,
Now spread an host of locusts round the shore,
Now turn'd Nile's fattening streams to putrid gore,
Plenty and gladness mark'd the priest of God,
And sudden almonds shot from Aaron's rod.
  O Thou! from whom these bounteous blessings flow,
To whom, as chief, the hopes of Peace we owe,
(For next to thee, the man whom kings contend
To style companion, and to make their friend,
Great Strafford! rich in every courtly grace,
With joyful pride accepts the second place)
From Britain's isle, and Isis' sacred spring,
One hour, oh! listen while the Muses sing.
Though Ministers of mighty monarchs wait
With beating hearts to learn their master's fate,
One hour forbear to speak thy queen's commands,
Nor think the world, thy charge, neglected stands;
The blissful prospects in my verse display'd
May lure the stubborn, the deceiv'd persuade;
Ev'n thou to Peace shalt speedier urge the way,
And more be hasten'd by this short delay.

ON THE

PROSPECT OF PEACE.

The haughty Gaul in ten campaigns o'erthrown
Now ceas'd to think the western world his own.
Oft had he mourn'd his boasting leaders bound,
And his proud bulwarks smoking on the ground.
In vain with powers renew'd he fill'd the plain,
Made timorous vows, and brib'd the saints in vain;
As oft his legions did the fight decline,
Lurk'd in the trench, and skulk'd behind the line.
Before his eyes the fancied javelin gleams,
At feasts he starts, and seems dethron'd in dreams;
On glory past reflects with secret pain,
On mines exhausted, and on millions slain.
To Britain's queen the sceptred suppliant bends,
To her his crowns and infant race commends,
Who grieves her fame with Christian blood to buy,
Nor asks for glory at a price so high.
At her decree the war suspended stands,
And Britain's heroes hold their lifted hands;
Their open brows no threatning frowns disguise,
But gentler passions sparkle in their eyes.
The Gauls, who never in their courts could find
Such temper'd fire with manly beauty join'd,
Doubt *if they're those* whom dreadful to the view
In forms so fierce their fearful fancies drew;

At whose dire names ten thousand widows press'd
Their helpless orphans clinging to the breast.
In silent rapture each his foe surveys;
They vow firm friendship and give mutual praise,
Brave minds, howe'er at war, are secret friends,
Their generous discord with the battle ends:
In Peace they wonder whence dissension rose,
And ask how souls so like could e'er be foes.

Methinks I hear more friendly shouts rebound,
And social clarions mix their sprightly sound;
The British flags are furl'd, her troops disband,
And scatter'd armies seek their native land.
The hardy veteran proud of many a scar,
The manly charms and honours of the war,
Who hop'd to share his friends' illustrious doom,
And in the battle find a soldier's tomb,
Leans on his spear to take his farewell view,
And, sighing, bids the glorious camp adieu.

Ye generous Fair! receive the brave with smiles
O'erpay their sleepless nights and crown their toils:
Soft beauty is the gallant soldier's due;
For you they conquer, and they bleed for you.
In vain proud Gaul with boastful Spain conspires
When English valour English beauty fires:
The nations dread your eyes, and kings despair
Of chiefs so brave till they have nymphs so fair.

See the fond wife, in tears of transport drown'd,
Hugs her rough lord, and weeps o'er every wound,
Hangs on the lips that fields of blood relate,
And smiles or trembles at his various fate.
Near the full bowl he draws the fancied line,
And marks feign'd trenches in the flowing wine,
Then sets the' invested fort before her eyes,
And mines, that whirl'd battalions to the skies;

His little listening progeny turn pale,
And beg again to hear the dreadful tale.
Such dire achievements sings the bard, that tells
Of palfrey'd dames, bold knights, and magic spells,
Where whole brigades one champion's arms o'er-throw,
And cleave a giant at a random blow;
Slay paynims vile that force the fair, and tame
The goblin's fury and the dragon's flame.
Our eager youth to distant nations run,
To visit fields their valiant fathers won;
From Flandria's shore their country's fame they trace,
Till far Germania shows her blasted face.
The' exulting Briton asks his mournful guide,
Where his hard fate the lost Bavaria tried?
Where Stepney grav'd the stone to Anna's fame?—
He points to Blenheim, once a vulgar name.
Here fled the household, there did Tallard yield,
Here Marlborough turn'd the fortune of the field:
On those steep banks near Danube's raging flood:
The Gauls thrice started back, and trembling stood:
When Churchill's arm perceiv'd, they stood not long,
But plung'd amidst the waves a desperate throng!
Crowds whelm'd on crowds dash'd wide the watry bed,
And drove the current to its distant head.
As when by Raphael's or by Kneller's hands
A warlike courser on the canvass stands,
Such as on Landen bleeding Ormond bore,
Or set young Ammon on the Granic shore,
If chance a generous steed the work behold,
He *snorts, he neighs,* he champs the foamy gold;

So Hochstet see , tumultuous passions roll,
And hints of glory fire the Briton's soul,
In fancied fights he sees the troops engage,
And all the tempest of the battle rage.
Charm me, ye Powers! with scenes less nobly right;
Far humbler thoughts the' inglorious Muse delight,
Content to see the horrors of the field
By ploughshares levell'd or in flowers conceal'd.
O'er shatter'd walls may creeping ivy twine,
And grass luxuriant clothe the harmless mine;
Tame flocks ascend the breach without a wound,
Or crop the bastion, now a fruitful ground;
While shepherds sleep, along the rampart laid,
Or pipe beneath the formidable shade.
Who was the man, (oblivion blast his name,
Torn out and blotted from the list of fame!)
Who fond of lawless rule and proudly brave
First sunk the filial subject to a slave,
His neighbours' realms by frauds unkingly gain'd,
In guiltless blood the sacred ermine stain'd,
Laid schemes for death, to slaughter turn'd his heart,
And fitted murder to the rules of art?
Ah! curst Ambition! to thy lures we owe
All the great ills that mortals bear below;
Curst by the hind, when to the spoil he yields
His year's whole sweat and vainly ripen'd fields;
Curst by the maid, torn from her lover's side,
When left a widow though not yet a bride;
By mothers curst, when floods of tears they shed,
And scatter useless roses on the dead!
Oh, sacred Bristol? then what dangers prove
The arts thou smil'st on with paternal love!

Then mix'd with rubbish by the brutal foes,
In vain the marble breathes, the canvass glows;
To shades obscure the glittering sword pursues
The gentle poet and defenceless Muse:
A voice like thine alone might then assuage
The warrior's fury and control his rage;
To hear thee speak might the fierce Vandal stand,
And fling the brandish'd sabre from his hand.

Far hence be driven to Scythia's stormy shore
The drum's harsh music and the cannon's roar.
Let grim Bellona haunt the lawless plain
Where Tartar clans and grisly Cossacks reign;
Let the steel'd Turk be deaf to matrons' cries,
See virgins ravish'd with relentless eyes,
To death grey heads and smiling infants doom,
Nor spare the promise of the pregnant womb,
O'er wasted kingdoms spread his wide command,
The savage lord of an unpeopled land!

Her guiltless glory just Britannia draws
From pure religion and impartial laws;
To Europe's wounds a mother's aid she brings,
And holds in equal scales the rival kings:
Her generous sons in choicest gifts abound.
Alike in arms, alike in arts renown'd.
As when sweet Venus (so the fable sings)
Awak'd by nereids from the ocean springs,
With smiles she sees the threatening billows rise,
Spreads smooth the surge and clears the low'ring skies,
Light o'er the deep, with fluttering Cupids crown'd
The pearly couch and silver turtles bound,
Her tresses shed ambrosial odours round.

Amidst the world of waves so stands serene
Britannia's isle, the Ocean' stately queen!

In vain the nations have conspir'd her fall,
Her trench the sea, and fleets her floating wall:
Defenceless barks, her powerful navy near,
Have only waves and hurricanes to fear.
What bold invader or what land opprest
Hath not her anger quell'd, her aid redrest!
Say where have e'er her Union Crosses sail'd,
But much her arms, her justice more, prevail'd!
Her labours are to plead the' Almighty's cause,
Her pride to teach the' untam'd Barbarian laws.
Who conquers, wins by brutal strength the prize,
But 'tis a godlike work to civilize.

Have we forgot how from great Russia's throne
The king, whose power half Europe's regions own,
Whose sceptre waving, with one shout rush forth
In swarms, the harness'd millions of the north,
Through realms of ice pursued his tedious way
To court our friendship and our fame survey!
Hence the rich prize of useful arts he bore,
And round his empire spread the learned store:
(To' adorn old realms is more than new to raise;
His country's parent is a monarch's praise.)
His bands now march in just array to war,
And Caspian gulphs unusual navies bear;
With runic lays Smolensko's forests ring,
And wondering Volga hears the Muses sing.
Did not the painted kings of India greet
Our Queen, and lay their sceptres at her feet?
Chiefs who full bowls of hostile blood had quaff't,
Fam'd for the javelin and envenom'd shaft,
Whose haughty brows made savages adore,
Nor bow'd to less than stars or sun before:
Her pitying smile accepts their suppliant claim,
And adds four monarchs to the Christian name.

Blest use of pow'r! O virtuous pride in kings!
And like his bounty whence dominion springs!
Which o'er new worlds makes Heaven's indulgence shine,
And ranges myriads under laws divine!
Well bought with all that those sweet regions hold,
With groves of spices and with mines of gold.
Fearless our merchant now pursues his gain,
And roams securely o'er the boundless main.
Now o'er his head the polar Bear he spies,
And freezing spangles of the Lapland skies;
Now swells his canvass to the sultry line,
With glittering spoils where Indian grottos shine,
Where fumes of incense glad the southern seas,
And wafted citron scents the balmy breeze.
Here nearer suns prepare the ripening gem,
To grace great Anne's imperial diadem;
And here the ore, whose melted mass shall yield
On faithful coins each memorable field,
Which, mix'd with medals of immortal Rome,
May clear disputes, and teach the time to come.
In circling beams shall godlike Anna glow,
And Churchill's sword hang o'er the prostrate foe;
In comely wounds shall bleeding worthies stand,
Webb's firm platoon and Lumley's faithful band;
Bold Mordaunt in Iberian trophies drest,
And Campbell's dragon on his dauntless breast;
Great Ormond's deeds on Vigo's spoils enroll'd,
And Guiscard's knife on Harley's Chili gold:
And if the Muse, O Bristol! might decree,
Here Granville noted by the lyre should be,
The lyre for Granville, and the cross for thee.
Such are the honours grateful Britain pays,
So patriots merit, and so monarchs praise.

O'er distant times such records shall prevail,
When English numbers, antiquated, fail:
A trifling song the muse can only yield,
And soothe her soldiers, panting from the field:
To sweet retirements see them safe convey'd,
And raise their battles in the rural shade.
From fields of death to Woodstock's peaceful glooms,
(The poet's haunt) Britannia's hero comes—
Begin, my Muse! and softly touch the string;
Here Henry lov'd, and Chaucer learnt to sing.
Hail, fabled grotto! hail, Elysian soil!
Thou fairest spot of fair Britannia's isle!
Where kings of old, conceal'd, forgot the throne,
And beauty was content to shine unknown,
Where Love and War by turns pavilions rear,
And Henry's bowers near Blenheim's dome appear.
The wearied champion lull in soft alcoves,
The noblest boast of thy romantic groves.
Oft, if the Muse presage, shall he be seen
By Rosamonda fleeting o'er the green,
In dreams be hail'd thy heroes' mighty shades,
And hear old Chaucer warble through the glades;
O'er the fam'd echoing vaults his name shall bound,
And hill to hill reflect the favourite sound.
Here, here at least, thy love for arms give o'er,
Nor, one world conquer'd, fondly wish for more;
Vice of great souls alone! O thirst of fame!
The Muse admires it while she strives to blame.
Thy toils be now to chase the bounding deer,
Or view the coursers stretch in wild career.
This lovely scene shall soothe thy soul to rest,
And wear each dreadful image from thy breast;
With pleasure, by thy conquests shalt thou see
The queen triumphant, and all Europe free.

No cares henceforth shall thy repose destroy,
But what thou giv'st the world, thyself enjoy.
Sweet solitude! when life's gay hours are past,
Howe'er we rang'd, in thee we fix at last:
Tost through tempestuous seas (the voyage o'er)
Pale we look back, and bless the friendly shore:
Our own strict judges, our past life we scan,
And ask if glory hath enlarg'd the span?
If bright the prospect, we the grave defy;
Trust future ages, and contented die.
When strangers from far distant climes shall come,
To view the pomp of this triumphant dome,
Where, rear'd aloft, dissembled trophies stand,
And breathing labours of the sculptor's hand,
Where Kneller's art shall paint the flying Gaul,
And Bourbon's woes shall fill the storied wall,
Heirs of thy blood shall o'er their bounteous board
Fix Europe's guard, thy monumental sword;
Banners that oft have wav'd on conquer'd walls,
And trumps that drown'd the groans of gasping Gauls;
Fair dames shall oft with curious eye explore
The costly robes that slaughter'd generals wore,
Rich trappings from the Danube's whirlpools brought,
(Hesperian nuns the gorgeous 'broidery wrought)
Belts stiff with gold, the Boian horseman's pride,
And Gaul's fair flowers in human crimson dy'd.
Of Churchill's race perhaps some lovely boy
Shall mark the burnish'd steel that hangs on high,
Shall gaze transported on its glittering charms,
And reach it, struggling with unequal arms,
By signs the drum's tumultuous sound request,
Then *seek, in starts, the* hushing mother's breast

So in the painter's animated frame,
Where Mars embraces the soft Paphian dame,
The little Loves in sport his falchion wield,
Or join their strength to heave his pondrous shield:
One strokes the plume in Tityon's gore imbrued,
And one the spear that reeks with Typhon's blood;
Another's infant brows the helm sustain,
He nods his crest, and frights the shrieking train.
Thus, the rude tempest of the field o'erblown,
Shall whiter rounds of smiling years roll on;
Our victors, blest in peace, forget their wars,
Enjoy past dangers, and absolve the stars.
But, oh! what sorrows shall bedew your urns,
Ye honour'd shades! whom widow'd Albion mourns?
If your thin forms yet discontented moan,
And haunt the mangled mansions once your own,
Behold what flowers the pious Muses strow,
And tears which in the midst of triumph flow;
Cypress and bays your envied brows surround,
Your names the tender matron's heart shall wound,
And the soft maid grow pensive at the sound!
Accept, great Anne! the tears their memory draws,
Who nobly perish'd in their sovereign's cause;
For thou in pity bid'st the war give o'er,
Mourn'st thy slain heroes, nor wilt venture more.
Vast price of blood on each victorious day!
(But Europe's freedom doth that price repay.)
Lamented triumphs! when one breath must tell
That Marlborough conquer'd, and that Dormer fell.
Great Queen! whose name strikes haughty monarchs pale,
On whose just sceptre hangs Europa's scale,

Whose arm like Mercy wounds, decides like Fate,
On whose decree the nations anxious wait;
From Albion's cliffs thy wide-extended hand
Shall o'er the main to far Peru command;
So vast a tract whose wide domain shall run,
Its circling skies shall see no setting sun;
Thee, thee, an hundred languages shall claim,
And savage Indians swear by Anna's name;
The line and poles shall own thy rightful sway,
And thy commands the sever'd globe obey.
Round the vast ball thy new dominions chain
The watry kingdoms, and control the main;
Magellan's straits to Gibraltar they join,
Across the seas a formidable line:
The sight of adverse Gaul we fear no more,
But, pleas'd, see Dunkirk now a guiltless shore.
In vain great Neptune tore the narrow ground,
And meant his waters for Britannia's bound,
Her giant genius takes a mighty stride,
And sets his foot beyond the' encroaching tide;
On either bank the land its master knows,
And in the midst the subject ocean flows.
So near proud Rhodes across the raging flood,
Stupendous form! the vast Colossus stood,
(While at one foot their thronging gallies ride)
A whole hour's sail scarce reach'd the further side,
Betwixt his brazen thighs, in loose array,
Ten thousand streamers on the billows play.
By Harley's counsels Dunkirk, now restor'd
To Britain's empire, owns her ancient lord:
In him transfus'd his godlike father reigns,
Rich in the blood which swell'd that patriot's veins,
Who, boldly faithful, *met his sovereign's frown,*
And scorn'd for gold to yield the' important town.

His son was born the ravish'd prey to claim,
And France still trembles at a Harley's name.
A fort so dreadful to our English shore,
Our fleets scarce fear'd the sands or tempests more,
Whose vast expenses to such sums amount,
That the tax'd Gaul scarce furnish'd out the' account,
Whose walls such bulwarks, such vast towers restrain,
Its weakest ramparts are the rocks and main.
His boast great Louis yields, and cheaply buys
Thy friendship, Anna! with the mighty prize.
Holland repining, and in grief cast down,
Sees the new glories of the British crown.
Ah! may they ne'er provoke thee to the fight,
Nor foes more dreadful than the Gaul invite;
Soon may they hold the olive, soon assuage
Their secret murmurs, nor call forth thy rage
To rend the banks, and pour, at one command,
Thy realm, the sea, o'er their precarious land.
Henceforth be thine, Vicegerent of the skies!
Scorn'd worth to raise, and vice in robes chastise,
To dry the orphan's tears, and from the bar
Chase the brib'd judge, and hush the wordy war;
Deny the curst blasphemer's tongue to rage,
And turn God's fury from an impious age.
Blest change! the soldier's late destroying hand
Shall rear new temples in his native land;
Mistaken zealots shall with fear behold,
And beg admittance in our sacred fold;
On her own works the pious queen shall smile,
And turn her cares upon her favourite isle.
So the keen bolt a warrior angel aims,
Array'd in clouds and wrapt in mantling flames;

He bears a tempest on his sounding wings,
And his red arm the forky vengeance flings:
At length, Heaven's wrath appeas'd, he quits the war,
To roll his orb and guide his destin'd star,
To shed kind fate and lucky hours bestow,
And smile propitious on the world below.

Around thy throne shall faithful nobles wait:
These guard the church, and those direct the state.
To Bristol, graceful in maternal tears,
The Church her towery forehead gently rears;
She begs her pious son to' assert her cause,
Defend her rights, and reinforce her laws;
With holy zeal the sacred work begin,
To bend the stubborn and the meek to win.

Our Oxford's Earl in careful thought shall stand,
To raise his queen and save a sinking land.
The wealthiest glebe to ravenous Spaniards known
He marks, and makes the golden world our own;
Content with hands unsoil'd to guard the prize,
And keep the store with undesiring eyes.

So round the tree that bore Hesperian gold,
The sacred watch lay curl'd in many a fold;
His eyes uprearing to the' untasted prey,
The sleepless guardian wasted life away.

Beneath the peaceful olives, rais'd by you,
Her ancient pride shall every art renew,
(The arts with you fam'd Harcourt shall defend,
And courtly Bolingbroke, the Muse's friend.)
With piercing eye some search where Nature plays,
And trace the wanton through her darksome maze;
Whence health from herbs, from seeds how groves begun,
How vital streams in circling eddies run;

Some teach, why round the sun the spheres advance
In the fix'd measures of their mystic dance;
How tides when heav'd by pressing moons o'erflow,
And sun-born Iris paints her showery bow.
In happy chains our daring language bound,
Shall sport no more in arbitrary sound;
But buskin'd bards henceforth shall wisely rage,
And Grecian plans reform Britannia's stage.
Till Congreve bids her smile, Augusta stands
And longs to weep when flowing Rowe commands.
Britain's Spectators shall their strength combine
To mend our morals and our taste refine;
Fight virtue's cause, stand up in wit's defence,
Win us from vice, and laugh us into sense.
Nor, Prior! hast thou hush'd the trump in vain;
Thy lyre shall now revive her mirthful strain;
New tales shall now be told: if right I see,
The soul of Chaucer is restor'd in thee.
Garth, in majestic numbers, to the stars
Shall raise mock heroes and fantastic wars.
Like the young spreading laurel, Pope! thy name
Shoots up with strength, and rises into Fame.
With Philips shall the peaceful vallies ring,
And Britain hear a second Spenser sing.
That much-lov'd youth whom Utrecht's walls confine,
To Bristol's praises shall his Strafford's join:
He too, from whom attentive Oxford draws
Rules for just thinking and poetic laws,
To growing bards his learned aid shall lend,
The strictest critic and the kindest friend.
Ev'n mine, a bashful Muse, whose rude essays
Scarce hope for pardon, not aspire to praise,
Cherish'd by you, in time may grow to fame,
And mine survive with Bristol's glorious name.

r'd with the views this glittering scene displays,
nd smit with passion for my country's praise,
y artless reed attempts this lofty theme
here sacred Isis rolls her ancient stream;
cloister'd domes, the great Philippa's pride,
here learning blooms while fame and worth preside;
here the fifth Henry arts and arms was taught,
nd Edward form'd his Cressy yet unfought;
here laurel'd bards have struck the warbling strings,
e seat of sages, and the nurse of kings.
ere thy commands, O Lancaster! inflame
y eager breast to raise the British name,
rge on my soul with no ignoble pride
woo the Muse whom Addison enjoy'd;
e that bold swan to Heav'n sublimely soar,
rsue at distance, and his steps adore.

THE

ROYAL PROGRESS.*

When Brunswick first appear'd, each honest heart,
Intent on verse, disdain'd the rules of art;
For him the songsters in unmeasur'd odes
Debas'd Alcides and dethron'd the gods;
In golden chains the kings of India led,
Or rent the turban from the Sultan's head.
One in old fables and the Pagan strain,
With nymphs and Tritons wafts him o'er the main.
Another draws fierce Lucifer in arms,
And fills the' infernal region with alarms;
A third awakes some druid to foretel
Each future triumph from his dreary cell.
Exploded fancies! that in vain deceive,
While the mind nauseates what she can't believe.
My Muse the' expected hero shall pursue
From clime to clime, and keep him still in view;
His shining march describe, in faithful lays,
Content to paint him, nor presume to praise:

* *Written as a compliment to George the First, on his arrival in the British dominions.*

Their charms, if charms they have, the truth supplies,
And from the theme unlabour'd beauties rise.
By longing nations for the throne design'd,
And call'd to guard the rights of human kind,
With secret grief his godlike soul repines,
And Britain's crown with joyless lustre shines;
While pray'rs and tears his destin'd progress stay,
And crowds of mourners choke their sovereign's way.
Not so he march'd when hostile squadrons stood
In scenes of death and fir'd his generous blood;
When his hot courser paw'd the' Hungarian plain,
And adverse legions stood the shock in vain,
His frontiers past the Belgian bounds he views,
And cross the level fields his march pursues:
Here pleas'd, the land of Freedom to survey,
He greatly scorns the thirst of boundless sway:
O'er the thin soil with silent joy he spies
Transplanted woods and borrow'd verdure rise,
Where every meadow, won with toil and blood
From haughty tyrants and the raging flood,
With fruit and flowers the careful hind supplies,
And clothes the marshes in a rich disguise;
Such wealth for frugal hands doth Heaven decree,
And such thy gifts, celestial Liberty!
Through stately towns and many a fertile plain
The pomp advances to the neighbouring main;
Whole nations crowd around with joyful cries,
And view the hero with insatiate eyes.
In Haga's towers he waits, till eastern gales
Propitious rise to swell the British sails;
Hither the fame of England's monarch brings
The vows and friendships of the neighbouring *kings:*

Mature in wisdom, his extensive mind
Takes in the blended interests of mankind.
The world's great patriot! calm thy anxious breast;
Secure in him, O Europe! take thy rest:
Henceforth thy kingdoms shall remain confin'd
By rocks or streams, the mounds which Heav'n design'd;
The Alps their new-made monarch shall restrain,
Nor shall thy hills, Pirene! rise in vain.
But see! to Briton's isle the squadrons stand,
And leave the sinking towers and lessening land;
The royal bark bounds o'er the floating plain,
Breaks through the billows, and divides the main.
O'er the vast deep, great Monarch! dart thine eyes;
A watry prospect bounded by the skies;
Ten thousand vessels from ten thousand shores
Bring gums and gold, and either India's stores;
Behold the tributes hastening to thy throne,
And see the wide horizon all thy own!
Still is it thine. Though now the cheerful crew
Hail Albion's cliffs just whitening to the view,
Before the wind with swelling sails they ride
Till Thames receives them in his opening tide.
The monarch hears the thundering peals around
From trembling woods and echoing hills rebound,
Nor misses yet, amid the deafening train,
The roarings of the hoarse resounding main.
As in the flood he sails from either side,
He views his kingdom in its rural pride;
A various scene the wide-spread landscape yields
O'er rich enclosures and luxuriant fields;
A lowing herd each fertile pasture fills,
And distant flocks stray o'er a thousand hills:

Fair Greenwich hid in woods, with new delight,
Shade above shade now raises to the sight,
His woods ordain'd to visit every shore,
And guard the island which they grac'd before.
  The sun, now rolling down the western way
A blaze of fires, renews the fading day;
Unnumber'd barks the regal barge infold,
Brightening the twilight with its beamy gold;
Less thick the finny shoals, a countless fry!
Before the whale or kingly dolphin fly:
In one vast shout he seeks the crowded strand,
And in a peal of thunder gains the land.
  'Welcome, great Stranger! to our longing eyes;
Oh, king desir'd!' adopted Albion cries,
'For thee the East breath'd out a prosp'rous breeze,
Bright were the suns, and gently swell'd the seas;
Thy presence did each doubtful heart compose,
And factions wonder'd that they once were foes;
That joyful day they lost each hostile name,
The same their aspect, and their voice the same.'
  So two fair twins, whose features were design'd
At one soft moment in the mother's mind,
Show each the other with reflected grace,
And the same beauties bloom in either face,
The puzzled strangers which is which inquire,
Delusion grateful to the smiling sire.
  From that fair hill* where hoary sages boast
To name the stars and count the heavenly host,
By the next dawn doth great Augusta rise,
Proud Town! the noblest scene beneath the skies!

* Mr. Flamstead's house, now the Observatory in Greenwich park.

O'er Thames her thousand spires their lustre shed,
And a vast navy hides his ample bed;
A floating forest! from the distant strand
A line of golden cars strikes o'er the land;
Britannia's peers in pomp and rich array
Before their king triumphant lead the way
Far as the eye can reach the gaudy train
A bright procession shines along the plain.
So haply through the heaven's wide pathless ways
A comet draws a long extended blaze,
From east to west burns through the' ethereal frame,
And half heaven's convex glitters with the flame.
Now to the regal tower securely brought,
He plans Britannia's glories in his thought;
Resumes the delegated power he gave,
Rewards the faithful, and restores the brave.
Whom shall the Muse from out the shining throng
Select to heighten and adorn her song?
Thee, Halifax! to thy capacious mind,
O man approv'd! is Britain's wealth consign'd:
Her coin, while Nassau fought, debas'd and rude,
By thee in beauty and in truth renew'd,
An arduous work! again thy charge we see,
And thy own care once more returns to thee.
O! form'd in every scene to awe and please,
Mixt wit with pomp, and dignity with ease;
Though call'd to shine aloft, thou wilt not scorn,
To smile on arts thyself did once adorn:
For this thy name succeeding times shall praise,
And envy less thy garter than thy bays.
The Muse, if fir'd with thy enlivening beams,
Perhaps shall aim at more exalted themes,

Record our monarch in a nobler strain,
And sing the opening wonders of his reign;
Bright Carolina's heavenly beauties trace,
Her valiant consort and his blooming race.
A train of kings their fruitful love supplies,
A glorious scene to Albion's ravish'd eyes,
Who sees by Brunswick's hand her sceptre sway'd,
And through his line from age to age convey'd.

KENSINGTON GARDEN.

—Campus, ubi Troja fuit. *Virg.*

WHERE Kensington high o'er the neighbouring land
'Midst greens and sweets, a regal fabric! stands,
And sees each spring luxuriant in her bow'rs,
A snow of blossoms and a wild of flow'rs,
The dames of Britain oft in clouds repair
To gravel walks and unpolluted air;
Here, while the Town in damps and darkness lie
They breathe in sunshine, and see azure skies;
Each walk with robes of various dies bespread
Seems from afar a moving tulip bed,
Where rich brocades and glossy damasks glow,
And chints, the rival of the showery bow.
Here England's daughter, darling of the land!
Sometimes surrounded with her virgin band
Gleams through the shades; she, towering o'er th
rest,
Stands fairest of the fairer kind confest;
Form'd to gain hearts that Brunswick's cause denied
And charm a people to her father's side.
Long have these groves to royal guests bee
known,
Nor Nassau first prefer'd them to a throne.
Ere Norman banners wav'd in British air,
Ere lordly Hubba with the golden hair

Pour'd in his Danes, ere elder Julius came,
Or Dardan Brutus gave our isle a name,
A prince of Albion's lineage grac'd the wood,
The scene of wars, and stain'd with lover's blood.
You who through gazing crowds, your captive throng,
Throw pangs and passions, as you move along,
Turn on the left, ye fair! your radiant eyes,
Where all unlevell'd the gay Garden lies.
If generous anguish for another's pains
Ere heav'd your hearts or shiver'd through your veins,
Look down attentive on the pleasing dale,
And listen to my melancholy tale.
That hollow space, where now in living rows
Line above line the yew's sad verdure grows,
Was, ere the planter's hand its beauty gave,
A common pit, a rude unfashion'd cave:
The landscape now so sweet, we well may praise,
But far, far sweeter in its ancient days,
Far sweeter was it when its peopled ground
With fairy domes and dazzling towers was crown'd!
Where in the midst those verdant pillars spring
Rose the proud palace of the elfin king;
For every hedge of vegetable green
In happier years a crowded street was seen;
Nor all those leaves that now the prospect grace
Could match the numbers of its pigmy race.
What urg'd this mighty empire to its fate,
A tale of woe and wonder I relate.
When Albion rul'd the land, whose lineage came
From Neptune mingling with a mortal dame,
Their midnight pranks the sprightly Fairies play'd
On *every hill, and danc'd* in every shade;

But, foes to sunshine, most they took delight
In dells and dales conceal'd from human sight;
They hew'd their houses in the arching rock,
Or scoop'd the bosom of the blasted oak,
Or heard, o'ershadow'd by some shelving hill,
The distant murmurs of the falling rill;
They, rich in pilfer'd spoils, indulg'd their mirth,
And pitied the huge wretched sons of earth:
Ev'n now 'tis said, the hinds o'erhear their strain,
And strive to view their airy forms in vain;
They to their cells at man' approach repair,
Like the shy leveret or the mother hare,
The whilst poor mortals startle at the sound
Of unseen footsteps on the haunted ground.

Amid this Garden then with woods o'ergrown
Stood the lov'd seat of royal Oberon:
From every region to his palace gate
Came peers and princes of the fairy state,
Who rank'd in council round the sacred shade
Their monarch's will and great behests obey'd.
From Thames' fair banks, by lofty towers adorn'd,
With loads of plunder oft his chiefs return'd;
Hence in proud robes and colours bright and gay
Shone every knight and every lovely fay.
Whoe'er on Powell's dazzling stage display'd
Hath fam'd king Pepin and his court survey'd,
May guess, if old by modern things we trace,
The pomp and splendour of the Fairy race.

By magic fenc'd, by spells encompass'd round,
No mortal touch'd this interdicted ground;
No mortal enter'd, those alone who came
Stolen from the couch of some terrestrial dame;

For oft of babes they robb'd the matron's bed,
And left some sickly changeling in their stead.
It chanc'd a youth of Albion's royal blood
Was foster'd here, the wonder of the wood.
Milkah, for wiles above her peers renown'd,
Deep skill'd in charms and many a mystic sound,
As through the regal dome she sought for prey,
Observ'd the infant Albion where he lay,
In mantles broider'd o'er with gorgeous pride,
And stole him from the sleeping mother's side.
Who now but Milkah triumphs in her mind!
Ah, wretched nymph! to future evils blind:
The time shall come when thou shalt dearly pay
The theft hard-hearted of that guilty day:
Thou in thy turn shalt like the queen repine,
And all her sorrows doubled shall be thine.
He who adorns thy house, the lovely boy
Who now adorns it, shall at length destroy.
Two hundred moons in their pale course had seen
The gay-rob'd Fairies glimmer on the green,
And Albion now had reach'd in youthful prime
To nineteen years, as mortals measure time.
Flush'd with resistless charms he fir'd to love
Each nymph and little dryad of the grove;
For skilful Milkah spar'd not to employ
Her utmost art to rear the princely boy:
Each supple limb she swath'd and tender bone,
And to the elfin standard kept him down;
She robb'd dwarf elders of their fragrant fruit,
And fed him early with the daisy's root,
Whence through his veins the powerful juices ran,
And form'd in beauteous miniature the man;
Yet still, two inches taller than the rest,
His lofty port his human birth confest:

A foot in height how stately did he show!
How look superior on the crowd below!
What knight like him could toss the rushy lan
Who move so graceful in the mazy dance?
A shape so nice, or features half so fair,
What Elf could boast? or such a flow of hair?
Bright Kenna saw, a princess born to reign,
And felt the charmer burn in every vein.
She heiress to this empire's potent lord,
Prais'd like the stars, and next the moon ador
She whom at distance thrones and prince
view'd,
To whom proud Oriel and Azuriel sued,
In her high palace languish'd, void of joy,
And pin'd in secret for a mortal boy.
He too was smitten, and discreetly strove
By courtly deeds to gain the virgin's love.
For her he cull'd the fairest flowers that grew
Ere morning suns had drain'd their fragrant d
He chas' the hornet in his mid-day flight,
And brought her glow-worms in the noon of n
When on ripe fruits she cast a wishing eye
Did ever Albion think the tree too high?
He show'd her where the pregnant goldfinch l
And the wren-mother brooding o'er her youn
To her the' inscription on their eggs he read;
(Admire, ye clerks! the youth whom Milkah l
To her he show'd each herb of virtuous juice,
Their powers distinguish'd, and describ'd
use.
All vain their powers, alas! to Kenna prove,
And well sung Ovid 'There's no herb for lov
As when a ghost, enlarg'd from realms belo
Seeks its old friend to tell some secret woe,

The poor shade shivering stands, and must not break
His painful silence till the mortal speak;
So far'd it with the little love-sick maid,
Forbid to utter what her eyes betray'd:
He saw her anguish and reveal'd his flame,
And spar'd the blushes of the tongue-tied dame.
The day would fail me should I reckon o'er
The sighs they lavish'd, and the oaths they swore,
In words so melting that, compar'd with those,
The nicest courtship of terrestrial beaux
Would sound like compliments from country clowns
To red-cheek'd sweethearts, in their home-spun gowns.

All in a lawn of many a various hue
A bed of flowers (a Fairy forest) grew:
'Twas here one noon, the gaudiest of the May,
The still, the secret, silent hour of day,
Beneath a lofty tulips' ample shade
Sat the young lover and the' immortal maid.
They thought all fairies slept. Ah, luckless fair!
Hid but in vain in the sun's noontide glare!
When Albion, leaning on his Kenna's breast,
Thus all the softness of his soul exprest:

'All things are hush'd; the sun's meridian rays
Veil the horizon in one mighty blaze:
Nor moon nor star in heaven's blue arch is seen,
With kindly rays to silver o'er the green;
Grateful to fairy eyes they secret take
Their rest, and only wretched mortals wake.
This dead of day I fly to thee alone,
A world to me, a multitude in one.
Oh! sweet as dew-drops on these flowery lawns,
When the sky opens and the evening dawns!

Straight as the pink that towers so high in air!
Soft as the blowbell! as the daisy fair!
Blest be the hour when first I was convey'd
An infant captive to this blissful shade!
And blest the hand that did my form refine,
And shrunk my stature to a match with thine!
Glad, I for thee renounce my royal birth,
And all the giant daughters of the Earth.
Thou, if thy breast with equal ardour burn,
Renounce thy kind, and love for love return;
So from us two, combin'd by nuptial ties,
A race unknown of demigods shall rise.
O speak, my love! my vows with vows repay,
And sweetly swear my rising fears away.'
  To whom (the shining azure of her eyes
More brighten'd) thus the' enamour'd maid replies:
  'By all the stars, and first, the glorious moon,
I swear, and by the head of Oberon,
A dreadful oath! no prince of fairy line
Shall e'er in wedlock plight his vows with mine.
Where'er my footsteps in the dance are seen
May toadstools rise, and mildews blast the green;
May the keen east-wind blight my favourite flowers,
And snakes and spotted adders haunt my bow'rs;
Confin'd whole ages in a hemlock shade
There rather pine I, a neglected maid;
Or worse, exil'd from Cynthia's gentle rays,
Parch in the sun a thousand summer days,
Than any prince, a prince of fairy line,
In sacred wedlock plight his vows with mine.'
  She ended, and with lips of rosy hue
Dipp'd five times over in ambrosial dew,
Stifled his words, when from his covert rear'd
The frowning brow of Oberon appear'd:

A sun-flower's trunk was near, whence (killing sight!)
The monarch issued, half an ell in height:
Full on the pair a furious look he cast,
Nor spoke, but gave his bugle-horn a blast,
That through the woodland echo'd far and wide,
And drew a swarm of subjects to his side.
A hundred chosen knights, in war renown'd,
Drive Albion banish'd from the sacred ground;
And twice ten myriads guard the bright abodes
Where the proud king, amidst his demi-gods,
For Kenna's sudden bridal bids prepare,
And to Azuriel gives the weeping fair.
  If fame in arms with ancient birth combin'd,
A faultless beauty and a spotless mind,
To love and praise can generous souls incline,
That love, Azuriel! and that praise was thine.
Blood only less than royal fill'd thy veins;
Proud was thy roof and large thy fair domains.
Where now the skies high Holland-House invades,
And short-liv'd Warwick sadden'd all the shades,
Thy dwelling stood, nor did in him afford
A nobler owner or a lovelier lord:
For thee a hundred fields produc'd their store,
And by thy name ten thousand vassals swore;
So lov'd thy name, that at their monarch's choice
All fairy shouted with a general voice!
  Oriel alone a secret rage suppress,
That from his bosom heav'd the golden vest.
Along the banks of Thame his empire ran,
Wide was his range and populous his clan.
When cleanly servants, if we trust old tales,
Beside their wages had good fairy vails,
Whole *heaps of silver* tokens, nightly paid,
The careful wife or the neat dairy-maid,

Sunk not his stores. With smiles and powerful bribes
He gain'd the leaders of his neighbour tribes,
And ere the night the face of things had chang'd,
Beneath his banners half the fairies rang'd.
Meanwhile, driv'n back to earth, a lonely way
The cheerless Albion wander'd half the day;
A long, long journey! chok'd with brakes and thorns,
Ill measur'd by ten thousand barley-corns.
Tir'd out at length a spreading stream he spied
Fed by old Thame, a daughter of the tide.
'Twas then a spreading stream, though now its fame
Obscur'd, it bears the Creek's inglorious name,
And creeps, as through contracted bounds it strays,
A leap for boys in these degenerate days.
On the clear crystal's verdant bank he stood,
And thrice look'd backward on the fatal wood,
And thrice he groan'd, and thrice he beat his breast,
And thus in tears his kindred gods addrest:
'If true, ye watry powers! my lineage came
From Neptune mingling with a mortal dame,
Down to his court, with coral garlands crown'd,
Through all your grottos waft my plaintive sound,
And urge the god, whose trident shakes the earth,
To grace his offspring and assert my birth.'
He said; a gentle Naiad heard his pray'r,
And touch'd with pity for a lover's care
Shoots to the sea, where low beneath the tides
Old Neptune in the' unfathom'd deep resides.
Rous'd at the news the seas stern sultan swore
Revenge, and scarce from present arms forbore;
But first the nymph his harbinger he sends,
And to her care the favourite boy commends.

As through the Thames her backward course she guides,
Driven up his current by the refluent tides,
Along his banks the pigmy legions spread
She spies, and haughty Oriel at their head:
Soon with wrong'd Albion's name the host she fires,
And counts the ocean's god among his sires;
'The ocean's god, by whom shall be o'erthrown,
(Styx heard his oath) the tyrant Oberon.
See here beneath a toadstool's deadly gloom
Lies Albion; him the Fates your leader doom.
Hear and obey; 'tis Neptune's powerful call:
By him Azuriel and his king shall fall.'
She said; they bow'd, and on their shields upbore
With shouts their new saluted emperor.
Ev'n Oriel smil'd, at least to smile he strove,
And hopes of vengeance triumph'd over love.
See now the mourner of the lonely shade,
By gods protected and by hosts obey'd;
A slave, a chief, by fickle Fortune's play,
In the short course of one revolving day.
What wonder if the youth, so strangely blest,
Felt his heart flutter in his little breast:
His thick embattled troops with secret pride
He views extended half an acre wide:
More light he treads, more tall he seems to rise,
And struts a straw-breadth nearer to the skies.
O for thy Muse, great bard!* whose lofty strains
In battle join'd the Pigmies and the Cranes;
Each gaudy knight, had I that warmth divine,
Each colour'd legion, in my verse should shine:
But simple I and innocent of art,
The tale that sooth'd my infant years impart,

* Mr. Addison.

The tale I heard whole winter-eves untir'd,
And sing the battles that my nurse inspir'd.
Now the shrill corn-pipes, echoing loud to arm
To rank and file reduce the straggling swarms:
Thick rows of spears at once with sudden glare,
A grove of needles, glitter in the air:
Loose in the winds small ribbon streamers flow,
Dipt in all colours of the heavenly bow,
And the gay host, that now its march pursues,
Gleams o'er the meadows in a thousand hues.
On Buda's plains thus formidably bright
Shone Asia's sons, a pleasing dreadful sight!
In various robes their silken troops were seen,
The blue, the red, and prophet's sacred green,
When blooming Brunswick near the Danube's flo
First stain'd his maiden sword in Turkish blood.
Unseen and silent march the slow brigades
Through pathless wilds and unfrequented shade
In hope already vanquish'd by surprise
In Albion's power the fairy empire lies;
Already has he seiz'd on Kenna's charms,
And the glad beauty trembles in his arms.
The march concludes; and now in prospect ne
But fenc'd with arms, the hostile towers appear;
For Oberon (or Druids falsely sing)
Wore his prime vizier in a magic ring,
A subtle sprite! that opening plots foretold
By sudden dimness on the beamy gold:
Hence in a crescent form'd his legions bright
With beating bosoms waited for the fight:
To charge their foes they march, a glittering ban
And in their van doth bold Azuriel stand.
What rage that hour did Albion's soul possess,
Let chiefs imagine and let lovers guess!

Forth issuing from his ranks, that strove in vain
To check his course, athwart the dreadful plain
He strides indignant, and with haughty cries
To single fight the fairy Prince defies.
  Forbear, rash youth! the' unequal war to try,
Nor, sprung from mortals, with immortals vie:
No god stands ready to avert thy doom,
Nor yet thy grandsire of the waves is come.
My words are vain—no words the wretch can move,
By beauty dazzled and bewitch'd by love:
He longs, he burns to win the glorious prize,
And sees no danger while he sees her eyes.
  Now from each host the eager warriors start,
And furious Albion flings his hasty dart.
'Twas feather'd from the bee's transparent wing,
And its shaft ended in a hornet's sting;
But tost in rage, it flew without a wound
High o'er the foe, and guiltless pierc'd the ground.
Not so Azuriel's; with unerring aim
Too near the needle-pointed javelin came,
Drove through the sevenfold shield and silken vest,
And lightly ras'd the lover's ivory breast.
Rous'd at the smart, and rising to the blow,
With his keen sword he cleaves his Fairy foe,
Sheer from the shoulder to the waist he cleaves,
And of one arm the tottering trunk bereaves.
  His useless steel brave Albion wields no more,
But sternly smiles, and thinks the combat o'er:
So had it been, had aught of mortal strain
Or less than fairy felt the deadly pain;
But empyreal forms, howe'er in fight
Gash'd and dismember'd, easily unite.
As some frail cup of China's purest mould,
With *azure varnish'd* and bedropt with gold,

Though broke, if cur'd by some nice virgin's hands
In its old strength and pristine beauty stands,
The tumults of the boiling Bohea braves,
And holds secure the coffee's sable waves;
So did Azuriel's arm, if Fame say true,
Rejoin the vital trunk whence first it grew,
And whilst, in wonder fix'd, poor Albion stood,
Plung'd the curst sabre in his heart's warm blood.
The golden broidery tender Milkah wove,
The breast to Kenna sacred and to love,
Lie rent and mangled, and the gaping wound
Pours out a flood of purple on the ground:
The jetty lustre sickens in his eyes,
On his cold cheeks the bloomy freshness dies:
'O Kenna! Kenna!' thrice he tried to say;
'Kenna! farewell!' and sigh'd his soul away.
His fall the Dryads with loud shrieks deplore
By sister Naiads echo'd from the shore,
Thence down to Neptune's secret realms convey'd
Through grots, and glooms, and many a coral shade.
The sea's great sire, with looks denouncing war,
The trident shakes and mounts the pearly car,
With one stern frown the wide-spread deep deforms,
And works the madding ocean into storms:
O'er foaming mountains and through bursting tides
Now high, now low, the bounding chariot rides;
Till through the Thames in a loud whirlwind's roar
It shoots, and lands him on the destin'd shore.
Now fix'd on earth his towering stature stood,
Hung o'er the mountains and o'erlook'd the wood:
To Brompton's grove one ample stride he took,
(The vallies trembled and the forests shook)
The next huge step reach'd the devoted shade
Where chok'd in blood was wretched Albion laid

ıere now the vanquish'd with the victors join'd,
ıeath the regal banners stood combin'd.
The' embattled dwarfs with rage and scorn he past,
d on their town his eye vindictive cast;
deep foundations his strong trident cleaves,
d high in air the' uprooted empire heaves;
his broad engine the vast ruin hung,
ıich on the foe with force divine he flung:
hast the legions in the' approaching shade
e' inverted spires and rocking domes survey'd,
ıat downward tumbling on the host below
ıish'd the whole nation at one dreadful blow:
wers, arms, nymphs, warriors, are together lost,
d a whole empire falls to soothe sad Albion's
ghost!
Such was the period long restrain'd by Fate,
d such the downfal of the fairy state.
is Dale, a pleasing region, not unblest,
is Dale possest they, and had still possest,
d not their monarch with a father's pride
nt from her lord the' inviolable bride;
sh to dissolve the contract seal'd above,
ıe solemn vows and sacred bonds of Love.
w where his elves so sprightly danc'd the round
violet breathes nor daisy paints the ground;
s towers and people fill one common grave,
shapeless ruin and a barren cave.
Beneath huge hills of smoking piles he lay,
unn'd and confounded, a whole summer's day;
: length awak'd, (for what can long restrain
ıbodied spirits?) but awak'd in pain;
ıd as he saw the *desolated wood*,
ıd the dark den where once his empire stood.

Grief chill'd his heart; to his half-open'd eyes
In every oak a Neptune seem'd to rise:
He fled, and left with all his trembling peers
The long possession of a thousand years.
Through bush, through brake, through grov
and gloomy dales,
Through dank and dry, o'er streams and flowe
vales,
Direct they fled, but often look'd behind,
And stopt and started at each rustling wind.
Wing'd with like fear, his abdicated bands
Disperse and wander into different lands;
Part hid beneath the Peak's deep caverns lie
In silent glooms, impervious to the sky;
Part on fair Avon's margin seek repose,
Whose stream o'er Britain's midmost region flow
Where formidable Neptune never came,
And seas and oceans are but known by fame;
Some to dark woods and secret shades retreat,
And some on mountains choose their airy seat;
There haply by the ruddy damsel seen,
Or shepherd boy, they featly foot the green,
While from their steps a circling verdure spring
But fly from towns, and dread the courts of king
Meanwhile sad Kenna, loth to quit the grove,
Hung o'er the body of her breathless love,
Tried every art (vain arts!) to change his doom,
And vow'd (vain vows!) to join him in the tomb.
What could she do? the Fates alike deny
The dead to live, or fairy forms to die.
An herb there grows, (the same old Homer* tel
Ulysses bore to rival Circe's spells)

*Odyss. Lib. X.

is ebon-black, but sends to light
:hat bends with flow'rets milky white;
: plant, which gods and fairies know,
et kept from mortal men below;
ale limbs its virtuous juice she shed,
mur'd mystic numbers o'er the dead;
w! the little shape by magic pow'r
ss and less, contracted to a flow'r,
that first in this sweet garden smil'd,
as sacred, and the Snow-drop styl'd.
:w-born plant with sweet regret she view'd,
with her sighs, and with her tears bedew'd,
'd seeds from bank to bank convey'd,
ı her lover whiten'd half the shade:
ı from death each spring she sees him grow,
ies in the vegetable snow,
ıw increas'd through wide Britannia's plains
t's warmth and spotless name retains;
ler of the flowery race aspires,
most catches the sun's genial fires;
s and snows triumphant dares appear,
he seasons and leads on the year.
ed now of all the pigmy race,
nor fairy touch'd the guilty place:
on heaps, for many a rolling age
ırst, the mark of Neptune's rage,
Nassau recloth'd the desert shade,
acred to Britannia's monarchs made.
n the green-rob'd nymph, fair Kenna, came,
that gave the neighbouring town its name)
ıen she saw the' ennobled Garden shine
nphs and heroes of her lover's line,
d to grace the mansions once her own,
ıre out in plants the fairy town:

To far-fam'd Wise her flight unseen she sped,
And with gay prospects fill'd the craftsman's head,
Soft in his fancy drew a pleasing scheme,
And plann'd that landscape in a morning dream.
With the sweet view the sire of Gardens fir'd
Attempts the labour by the nymph inspir'd,
The walls and streets in rows of yew designs,
And forms the town in all its ancient lines;
The corner trees he lifts more high in air,
And girds the palace with a verdant square;
Nor knows, while round he views the rising scenes,
He builds a city as he plants his greens.
With a sad pleasure the aërial maid
This image of her ancient realm survey'd,
How chang'd, how fall'n, from its primeval pride!
Yet here each moon, the hour her lover died,
Each moon the solemn obsequies she pays,
And leads the dance beneath pale Cynthia's rays;
Pleas'd in these shades to head her fairy train,
And grace the groves where Albion's kinsmen reign.

OXFORD,*

INSCRIBED TO LORD LONSDALE.

MDCCVII†.

Unum opus est, intactæ Palladis urbem
Carmine perpetuo celebrare.

HOR. I. Ode vii.

WHILST you, my lord, adorn that stately seat,
Where shining Beauty makes her soft retreat,
Enjoying all those graces uncontroul'd,
Which noblest youths would die but to behold;
Whilst you inhabit Lowther's awful pile,
A structure worthy of the founder's toil,
Amaz'd we see the former Lonsdale‡ shine
In each descendant of his noble line;
But most transported and surpris'd we view
His ancient glories all reviv'd in you,
Where charms and virtues join their equal race,
Your father's godlike soul, your mother's lovely face.

* This poem is subjoined to Dr. Johnson's Life of Tickell.

† Richard, second Lord Viscount Lonsdale. He died of the small-pox 1st Dec. 1713.

‡ Sir John Lowther, one of the early promoters of the Revolution, was constituted Vice Chamberlain to King William and Queen Mary on their advancement to the throne, created Baron Lowther and Viscount Lonsdale in 1696, and appointed Lord Privy Seal in 1699. He died 10th July 1700.

Me fortune and kind Heaven's indulgent care
To famous Oxford and the Muses bear,
Where of all ranks the blooming youths combine
To pay due Homage to the mighty Nine,
And snatch with smiling joy the laurel crown
Due to the learn'd honours of the gown:
Here I, the meanest of the tuneful throng,
Delude the time with an unhallow'd song,
Which thus my thanks to much-lov'd Oxford pays,
In no ungrateful though unartful lays.

Where shall I first the beauteous scene disclose,
And all the gay variety expose;
For wheresoe'er I turn my wondering eyes
Aspiring towers and verdant groves arise;
Immortal greens the smiling plains array,
And mazy rivers murmur all the way.

O! might your eyes behold each sparkling dome,
And freely o'er the beauteous prospect roam,
Less ravish'd your own Lowther you'd survey,
Though pomp and state the costly seat display;
Where Art so nicely has adorn'd the place,
That Nature's aid might seem an useless grace,
Yet Nature's smiles such various charms impart
That vain and needless are the strokes of Art.
In equal state our rising structures shine,
Fram'd by such rules and form'd by such design,
That here, at once surpris'd and pleas'd, we view
Old Athens lost and conquer'd in the new;
More sweet our shades, more fit our bright abodes
For warbling Muses and inspiring gods.

Great Vanburgh's* self might own each artful draught
Equal to Models in his curious thought,

* Sir John Vanburgh.

orn a fabric by our plans to frame,
mmortal labours sing their fame:
'ays he saves them from destroying Fate,
ut praise them, or but imitate.
where the sacred Sheldon's haughty dome*
the stately pomp of ancient Rome,
form so great and noble seems design'd
press the grandeur of its founder's mind:
ı one lofty building we behold
'er the Latian pride could boast of old.
ıo dire combats feed the savage eye,
ew the sand with sportive cruelty;
re adorn'd with what the Muse inspires,
utshines their bloody theatres.
tful scene! when here in equal verse
uthful bards their godlike queen rehearse,
ırchill's wreaths Apollo's laurel join,
ıg the plains of Hochstet and Judoign.
let the Muse record our Bodley's seat†
ı at numbers like the subject great.
! thou fabric sacred to the Nine,
ne immortal and thy form divine!
thy praise attempts the dangerous flight
in thy various tongues be taught to write;
se, like thee, a lofty dress should wear,
athe the genius which inhabits there;
oper lays alone can make thee live,
y that fame which first thyself did give:
ıtains which through secret channels flow,
ur above, the floods they take below,
ı their father Ocean urge their way,
the sea the streams it gave repay.

e Theatre. † The Bodleian Library.

No more we fear the military rage
Nurs'd up in some obscure barbarian age,
Nor dread the ruin of our arts divine
From thick-skull'd heroes of the gothic line,
Though pale the Romans saw those arms advance
And wept their learning lost in ignorance.
Let brutal rage around its terrors spread,
The living murder, and consume the dead,
In impious fires let noblest writings burn,
And, with their authors, share a common urn,
Only, ye fates! our lov'd Bodleian spare,
Be It, and Learning's self shall be, your care;
Here every art and every grace shall join,
Collected Phœbus here alone shall shine,
Each other seat be dark, and this be all divine.
Thus when the Greeks imperial Troy defac'd,
And to the ground its fatal walls debas'd,
In vain they burn the work of hands divine,
And vow destruction to the Dardan line,
Whilst good Æneas flies the' unequal wars,
And with his guardian gods Iülus bears;
Old Troy for ever stands in him alone,
And all the Phrygian kings survive in one.
Here still presides each sage's reverend shade,
In soft repose and easy grandeur laid;
Their deathless works forbid their fame to die,
Nor Time itself their persons shall destroy,
Preserv'd within the living Gallery.*
What greater gift could bounteous heaven bestow
Than to be seen above, and read below!
With deep respect I bend my duteous head
To see the faithful likeness of the dead;

* The Picture Gallery.

hat Muse can equal warmth impart?
er's skill transcends the poet's art.
nd the pictur'd founders I descry,
lness soft and great with majesty,
f life the artful colours give,
re within their colleges they live;
begins in wilder rounds to roll,
ing tumults combat in my soul,
e awe my downcast eyes betray,
less than adoration pay.
: the Roman fathers when, o'ercome,
the Gauls insult o'er conquer'd Rome,
ive seem'd the haughty victor's lord,
rate chiefs their awful slaves ador'd.
t as this adorns your Lowther's Hall,
sting gods carouse upon the wall;
r which creating paint supplies
each pleas'd spectator's eyes,
amaz'd the figures, heavenly fair,
they breathe the true Elysian air:
es so bold, great Verrio's hand has drawn
in dwellings brighter than their own.
th a thousand raptures, I behold
y features grac'd each bard of old;
think did guide his charming tongue,
air as this the poet sung;
as these glow'd with the sacred fire,
like these employ'd the vocal lyre.
h'd I pursue each image o'er,
admire their deathless labours more.
the gloomy Scaliger appears,
is critic and each feature sneers?
Ben so smartly strikes the eye,
n see a fancied comedy;

The muddy Scotus crowns the motley show,
And metaphysics cloud his wrinkled brow;
But distant awe invades my beating breast
To see great Ormond in the paint exprest;
With fear I view the figure from afar
Which burns with noble ardour for the war;
But near approaches free my doubting mind,
To view such sweetness with such grandeur join'd.
Here studious heads the graver tablet shows,
And there with martial warmth the picture glows;
The blooming youth here boasts a brighter hue,
And painted virgins far outshine the true.
Hail, colours which with Nature bear a strife,
And only want a voice to perfect life!
The wondering stranger makes a sudden stand,
And pays low homage to the lovely band,
Within each frame a real fair believes,
And vainly thinks the mimic canvass lives,
Till undeceiv'd, he quits the' enchanting show.
Pleas'd with the art, though he laments it too.
So when his Juno bold Ixion woo'd,
And aim'd at pleasures worthy of a god,
A beauteous cloud was form'd by angry Jove,
Fit to invite though not indulge his love;
The mortal thought he saw his goddess shine,
And all the lying Graces look'd divine,
But when with heat he clasp'd her fancied charms,
The empty vapour balk'd his eager arms.
Loth to depart I leave the' inviting scene,
Yet scarce forbear to view it o'er again,
But still new objects give a new delight,
And various prospects bless the wandering sight.
Aloft in state the airy towers arise,
And with new lustre deck the wondering skies.

Lo, to what height the schools ascending reach!
Built with that art which they alone can teach;
The lofty dome expands her spacious gate
Where all the decent Graces jointly wait;
In every shape the god of Art resorts,
And crowds of sages fill the' extended courts.
With wonders fraught the bright Museum see,
Itself the greatest curiosity,
Where Nature's choicest treasures all combin'd
Delight, at once, and quite confound the mind;
Ten thousand splendours strike the dazzled eye,
And form on earth another Galaxy.
Here colleges in sweet confusion rise,
There temples seem to reach their native skies;
Spires, towers, and groves compose the various shew,
And mingled prospects charm the doubting view.
Who can deny their characters divine,
Without resplendent, and inspir'd within?
But since above my weak and artless lays,
Let their own poets sing their equal praise.
One labour more my grateful verse renews,
And rears aloft the low-descending Muse!
The building* parent of my young essays
Asks, in return, a tributary praise:
Pillars sublime bear up the learned weight,
And antique sages tread the pompous height,
Whilst guardian Muses shade the happy piles,
And all around diffuse propitious smiles.
Here Lancaster, adorn'd with every grace,
Stands chief in merit as the chief in place:
To his lov'd name our earliest lays belong,
The theme at once and patron of our song:

* *Queen's College Library.*

Long may he o'er his much-lov'd Queen preside,
Our arts encourage, and our counsels guide;
Till after ages, fill'd with glad surprise,
Behold his image all majestic rise.
Where now in pomp a venerable band,
Princes, and queens, and holy fathers stand,
Good Egglesfield* claims homage from the eye,
And the hard stone seems soft with piety;
The mighty monarchs still the same appear,
And every marble frown provokes the war;
Whilst rugged rocks, mark'd with Philippa's face,
Soften to charms, and glow with new-born grace.
A sightless noble did the warriors yield,
Transform'd to statues by the Gorgon shield;
Distorting fear the coward's form confest,
And fury seem'd to heave the hero's breast;
The lifeless rocks each various thought betray'd,
And all the soul was in the stone display'd.

Too high, my verse! has been thy daring flight;
Thy softer numbers now the groves invite,
Where silent shades provoke the speaking lyre,
And cheerful objects happy songs inspire,
At once bestow rewards and thoughts infuse,
Compose a garland, and supply a Muse.

Behold around, and see the living green
In native colours paints a blooming scene;
The' eternal buds no deadly winter fear,
But scorn the coldest season of the year;
Apollo, sure, will bless the happy place
Which his own Daphne condescends to grace;
For here the everlasting laurels grow
In every grotto, and on every brow.

* *Robert Egglesfield*, B. D. the founder, 1340.

:cts so gay demand a Congreve's strains
l the gods and nymphs upon the plains;
:lds his empire o'er the silvan throng,
l to submit to his superior song;
Denham's genius looks with rapture down,
penser's shade resigns the rural crown.
l with great thoughts a thousand sages rove
gh every field and solitary grove,
souls, ascending an exalted height,
ır the drooping Muse's vulgar flight,
ngs to see her darling votaries laid
h the covert of some gentle shade,
purling streams and warbling birds conspire
the' enchantments of the trembling lyre.
· me, some god, to Christ-church, royal seat!
y me softly in the green retreat
Aldrich holds o'er wit the sovereign pow'r,
owns the poets which he taught before.
rich, Britain owes her tuneful Boyle,
blest trophy of the conquer'd isle,
lds new warmth to our poetic fire,
ves to England the Hibernian lyre.
by Phœbus and his Aldrich taught,
ith that heat wherewith his Churchill fought;
r'd in great Milton's strain he writes,
ilton's angels, whilst his hero fights;
the bard whilst he with honour can,
the poet and excels the man.
ıll the plains, the streams, and woods around,
:asing lays of sweetest bards resound;
'ul echo of every note returns,
:ening river-gods neglect their urns.

When Codrington* and Steele their verse un
And form an easy unaffected strain,
A double wreath of laurel binds their brow,
As they are poets and are warriors too.
Trapp's lofty scenes in gentle numbers flow,
Like Dryden great, as soft as moving Rowe.
When youthful Harrison† with tuneful skill
Makes Woodstock Park scarce yield to Co
Hill,
Old Chaucer from the' Elysian Fields looks c
And sees at length a genius like his own;
Charm'd with his lays which reach the shades
Fair Rosamonda intermits her woe,
Forgets the anguish of an injur'd soul,
The fatal poniard and envenom'd bowl.
Apollo smiles on Magdalen's peaceful bow
Perfumes the air, and paints the grot with fl
Where Yalden learn'd to gain the myrtle cro
And every Muse was fond of Addison.
Applauded man! for weightier trusts design'
For once disdain not to unbend thy mind;
Thy mother Isis and her groves rehearse,
A subject not unworthy of thy verse;
So Latian fields will cease to boast thy praise
And yield to Oxford, painted in thy lays;
And when the age to come, from envy free,
What thou to Virgil giv'st shall give to thee,

* The great benefactor of All Souls' College.

† William Harrison, Esq. fellow of New College Oxford, one of the Duke of Queensbury's sons, and afterwards sec an embassy to Holland. He died Feb. 14, 1713; and was l by Swift and Young. His poem of Woodstock Park is pr Dodsley's collection.

is immortal, by the poet's skill,
Shall in the smooth description still;*
ow beauties shall adorn scene,
nd in thy numbers grow green.
Dunby's fam'd gift† such verse as thine requires,
xalted raptures and celestial fires;
pollo here shall plenteously impart
s well his singing as his curing art.
ature herself the healing garden loves,
hich kindly her declining strength improves;
ffles the strokes of unrelenting Death,
as break his arrows, and can blunt his teeth.
ow sweet the landscape! where in living trees
ere frowns a vegetable Hercules;
here fam'd Achilles learns to live again,
nd looks yet angry in the mimic scene;
ere artful birds, which blooming arbours show,
eem to fly higher whilst they upward grow;
rom the same leaves both arms and warriors rise;
nd every bough a different charm supplies.
So when our world the great Creator made,
nd unadorn'd the sluggish Chaos laid,
orror and Beauty own'd their sire the same,
nd Form itself from Parent-Matter came;
hat lumpish mass alone was source of all,
nd bards and themes had one original.
In vain the groves demand my longer stay,
he gentle Isis wafts the Muse away.
ith ease the river guides her wandering stream,
nd hastes to mingle with uxorious Thame;

* *Letters from Italy, by Mr. Addison.*
† *The Physic garden at Oxford.* This hint was happily taken in 1713 by Dr. Evans.

Attempting poets on her banks lie down,
And quaff, inspir'd, the better Helicon;
Harmonious strains adorn their various themes,
Sweet as the banks, and flowing as the streams.
Bless'd we whom bounteous Fortune here has thrown,
And made the various blessings all our own!
Nor crowns nor globes, the pageantry of state,
Upon our humble easy slumbers wait,
Nor aught that is Ambition's lofty theme
Disturbs our sleep, and gilds the gaudy dream.
Touch'd by no ills which vex the' unhappy great,
We only read the changes in the state;
Triumphant Marlborough's arms at distance hear,
And learn from Fame the rough events of war,
With pointed rhymes the Gallic tyrant pierce,
And make the cannon thunder in our verse.
See how the matchless youth their hours improve,
And in the glorious way to knowledge move!
Eager for fame, prevent the rising sun,
And watch the midnight labours of the moon.
Not tender years their bold attempts restrain
Who leave dull Time, and hasten into men;
Pure to the soul, and pleasing to the eyes,
Like angels youthful, and like angels wise.
Some learn the mighty deeds of ages gone,
And by the lives of heroes form their own;
Now view the Granic chok'd with heaps of slain,
And warring worlds on the Pharsalian plain;
Now hear the trumpet's clangor from afar,
And all the dreadful harmony of war;
Now trace those secret tricks that lost a state,
And search the fine-spun arts that made it great:

t those errors that its ruin bred,
d some long-lost empire rear its ancient head.
rs, to whom persuasive arts belong,
s in their looks, and music on their tongue)
ted by the wit of Greece and Rome,
richly to adorn their native home;
listening crowds confess the sweet surprise,
leasure in their breasts, and wonder in their
eyes.
curious minds the latent seed disclose,
ature's darkest labyrinths expose;
greater souls the distant worlds descry,
to the' outstretch'd borders of the sky,
e the searching mind, and broad expand
the eye.
u, whose rising years so great began,
se bright youth I read the shining man,
dale! know what noblest minds approve,
oughts they cherish and the arts they love;
se examples your young bosom fire,
d your soul to boundless height aspire.
ks I see you in our shades retir'd,
dmiring and by all admir'd:
loquence now charms my ravish'd ear,
future senates shall transported hear;
ournful verse inspires a pleasing woe,
w your cheeks with warlike fury glow;
on the paper fancied fields appear,
ospects of imaginary war,
artial soul sees Hochstet's fatal plain,
ts the fam'd Ramillia o'er again.
I in vain these *lofty* names rehearse,
the faint attempts of humble verse,

Which Garth should in immortal strains design,
Or Addison exalt with warmth divine:
A meaner song my tender voice requires,
And fainter lays confess the fainter fires;
By Nature fitted for an humble theme,
A painted prospect, or a murmuring stream;
To tune a vulgar note in Echo's praise,
Whilst Echo's self resounds the flattering lays;
Or, whilst I tell how Myra's charms surprise,
Paint roses on her cheeks, and suns within her eyes.
O! did proportion'd height to me belong,
Great Anna's name should grace the' ambitious
song;
Illustrious dames should round their queen resort,
And Lonsdale's mother crown the splendid court;
Her noble son should boast no vulgar place,
But share the ancient honours of his race,
Whilst each fair daughter's face and conquering eyes
To Venus only should submit the prize.
O matchless beauties, more than heavenly fair,
Your looks resistless and divine your air!
Let your bright eyes their bounteous beams diffuse,
And no fond bard shall ask an useless Muse;
Their kindling rays excite a noble fire,
Give beauty to the song, and music to the lyre.
This charming theme I ever could pursue,
And think the inspiration ever new,
Did not the god my wandering pen restrain,
And bring me to his Oxford back again.
Oxford! the goddess Muse's native home,
Inspir'd like Athens, and adorn'd like Rome,
Hadst thou of old been learning's fam'd retreat,
And pagan Muses chose thy lovely seat,

O how unbounded had the fiction been!
What fancied visions had adorn'd the scene!
Upon each hill a silvan Pan had stood,
And every thicket boasted of a god;
Satyrs had frisk'd in each poetic grove,
And not a stream without its Nymphs could move;
Each summit had the train of Muses show'd,
And Hippocrene in every fountain flow'd:
The tales, adorn'd with each poetic grace,
Had look'd almost as charming as the place.

Ev'n now we hear the world with transports own
Those fictions by more wondrous truths outdone.
Here pure Eusebia keeps her holy seat,
And Themis smiles from heaven on this retreat;
Our chaster Graces own refin'd desires,
And all our Muses burn with vestal fires;
Whilst guardian angels our Apollos stand,
Scattering rich favours with a bounteous hand,
To bless the happy air and sanctify the land.

O pleasing shades! O ever green retreats!
Ye learned grottos and ye sacred seats!
Never may you politer arts refuse,
But entertain in peace the bashful Muse!
So may you be kind Heaven's distinguish'd care,
And may your fame be lasting as 'tis fair!
Let greater bards on fam'd Parnassus dream,
Or taste the' inspiring Heliconian stream,
Yet whilst our Oxford is the bless'd abode
Of every Muse, and every tuneful god,
Parnassus owns its honours far outdone,
And Isis boasts more bards than Helicon.

A thousand blessings I to Oxford owe,
But you, my lord, the' inspiring Muse bestow:

Grac'd with your name, the' unpolish'd poem shines;
You guard its faults, and consecrate the lines:
O! might you here meet my desiring eyes,
My drooping song to nobler heights would rise;
Or might I come to breathe your northern air,
Yet should I find an equal pleasure there;
Your presence would the harsher climate sooth,
Hush every wind, and every mountain smooth;
Would bid the groves in springing pomp arise,
And open charming vistas to the eyes;
Would make my trifling verse be heard around,
And sportive Echo play the empty sound:
With you I should a better Phœbus find,
And own in you alone the charms of Oxford join'd.

MISCELLANIES.

THOUGHTS

)NED BY THE SIGHT OF AN ORIGINAL PICTURE OF KING CHARLES I.

Taken at the time of his Trial.

INSCRIBED TO GEORGE CLARKE, ESQ.

Animum pictura pascit inani
a gemens, largoque humectat flumine vultum. *Virg.*

is be he! could Charles, the good, the great,
k by Heaven to such a dismal state!
ıeagre, pale, neglected, worn with care!
ıteady sadness and august despair!
e sunk eyes the grief of years I trace,
rrow seems acquainted with that face.
which his heart disdain'd, from me o'er-
o survey God's substitute below, [flow,
mn anguish and majestic woe!
:n spoil'd of empire by unhallow'd hands,
y his slaves, and held in impious bands;
om what oft had sweeten'd anxious life,
lpless children and his bosom wife;

Doom'd, for the faith, plebeian rage to stand,
And fall a victim for the guilty land;
When thus was seen, abandon'd and forlorn,
The King, the Father, and the Saint to mourn!—
How, couldst thou, artist! then thy skill display?
Thy steady hands thy savage heart betray;
Near thy bold work the stunn'd spectators faint,
Nor see unmov'd what thou unmov'd could
paint;
What brings to mind each various scene of woe,
The' insulting judge, the solemn mocking show,
The horrid sentence, and accursed blow!
Where then, just Heav'n! was thy unactive han
Thy idle thunder, and thy lingering brand!
Thy adamantine shield, thy angel wings,
And the great genii of anointed kings!
Treason and Fraud shall thus the stars regard,
And injur'd Virtue meet this sad reward?
So sad none like can Time's old records tell,
Though Pompey bled and poor Darius fell.
All names but one too low—that one too high:
All parallels are wrongs or blasphemy.
O Power supreme! how secret are thy ways!
Yet man, vain man! would trace the mystic maze
With foolish wisdom arguing, charge his God,
His balance hold, and guide his angry rod,
New mould the spheres, and mend the sky's desig
And sound the' immense with his short scanty lin
Do thou, my soul! the destin'd period wait
When God shall solve the dark decrees of Fate,
His now unequal dispensations clear,
And make all wise and beautiful appear,
When suffering saints aloft in beams shall glow,
And prosperous traitors gnash their teeth below.

uch boding thoughts did guilty conscience dart,
ledge of hell to dying Cromwell's heart:
n this pale Image seem'd to' invade his room,
'd him to stone, and warn'd him to the tomb;
ile thunders roll and nimble lightnings play,
l the storm wings his spotted soul away.
blast more bounteous ne'er did Heav'n command
scatter blessings o'er the British land:
that more kind which dash'd the pride of Spain,
l whirl'd her crush'd Armada round the main;
those more kind which guide our floating tow'rs,
ft gums and gold, and made far India ours;
t only kinder which to Britain's shore
mitres, crowns, and Stuart's race restore,
ew'd the church, revers'd the kingdom's doom,
l brought with Charles an Anna yet to come.
Clarke! to whom a Stuart trusts her reign
r Albion's fleets, and delegates the main,
r as the faith thy loyal heart hath sworn
nsmit this piece to ages yet unborn:
s sight shall damp the raging ruffian's breast,
poison spill, and half-drawn sword arrest;
soft compassion stubborn traitors bend,
l, one destroy'd, a thousand kings defend.

FRAGMENT

ON HUNTING.

Dona cano divum, lætas venantibus artes,
Auspicio, Diana, tuo. ***Gratius.***

Horses and hounds, their care, their various race,
The numerous beasts that range the rural chase,
The huntsman's chosen scenes, his friendly stars,
The laws and glory of the silvan wars,
I first in British verse presume to raise,
A venturous rival of the Roman praise.
Let me, chaste queen of Woods! thy aid obtain,
Bring here thy light-foot nymphs and sprightly train.
If oft o'er lawns thy care prevents the day,
To rouse the foe and press the bounding prey,
Woo thine own Phœbus in the task to join,
And grant me genius for the bold design.
In this soft shade O sooth the warrior's fire,
And fit his bow-string to the trembling lyre,
And teach, while thus their arts and arms we sing,
The groves to echo and the vales to ring!
* * * * * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Thy care be first the various gifts to trace,
The minds and genius of the latrant race.
In powers distinct the different clans excel,
In sight, or swiftness, or sagacious smell.

ungenerous some surprise the prey,
ıe by courage win the doubtful day.
ɔu the gazehound, how with glance severe
: close herd he marks the destin'd deer;
:ry nerve the greyhound's stretch displays,
: preventing in her airy maze;
:less prey how treacherous tumblers gain,
ntless wolf-dogs shake the lion's mane:
:he blood-hound boasts superior skill
, to view, to turn, and boldly kill,
ws' vain alarms rejects with scorn,
the master's voice and learned horn:
:ils oft, if ancient fame sing true,
.e sly felon through the tainted dew;
ıff'd, he follows with unalter'd aim,
ırs lure him from the chosen game;
ɔuth'd he thunders, and inflam'd he views,
on relentless, and to death pursues.
hounds of manners vile, (nor less we find
n hounds than in the reasoning kind)
:ith conceit, run gadding o'er the plain,
n the scent divert the wiser train;
foe's footsteps fondly snuff their own,
· the music with their senseless tone;
:he starting prey or rustling wind,
at first, inglorious lag behind;
:ring tribe! may such my foes disgrace!
, ye gods! to breed the nobler race;
ve thou to attend while truths unknown
nd make Athenian arts our own.
hou in hounds aspire to deathless fame?
ell their lineage and their ancient stem:
ɔe with joy old rustic heralds trace,
; the chosen worthies of their race!

How his sire's features in the son were spied
When Di was made the vigorous Ringwood's bride
Less sure thick lips the fate of Austria doom,
Or eagle noses rul'd almighty Rome.
Good shape to various kinds old bards confine;
Some praise the Greek and some the Roman line:
And dogs to beauty make as differ'ng claims
As Albion's nymphs and India's jetty dames.
Immense to name their lands, to mark their bounds,
And paint the thousand families of hounds!
First count the sands, the drops where oceans flow,
Or Gauls by Marlborough sent to shades below.
The task be mine to teach Britanna's swains,
My much-lov'd country and my native plains.
Such be the dog I charge thou mean'st to train;
His back is crooked and his belly plain,
Of fillet stretch'd, and huge of haunch behind,
A tapering tail that nimbly cuts the wind, [paw,
Truss'd thigh, straight ham'd, and fox-like form'd his
Large leg'd, dry sol'd, and of protended claw;
His flat wide nostrils snuff the savoury steam,
And from his eyes he shoots pernicious gleam;
Middling his head, and prone to earth his view,
With ears and chest that dash the morning dew:
He best to stem the flood, to leap the bound,
And charm the dryads with his voice profound;
To pay large tribute to his weary lord,
And crown the silvan hero's plenteous board.
The matron bitch whose womb shall best produce
The hopes and fortune of the' illustrious house,
Deriv'd from noble but from foreign seed,
For various nature loaths incestuous breed,
Is like the sire throughout: nor yet displease
Large flanks and ribs, to give the teemer ease

In spring let loose thy pairs; then all things prove
he stings of pleasure and the pangs of love;
thereal Jove then glads with genial show'rs
'arth's mighty womb, and strews her lap with
flow'rs;
Hence juices mount, and buds embolden'd try
More kindly breezes and a softer sky.
Kind Venus revels. Hark! on every bough
In lulling strains the feather'd warblers woo;
Fell tigers soften in the' infectious flames,
And lions, fawning, court their brinded dames.
Great love pervades the deep: to please his mate
The whale in gambols moves his monstrous weight;
Heav'd by his wayward mirth old Ocean roars,
And scatter'd navies bulge on distant shores.
All Nature smiles. Come now, nor fear, my love!
To taste the odours of the woodbine grove,
To pass the evening glooms in harmless play,
And, sweetly-swearing, languish life away.
An altar bound with recent flowers I rear
To thee, best season of the various year!
All hail! such days in beauteous order ran,
So swift, so sweet, when first the world began;
In Eden's bowers when man's great sire assign'd
The names and natures of the brutal kind;
Then lamb and lion friendly walk'd their round,
And hares, undaunted, lick'd the fondling hound;
Wondrous to tell! but when with luckless hand
Our daring mother broke the sole command,
Then want and envy brought their meagre train,
Then wrath came down, and Death had leave to
reign;
Hence foxes earth'd, and wolves abhor'd the day,
And hungry *churls ensnar'd* the nightly prey;

Rude arts at first, but witty want refin'd
The huntsman's wiles, and famine form'd the mind.
  Bold Nimrod first the lion's trophies wore,
The panther bound, and lanc'd the bristling boar:
He taught to turn the hare, to bay the deer,
And wheel the courser in his mid career.
Ah! had he there restrain'd his tyrant hand!
Let me, ye Powers! an humbler wreath demand:
No pomp I ask which crowns and sceptres yield,
Nor dangerous laurels in the dusty field;
Fast by the forest and the limpid spring
Give me the warfare of the woods to sing,
To breed my whelps and healthful press the game,
A mean, inglorious, but a guiltless name.
  And now thy female bears an ample womb,
The bane of hares and triumphs yet to come.
No sport I ween, nor blast of sprightly horn,
Should tempt me then to hurt the whelps unborn.
Unlock'd in covers let her freely run
To range thy courts, and bask before the sun.
Near thy full table let the favourite stand,
Strok'd by thy son's or blooming daughter's hand.
Caress, indulge, by arts the matron bride,
To' improve her breed and teem a vigorous tribe.
  So, if small things may be compar'd with great,
And Nature's works the Muse's imitate,
So stretch'd in shades and lull'd by murmuring streams,
Great Maro's breast receiv'd the heavenly dreams;
Recluse, serene, the musing prophet lay,
Till thoughts in embryo ripening burst their way.
Hence bees in state and foaming coursers come,
Heroes and gods, and walls of lofty Rome.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

FATAL CURIOSITY

nad I heard of fair Francelia's name,
vish praises of the babbler Fame:
ght them such, and went prepar'd to pe
see the charmer with a critic's eye,
'd to find some fault before unspied,
sappointed if but satisfied.
: pierc'd the vassal heart that durst rebel
here a judge was meant, a victim fell
se dear eyes, with sweet perdition gay,
at once my pride and soul away.
r I felt the luscious poison run,
a look the hasty conquer won.
the fond moth around the taper plays,
orts and flutters near the treacherous blaze:
'd with joy he wings his eager flight,
eams of ruin in so clear a light,
nts his fate and courts a glorious doom.

THERSITES, OR THE LORDLING,

THE GRANDSON OF A BRICKLAYER, GREAT-GRANDS OF A BUTCHER.

THERSITES, of amphibious breed,
Motley fruit of mongrel seed,
By the dam from lordlings sprung,
By the sire exhal'd from dung:
Think on every vice in both;
Look on him, and see the growth.
  View him on the mother's side,
Fill'd with falsehood, spleen, and pride.
Positive and overbearing,
Changing still, and still adhering,
Spiteful, peevish, rude, untoward,
Fierce in tongue, in heart a coward:
When his friends he most is hard on,
Cringing comes to beg their pardon;
Reputation ever tearing,
Ever dearest friendship swearing;
Judgment weak and passion strong,
Always various, always wrong;
Provocation never waits
Where he loves, or where he hates;
Talks whate'er comes in his head,
Wishes it were all unsaid.
  Let me now the vices trace
From his father's scoundrel race.
Who could give the looby such airs?
Were they masons, were they butchers?

d lend the Muse an answer,
his atavus and grandsire;
was dextrous at his trowel,
was bred to kill a cow well:
e the greasy clumsy mein
dress and figure seen;
e that mean and sordid soul,
his body rank and foul;
e that wild suspicious peep,
a rogue that steals a sheep;
e he learn'd the butcher's guile,
to cut a throat and smile;
a butcher doom'd for life
mouth to wear his knife;
e he draws his daily food
his tenant's vital blood.
tly, let his gifts be tried,
w'd from the mason side.
perhaps may think him able
state to build a Babel,
l we place him in a station
estroy the old foundation;
indeed I should be gladder,
l he learn to mount a ladder:
ie, at his latter end,
t alive and dead descend.
a tell me which prevail,
le vices most or male?
produc'd them can you tell,
n race, or imp of hell?—

IN PRAISE OF

THE HORN BOOK.

WRITTEN UNDER A FIT OF THE GOUT.

'Magni magna patrant, nos non nisi ludiera—
——————— Podagra hæc otia fecit.'

HAIL, ancient book! most venerable code!
Learning's first cradle and its last abode!
The huge unnumber'd volumes which we see,
By lazy plagiaries are stolen from thee;
Yet future times to thy sufficient store
Shall ne'er presume to add one letter more.
  Thee will I sing in comely wainscot bound,
And golden verge enclosing thee around,
The faithful Horn before, from age to age
Preserving thy invaluable page;
Behind thy patron saint in armour shines,
With sword and lance to guard thy sacred lines;
Beneath his courser's feet the dragon lies
Transfix'd; his blood thy scarlet cover dies;
The' instructive handle's at the bottom fixt,
Lest wrangling critics should pervert the text.
  Or if to gingerbread thou shalt descend,
And liquorish learning to thy babes extend;
Or sugar'd plane, o'erspread with beaten gold,
Does the sweet treasure of thy letters hold,

'hou still shalt be my song.—Apollo's choir
scorn to' invoke; Cadmus! my verse inspire:
'was Cadmus who the first materials brought
f all the learning which has since been taught,
oon made complete! for mortals ne'er shall know
ore than contain'd of old the Christ-cross row;
'hat masters dictate or what doctors preach,
'ise matrons hence e'en to our children teach.
ut as the name of every plant and flow'r
io common that each peasant knows its pow'r)
ıysicians in mysterious cant express
o' amuse the patient, and enhance their fees,
), from the letters of our native tongue
ıt in Greek scrawls, a mystery too is sprung;
:hools are erected, puzzling grammars made,
nd artful men strike out a gainful trade;
trange characters adorn the learned gate,
.nd heedless youth catch at the shining bait;
he pregnant boys the noisy charms declare,
nd Taus and Deltas* make their mothers stare;
'he uncommon sounds amaze the vulgar ear,
ınd what's uncommon never costs too dear;
'et in all tongues the Hornbook is the same,
'aught by the Grecian master or the English dame.
But how shall I thy endless virtues tell,
ı which thou dost all other books excel?
o greasy thumbs thy spotless leaf can soil,
or crooked dogs-ears thy smooth corners spoil;
ı idle pages no errata stand,
o tell the blunders of the printer's hand;
o fulsome dedication here is writ,
or flattering *verse, to praise* the author's wit;

* *The Greek letters*, T, Δ.

The margin with no tedious notes is vext,
Nor various readings, to confound the text;
All parties in thy literal sense agree,
Thou perfect centre of concordancy!
Search we the records of an ancient date,
Or read what modern histories relate,
They all proclaim what wonders have been done
By the plain letters taken as they run:
'*Too high the floods of passion us'd to roll,
And rend the Roman youth's impatient soul;
His hasty anger furnish'd scenes of blood,
And frequent deaths of worthy men ensued;
In vain were all the weaker methods tried,
None could suffice to stem the furious tide;
Thy sacred line he did but once repeat,
And laid the storm, and cool'd the raging heat.'
Thy heavenly notes like angels' music cheer
Departing souls, and sooth the dying ear.
An aged peasant, on his latest bed,
Wish'd for a friend some godly book to read;
The pious grandson thy known handle takes,
And (eyes lift up) this savoury lecture makes.
Great A he gravely read; the' important sound
The empty walls and hollow roof rebound;
The' expiring ancient rear'd his drooping head,
And thank'd his stars that Hodge had learn'd to read.
Great B, the younker bawls; 'O heavenly breath!
What ghostly comforts in the hour of death!
What hopes I feel!' Great C, pronounc'd the boy!
The grandsire dies with ecstasy of joy.

* The advice given to Augustus by the Stoic philosopher Athenodorus, who desired the emperor neither to say nor to do any thing till he had first said over the alphabet, as the observance of this rule would moderate his passion, and prevent rash words and actions.

ı some lands such ignorance abounds,
e parishes scarce know thy useful sounds:
ssex-Hundreds Fame gives this report,
'ame, I ween, says many things in sport:
e lives the man to whom thou'rt quite unknown,
gh few the' extent of thy vast empire own.
ever wonders magic spells can do
ırth, in air, in sea, in shades below;
words, profound and dark, wise Mah'met
ı his old cow an angel's figure took; [spoke
strong enchantments sage Canidia knew,
orace sung fierce monsters to subdue,
ghty Book! are all contain'd in you:
uman arts and every science meet
in the limits of thy single sheet:
thy vast roof all Learning's branches grow,
all her streams from thy deep fountain flow.
lo! while thus thy wonders I indite,
r'd, I feel the power of which I write;
gentler gout his former rage forgets,
frequent now and less severe the fits;
grow the chains which bound my useless feet,
ess and pain from every joint retreat,
ising strength comes every moment on;
d, I step, I walk, and now I run.
let me cease, my hobbling numbers stop,
ıt thy handle* hang my crutches up.

* Votiva Tabula. *Her.*

ON

QUEEN CAROLINE'S

REBUILDING THE LODGINGS OF THE BLACK PRINCE HENRY V. AT QUEEN'S COLLEGE, OXFORD.

WHERE bold and graceful soars, secure of fame,
The pile now worthy great Philippa's name,
Mark that old ruin, gothic and uncouth,
Where the Black Edward pass'd his beardless yo
And the fifth Henry, for his first renown,
Outstripp'd each rival in a student's gown.
In that coarse age were princes fond to dwel
With meagre monks, and haunt the silent cell.
Sent from the Monarch's to the Muses' court,
Their meals were frugal and their sleeps were sh
To couch at curfew time they thought no scorn
And froze at matins every winter morn;
They read on early book the starry frame,
And lisp'd each constellation by its name,
Art after art still dawning to their view,
And their mind opening as their stature grew.
Yet whose ripe manhood spread our fame so
Sages in peace and demigods in war?
Who stern in fight made echoing Cressy ring,
And, mild in conquest, serv'd his captive king:
Who gain'd at Agincourt the victor's bays,
Nor took himself, but gave good Heaven the pra
Thy nurslings, ancient dome! to virtue form'd,
To mercy listening whilst in fields they storm'd
Fierce to the fierce, and warm the' oppresst to s
Through life rever'd, and worship'd in the gr

:enfold pride their mouldering roofs shall shine,
tately work of bounteous Caroline;
olest Philippa, with unenvious eyes,
Heaven behold her rival's fabric rise.
ll, bright saint! this spot deserves thy care,
ie thee to the' ambitious Muse's pray'r;
ildst thou win young William's bloom to grace
other's walls, and fill thy Edward's place,
would that genius, whose propitious wings
here twice hover'd o'er the sons of kings,
end triumphant to his ancient seat,
take in charge a third Plantagenet!

ON THE DEATH OF

THE EARL OF CADOGAN.

arlborough's captains and Eugenio's friends
last, Cadogan, to the grave descends.
lies each hand whence Blenheim's glory sprung,
chiefs who conquer'd and the bards who sung.
his cold corse though every friend be fled,
Envy waits, that lover of the dead.
did she feign o'er Nassau's hearse to mourn.
wept insidious, Churchill! o'er thy urn,
last the living gave the dead their due,
wreaths herself had tainted, trim'd anew.
yet unnam'd to fill his empty place,
lead to war thy country's growing race,
every wish a British heart can frame,
palm to palm, and rise from fame to fame!
hour must come when thou shalt hear with rage
If traduc'd, and curse a thankless age:

Nor yet for this decline the generous strife;
These ills, brave man! shall quit thee with thy life
Alive though stain'd by every abject slave,
Secure of fame and justice in the grave.
Ah! no—when once the mortal yields to Fate
The blast of Fame's sweet trumpet sounds too late
Too late to stay the spirit on its flight,
Or sooth the new inhabitant of light,
Who hears regardless, while fond man, distrest,
Hangs on the absent, and laments the blest.
Farewell then Fame! ill sought through fields o
blood,
Farewell, unfaithful promiser of good!
Thou music warbling to the deafen'd ear!
Thou incense wasted on the funeral bier!
Through life pursued in vain, by death obtain'd;
When ask'd, denied us; and when given, disdain'd.

PROLOGUE

TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD, 1713.

What kings henceforth shall reign, what states be
Is fix'd at length by Anna's just decree; [free,
Whose brows the Muse's sacred wreath shall fit
Is left to you, the arbiters of wit.
With beating hearts the rival poets wait
Till you, Athenians, shall decide their fate;
Secure, when to these learned seats they come,
Of equal judgment and impartial doom.
Poor is the player's fame, whose whole renown
Is but the praise of a capricious town,

ı mock majesty and fancied pow'r
n robes, the monarch of an hour!
f nature must he act a part,
in tropes, in bombast break his heart;
l simile resign his breath,
: and quibble in the pangs of death.
when plays like these receive applause,
in secret at the tears we cause,
st scorn our own success disdain,
s honour and inglorious gain.
ıg scenes at Oxford shall appear;
we blush to act, may you to hear.
r fam'd, our standard plays we bring,
of poets whom you taught to sing:
own'd with fame, they dare not think it
ıe laurel till bestow'd by you. [due,
's self, the glory of the stage!
ıs, corrects, exalts, and fires the age,
he may be tried by Roman laws;
fathers! he submits his cause:
ıt in the people's general voice
ıe senate, have confirm'd his choice.
ıe secret, delicate the art,
.e passions and command the heart!
l ills to force our tears to flow,
the generous soul in love with woe;
e shades of heroes to our view,
l'n empires, and old time renew,
he task! how rare the godlike rage!
d presume to dictate for the stage,
ı boast a great extensive mind,
y Nature and by Art refin'd;
he ancient stores their knowledge bring,
arly of the Muses' spring.

May none pretend upon her throne to
But such as, sprung from you, are bor
Chosen by the mob, their lawless clain
Your's is the old hereditary right.

COLIN AND LUCY,

A BALLAD.

Of Leinster, fam'd for maidens fair,
Bright Lucy was the grace,
Nor e'er did Liffy's limpid stream
Reflect so sweet a face;

Till luckless love and pining care
Impair'd her rosy hue,
Her coral lips and damask cheeks,
And eyes of glossy blue.

Oh! have you seen a lily pale
When beating rains descend?
So droop'd the slow-consuming maid,
Her life now near its end.

By Lucy warn'd, of flattering swains
Take heed, ye easy fair!
Of vengeance due to broken vows,
Ye perjur'd swains! beware.

Three times, all in the dead of night,
A bell was heard to ring,
And, shrieking at her window thrice,
The raven flapp'd his wing.

›o well the lovelorn maiden knew
The solemn boding sound,
›d thus in dying words bespoke
The virgins weeping round:

hear a voice you cannot hear,
Which says, I must not stay;
ıee a hand you cannot see,
Which beckons me away.

ly a false heart and broken vows,
In early youth I die.
as I to blame, because his bride
Was thrice as rich [illegible]?

h, Colin! give not her thy vows,
Vows due to me alone;
r thou, fond maid! receive his kiss,
Nor think him all thy own.

o-morrow in the church to wed
Impatient both prepare;
t know, fond maid! and know, false man!
That Lucy will be there.

hen bear my corse, my comrades, bear.
This bridegroom blithe to meet,
in his wedding-trim so gay,
I in my winding-sheet.'

e spoke; she died. Her corse was borne
The bride*groom blithe to* meet,
in his wedding-trim so gay,
She in her winding-sheet.

Then what were perjur'd Colin's thought
How were these nuptials kept?
The bridesmen flock'd round Lucy dead,
And all the village wept.

Confusion, shame, remorse, despair,
At once his bosom swell;
The damps of death bedew'd his brow,
He shook, he groan'd, he fell.

From the vain bride, ah! bride no more!
The varying crimson fled,
When stretch'd before her rival's corse,
She saw her husband dead.

Then to his Lucy's new-made grave
Convey'd by trembling swains,
One mould with her, beneath one sod,
For ever he remains.

Oft at this grave the constant hind
And plighted maid are seen;
With garlands grey and truelove-knots
They deck the sacred green.

But, swain forlorn! whoe'er thou art,
This hallow'd spot forbear;
Remember Colin's dreadful fate,
And fear to meet him there.

IMITATION

OF THE PROPHECY OF NEREUS,

FROM HOR. BOOK III. ODE XXV.

Dicam insigne, recens, adhuc
Indictum ore alio: non secus in jugis
Ex somnis stupet Evias,
Hebrum prospiciens, et nive candidam
Thracen, ac pede barbaro
Lustratam Rhodopen. *Hor.*

Marr his round one morning took,
hom some call Earl and some call Duke)
l his new brethren of the blade
vering with fear and frost survey'd,
Perth's bleak hills he chanc'd to spy
aged wizard six feet high,
h bristled hair and visage blighted,
ll ey'd, bare-haunch'd, and second-sighted.
'he grisly sage in thought profound
eld the chief with back so round,
n roll'd his eye-balls to and fro
r his paternal hills of snow,
into these tremendous speeches
ke forth the prophet without breeches:
nto what ills betray'd by thee
ancient kingdom do I see!
realms unpeopled and forlorn;
's me! that ever thou wert born!

Proud English loons (our clans o'ercome)
On Scottish pads shall amble home;
I see them drest in bonnets blue,
(The spoils of thy rebellious crew)
I see the target cast away,
And checker'd plaid become their prey;
The checker'd plaid, to make a gown
For many a lass in London town.

'In vain thy hungry mountaineers
Come forth in all thy warlike geers,
The shield, the pistol, dirk, and dagger,
In which they daily wont to swagger,
And oft have sallied out to pillage
The hen-roosts of some peaceful village,
Or while their neighbours were asleep
Have carried off a lowland sheep.

'What boots thy high-born host of beggars,
Macleans, Mackenzies, and Macgregors,
With popish cut-throats, perjur'd ruffians,
And Forster's troop of ragamuffins?

'In vain thy lads around thee bandy,
Inflam'd with bagpipe and with brandy.
Doth not bold Sutherland the trusty,
With heart so true, and voice so rusty,
(A loyal soul!) thy troops affright,
While hoarsely he demands the fight?
Dost thou not generous Ilay dread,
The bravest hand, the wisest head?
Undaunted dost thou hear the' alarms
Of hoary Athol, sheath'd in arms?

'Douglas, who draws his lineage down
From thanes and peers of high renown,
Fiery and young, and uncontroll'd,
With knights, and 'squires, and barons bold,

(His noble household band) advances,
And on the milk-white courser prances.
Thee, Forfar, to the combat dares,
Grown swarthy in Iberian wars;
And Monro kindled into rage
Stoutly defies thee to engage;
He'll rout thy foot though ne'er so many,
And horse to boot—if thou hadst any.
'But see Argyle with watchful eyes
Lodg'd in his deep intrenchments lies;
Couch'd like a lion in thy way
He waits to spring upon his prey,
While like a herd of timorous deer
Thy army shakes and pants with fear,
Led by their doughty general's skill
From frith to frith, from hill to hill.
'Is thus thy haughty promise paid
That to the Chevalier was made,
When thou didst oaths and duty barter
For dukedom, generalship, and garter?
Three moons thy Jemmy shall command
With Highland sceptre in his hand,
Too good for his pretended birth,—
Then down shall fall the King of Perth.
''Tis so decreed; for George shall reign,
And traitors be forsworn in vain,
Heaven shall for ever on him smile,
And bless him still with an Argyle;
While thou, pursued by vengeful foes,
Condemn'd to barren rocks and snows,
And hinder'd passing Inverlochy,
Shall burn thy clan and curse poor Jocky.

TO

APOLLO MAKING LOVE.

FROM MONS. FONTENELLE.

'I AM,' cried Apollo, when Daphne he woo'd,
And, panting for breath, the coy virgin pursued,
When his wisdom, in manner most ample, exprest
The long list of the graces his godship possest:

'I'm the god of sweet song, and inspirer of lays;'—
Nor for lays nor sweet song the fair fugitive stays:
'I'm the god of the harp—stop, my fairest!'—in vain;
Nor the harp nor the harper could fetch her again.

'Every plant, every flower, and their virtues, I know;
God of Light I'm above, and of Physic below:'—
At the dreadful word Physic the nymph fled more fast;
At the fatal word Physic she doubled her haste.

Thou fond god of Wisdom! then alter thy phrase,
Bid her view thy young bloom and thy ravishing rays;
Tell her less of thy knowledge, and more of thy charms,
And, my life for't, the damsel will fly to thy arms.

EPISTLES.

TO THE SUPPOSED

AUTHOR OF THE SPECTATOR.

In courts licentious and a shameless stage
How long the war shall Wit with Virtue wage?
Enchanted by this prostituted fair,
Our youth run headlong in the fatal snare;
In height of rapture clasp unheeded pains,
And suck pollution through their tingling veins.
Thy spotless thoughts unshock'd the priest may hear,
And the pure vestal in her bosom wear.
To conscious blushes and diminish'd pride
Thy glass betrays what treacherous love would hide;
Nor harsh thy precepts, but infus'd by stealth,
Pleas'd while they cure, and cheat us into health.
Thy works in Chloe's toilet gain a part,
And, with his tailor, share the fopling's heart,
Lash'd in thy satire, the penurious cit
Laughs at himself, and finds no harm in wit.
From felon gamesters the raw 'squire is free,
And Britain owes her rescued oaks to thee.
His Miss the frolic Viscount dreads to toast,
Or his third cure the shallow Templar boast;
And the rash fool who scorn'd the beaten road
Dares *quake at thunder*, and confess his God.

The brainless stripling who, expell'd the Town
Damn'd the stiff college and pedantic gown,
Awed by thy name, is dumb, and thrice a-week
Spells uncouth Latin, and pretends to Greek.
A sauntering tribe! such born to wide estates,
With Yea and No in senates hold debates;
At length, despis'd, each to his fields retires,
First with the dogs, and king amidst the 'squires
From pert to stupid sinks supinely down,
In youth a coxcomb, and in age a clown.
Such readers scorn'd, thou wingst thy daring flig
Above the stars, and treadst the fields of light:
Fame, Heav'n, and hell, are thy exalted theme,
And visions such as Jove himself might dream;
Man sunk to slavery, though to glory born,
Heaven's pride when upright, and deprav'd his scor
Such hints alone could British Virgil lend,
And thou alone deserve from such a friend:
A debt so borrow'd is illustrious shame,
And fame, when shar'd with him, is double fame
So flush'd with sweets by Beauty's queen bestow
With more than mortal charms Æneas glow'd;
Such generous strifes Eugene and Marlborough t
And as in glory, so in friendship vie.
Permit these lines by thee to live—nor blame
A Muse that pants and languishes for fame,
That fears to sink when humbler themes she sing
Lost in the mass of mean forgotten things.
Receiv'd by thee, I prophesy my rhymes—
The praise of virgins in succeeding times:
Mix'd with thy works, their life no bounds shall se
But stand protected, as inspir'd, by thee.
So some weak shoot, which else would poorly ris
Jove's tree adopts, and lifts him to the skies;

Through the new pupil fostering juices flow,
Thrust forth the gems and give the flowers to blow
Aloft, immortal reigns the plant unknown,
With borrow'd life, and vigour not his own.

TO MR. ADDISON,

ON HIS OPERA OF ROSAMOND.

———Ne forte pudori
Sit tibi Musa lyræ solers, et cantor Apollo. *Hor.*

'HE Opera first Italian masters taught,
Enrich'd with songs, but innocent of thought:
Britannia's learned theatre disdains
Melodious trifles and enervate strains,
And blushes on her injur'd stage to see
Nonsense well tun'd, and sweet stupidity.
No charms are wanting to thy artful song,
Soft as Corelli, and as Virgil strong:
From words so sweet new grace the notes receive,
And Music borrows helps she us'd to give.
Thy style hath match'd what ancient Romans knew,
Thy flowing numbers far excel the new,
Their cadence in such easy sound convey'd,
The height of thought may seem superfluous aid;
Yet in such charms the noble thoughts abound,
That needless seem the sweets of easy sound.
Landscapes how gay the bowery grotto yields,
Which Thought creates and lavish Fancy builds!
That art can trace the visionary scenes,
The flowery groves and everlasting greens,

The babbling sounds that mimic Echo play
The fairy shade and its eternal maze?
Nature and Art in all their charms combin'
And all Elysium to one view confin'd!
No further could imagination roam,
Till Vanburgh fram'd and Marlborough ra
dome.

Ten thousand pangs my anxious bosom t
When drown'd in tears I see the' imploring
When bards less soft the moving words sup
And seeming justice dooms the nymph to d
But here she begs, nor can she beg in vain,
(In dirges thus expiring swains complain;)
Each verse so swells expressive of her woe
And every tear in lines so mournful flows;
We, spite of fame, her fate revers'd believ
O'erlook her crimes, and think she ought t

Let joy salute fair Rosamonda's shade,
And wreaths of myrtle crown the lovely m
While now, perhaps, with Dido's ghost she
And hears and tells the story of their loves
Alike they mourn, alike they bless their fat
Since love, which made them wretched, mak
great;
No longer that relentless doom bemoan,
Which gain'd a Virgil and an Addison.

Accept, great Monarch of the British lay
The tribute song an humble subject pays;
So tries the artless lark her early flight,
And soars to hail the god of verse and light
Unrivall'd as unmatch'd be still thy fame,
And thy own laurels shade thy envied name
Thy name, the boast of all the tuneful quir
Shall tremble on the strings of every lyre;

While the charm'd reader with thy thought complies,
Feels corresponding joys or sorrow rise,
And views thy Rosamond with Henry's eyes.

TO THE SAME,

ON HIS TRAGEDY OF CATO.

Too long hath love engross'd Britannia's stage,
And sunk to softness all our tragic rage!
By that alone did empires fall or rise,
And fate depended on a fair-one's eyes:
The sweet infection, mix'd with dangerous art,
Debas'd our manhood, while it sooth'd the heart:
You scorn to raise a grief thyself must blame,
Nor from our weakness steal a vulgar fame:
A patriot's fall may justly melt the mind,
And tears flow nobly shed for all mankind.
How do our souls with generous pleasure glow,
Our hearts exulting while our eyes o'erflow,
When thy firm hero stands beneath the weight
Of all his sufferings venerably great,
Rome's poor remains still sheltering by his side,
With conscious virtue and becoming pride!
The aged oak thus rears his head in air,
His sap exhausted and his branches bare;
Midst storms and earthquakes he maintains his state,
Fixt deep in earth and fasten'd by his weight;
His naked boughs still lend the shepherds aid,
And his old trunk projects an awful shade.
Amidst the joys triumphant peace bestows,
Our patriots sadden at his glorious woes;

Awhile they let the world's great business wait,
Anxious for Rome, and sigh for Cato's fate.
Here taught how ancient heroes rose to fame,
Our Britons crowd and catch the Roman flame,
Where states and senates well might lend an ear,
And kings and priests without a blush appear.
France boasts no more, but, fearful to engage,
Now first pays homage to her rival stage,
Hastes to learn thee, and learning shall submit
Alike to British arms and British wit:
No more she'll wonder, forc'd to do us right,—
Who think like Romans, could like Romans fight.
Thy Oxford smiles this glorious work to see,
And fondly triumphs in a son like thee.
The senates, consuls, and the gods of Rome,
Like old acquaintance at their native home,
In thee we find each deed, each word exprest,
And every thought that swell'd a Roman breast;
We trace each hint that could thy soul inspire
With Virgil's judgment and with Lucan's fire:
We know thy worth, and give us leave to boast—
We most admire, because we know thee most.

TO THE

EARL OF WARWICK,

ON THE DEATH OF MR. ADDISON.

If, dumb too long, the drooping Muse hath stay'd
And left her debt to Addison unpaid,
Blame not her silence, Warwick! but bemoan,
And judge, oh judge my bosom, by your own!

What mourner ever felt poetic fires?
Slow comes the verse that real woe inspires;
Grief unaffected suits but ill with art,
Or flowing numbers with a bleeding heart.
Can I forget the dismal night that gave
My soul's best part for ever to the grave!
How silent did his old companions tread,
By midnight lamps, the mansions of the dead,
Through breathing statues, then unheeded things,
Through rows of warriors and through walks of kings!
What awe did the slow solemn knell inspire,
The pealing organ and the pausing choir,
The duties by the lawn-rob'd prelate paid,
And the last words that dust to dust convey'd!
While speechless o'er thy closing grave we bend,
Accept these tears, thou dear departed friend!
Oh, gone for ever! take this long adieu,
And sleep in peace next thy lov'd Montague.
To strew fresh laurels let the task be mine,
A frequent pilgrim at thy sacred shrine;
Mine with true sighs thy absence to bemoan,
And grave with faithful epitaphs thy stone.
If e'er from me thy lov'd memorial part,
May shame afflict this alienated heart!
Of thee forgetful if I form a song,
My lyre be broken, and untun'd my tongue;
My grief be doubled, from thy image free,
And mirth a torment, unchastis'd by thee!
Oft let me range the gloomy aisles alone,
Sad luxury! to vulgar minds unknown;
Along the walls where speaking marbles show
What worthies form the hallow'd mould below:

Proud names! who once the reins of empire h
In arms who triumph'd, or in arts excell'd;
Chiefs, grac'd with scars and prodigal of blood
Stern patriots, who for sacred freedom stood,
Just men, by whom impartial laws were giv'n,
And saints, who taught and led the way to Hea
Ne'er to these chambers, where the mighty re
Since their foundation came a nobler guest,
Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliss convey'd
A fairer spirit, or more welcome shade.
In what new region to the just assign'd,
What new employments please the' unbodied m
A winged Virtue through the' ethereal sky
From world to world unwearied does he fly,
Or curious trace the long laborious maze
Of Heaven's decrees, where wondering angels g
Does he delight to hear bold seraphs tell
How Michael battled, and the dragon fell?
Or, mix'd with milder cherubim, to glow
In hymns of love, not ill essay'd below?
Or dost thou warn poor mortals left behind?
A task well suited to thy gentle mind.
Oh! if sometimes thy spotless form descend,
To me thy aid, thou guardian Genius! lend.
When rage misguides me, or when fear alarms,
When pain distresses, or when pleasure charm
In silent whisperings purer thoughts impart,
And turn from ill a frail and feeble heart;
Lead through the paths thy virtue trod before,
Till bliss shall join nor death can part us more.
That awful form which, so the Heavens decr
Must still be lov'd and still deplored by me,

tly visions seldom fails to rise,
s'd by fancy, meets my waking eyes.
ess calls, or crowded courts invite,
blemish'd statesman seems to strike my sight;
e stage I seek to sooth my care,
his soul, which breathes in Cato, there;
ve to the rural shades I rove,
pe o'ertakes me in the lonely grove;
there of just and good he reason'd strong,
some great truth, or rais'd some serious song;
patient show'd us the wise course to steer,
id censor and a friend sincere;
taught us how to live, and (oh! too high
ice for knowledge) taught us how to die.
Hill! whose brow the antique structures grace,
by bold chiefs of Warwick's noble race,
nce so lov'd, whene'er thy bower appears,
y dim eye-balls glance the sudden tears!
veet were once thy prospects, fresh and fair,
ping walks and unpolluted air!
veet the glooms beneath thy aged trees,
ontide shadow and thy evening breeze!
ge thy forsaken bowers restore,
lks and airy prospects charm no more;
re the summer, in thy glooms allay'd,
ening breezes and thy noonday shade.
other ills, however fortune frown'd,
efuge in the Muse's art I found;
nt now I touch the trembling string,
of him who taught me how to sing;
ese sad accents, murmur'd o'er his urn,
that absence they attempt to mourn.

O! must I then (now fr sh my bosom bleeding)
And Craggs, in death, to Addison succeeding?
The verse begun to c lost friend prolong,
And weep a second in he' unfinish'd song?
These works divine v hich on his death-bed
To thee, O Craggs! expiring Sage convey
Great but ill-omen'd monument of fame,
Nor he surviv'd to give, nor thou to claim;
Swift after him thy social spirit flies,
And close to his, how soon! thy coffin lies.
Blest pair! whose union future bards shall tell
In future tongues: each other's boast, farewell!
Farewell! whom join'd in fame, in friendship
No chance could sever, nor the grave divide.

AN EPISTLE

FROM A LADY IN ENGLAND TO A GENTLEMAN AT AVIGNON.

To thee, dear rover! and thy vanquish'd friend
The health she wants thy gentle Chloe sends:
Though much you suffer, think I suffer more,
Worse than an exile on my native shore.
Companions in your master's flight you roam,
Unenvied by your haughty foes at home;
For ever near the Royal Outlaw's side
You share his fortunes and his hopes divide,
On glorious schemes and thoughts of empire du
And with imaginary titles swell.

Say, for thou know'st I own his sacred line,
The passive doctrine and the right divine,

r, what new succours does the Chief prepare?
e strength of armies, or the force of pray'r?
es he from Heaven or earth his hopes derive?
om saints departed, or from priests alive?
r saints nor priests can Brunswick's troops with-
stand!
d beads drop useless through the zealot's hand.
av'n to our vows may future kingdoms owe,
t skill and courage win the crowns below.
Ere to thy cause and thee my heart inclin'd,
love to party had seduc'd my mind,
female joys I took a dull delight,
pt all the morn and punted half the night;
now, with fears and public cares possest,
Church! the Church! for ever breaks my rest.
Post-boy on my pillow I explore,
I sift the news of every foreign shore,
dious to find new friends and new allies,
at armies march from Sweden in disguise;
v Spain prepares her banners to unfold,
Rome deals out her blessings and her gold;
n o'er the map my finger taught to stray,
s many a region marks the winding way;
n sea to sea, from realm to realm I rove,
grow a mere geographer by love;
still Avignon and the pleasing coast
holds thee banish'd, claims my care the most.
n the well-known spot I fix my eyes,
span the distance that between us lies.
t not our James though foil'd in arms despair,
st on his side he reckons half the fair.
itain's lovely isle, a shining throng
in his cause, a thousand beauties strong.

The' unthinking victors vainly boast their p
Be theirs the musket, while the tongue is o
We reason with such fluency and fire,
The beaux we baffle, and the learned tire;
Against the prelates plead the church's cau
And from our judges vindicate the laws.
Then mourn not, hapless Prince! thy kir
A crown, though late, thy sacred brows may
Heav'n seems through us thy empire to dec
Those who win hearts have giv'n their he
thee.

Hast thou not heard that when profusely
Our well-dress'd rivals grac'd their sovereig
We stubborn damsels met the public view
In loathsome wormwood and repenting rue
What Whig but trembled when our spotless
In virgin roses whiten'd half the land;
Who can forget what fears the foe possest
When oaken boughs mark'd every loyal bre
Less scar'd near Medway's stream the Norman
When cross the plain he spied a marching w
Till near at hand a gleam of swords betray'd
The youth of Kent beneath its wandering sh

Those who the succours of the fair despise
May find that we have nails as well as eyes.
Thy female bands, O Prince, by fortune cros
At least more courage than thy men may bo
Our sex has dar'd the mughouse chiefs to m
And purchas'd fame in many a well fought s
From Drury Lane, the region of renown,
The land of love, the Paphos of the Town;
Fair patriots sallying oft have put to flight,
With all their poles, the guardians of the nig

And bore, with screams of triumph, to their side
The leader's staff in all its painted pride.
Nor fears the hawker in her warbling note
To vend the discontented statesman's thought,
Though red with stripes, and recent from the thong,
Sore smitten for the love of sacred song;
The tuneful sisters still pursue their trade
Like Philomela, dar[illegible]g in the shade.
Poor Trot attends, f[illegible]tful of a fare,
And hums in concer[illegible]r his empty chair.
Meanwhile, regar[illegible]of the royal cause,
His sword for James no brother sovereign draws;
The Pope himself, s[illegible]rounded with alarms,
To France his bulls, to Corfu sends his arms;
And though he hears his darling son's complaint,
Can hardly spare one tutelary saint,
But lists them all to guard his own abodes,
And into ready money coins his gods.
The dauntless Swede, pursued by vengeful foes,
Scarce keeps his own hereditary snows;
Nor must the friendly roof of kind Lorrain
With feast regale our garter'd youth again.
Safe, Bar-le-Duc! within thy silent grove
The pheasant now may perch, the hare may rove;
The knight who aims unerring from afar,
The' adventurous knight, now quits the silvan war;
Thy brinded boars may slumber undismay'd,
Or grunt secure beneath the chesnut shade.
Inconstant Orleans! (still we mourn the day
That trusted Orleans with imperial sway)
Far o'er the Alps our helpless monarch sends,
Far from the call of his desponding friends;
Such are the terms to gain Britannia's grace,
And such the *terrors of* the Brunswick race!

Was it for this the sun's whose [illegible] fail'd,
And sudden midnight o'er the moon prevail'd?
For this did Heav'n display to mortal eyes
Aërial ki[illegible]ts and combats in the skies?
Was it [illegible] n streams look'd red,
And [illegible] 'n back[illegible] d, show'd his scarlet head
False augures: the' insulting victors scorn!
Ev'n our own prodigies [illegible]inst us turn;
O portents! construed on our side in vain,
Let never Tory trust eclipse again.
Run clear, ye fountains! be at peace, ye skies!
And Thames! henceforth to thy green borders [illegible]

To Rome then must the Royal Wanderer go,
And fall a suppliant at the papal toe?
His life in sloth inglorious must he wear,
One half in luxury, and one in pray'r?
His mind perhaps at length debauch'd with ease,
The proffer'd purple and the hat may please.
Shall he, whose ancient patriarchal race
To mighty Nimrod in one line we trace,
In solemn conclave sit, devoid of thought,
And poll for points of faith his trusty vote?
Be summon'd to his stall in time of need.
And with his casting suffrage fix a creed?
Shall he in robes on stated days appear,
And English heretics curse once a-year?
Garnet and Faux shall he with prayers invoke?
And beg that Smithfield piles once more may smoke
Forbid it, Heav'n! my soul to fury wrought
Turns almost Hanoverian at the thought.

From James and Rome I feel my heart decline,
And fear, O Brunswick! 'twill be wholly thine;
Yet still his share thy rival will contest,
And still the double claim divides my breast.

The fate of James with pitying eyes I view,
And wish my homage were not Brunswick's due:
To James my passion and my weakness guide,
But reason sways me to the victor's side.
Though griev'd I speak it; let the truth appear;
You know my language and my heart sincere.
In vain did falsehood his fair fame disgrace;
What force had falsehood when he show'd his face?
In vain to war our boastful clans were led;
Heaps driv'n on heaps in the dire shock they fled.
France shuns his wrath, nor raises to our shame
A second Dunkirk in another name.
In Britain's funds their wealth all Europe throws,
And up the Thames the world's abundance flows.
Spite of feign'd fears and artificial cries,
The pious Town sees fifty churches rise.
The hero triumphs as his worth is known,
And sits more firmly on his shaken throne.
  To my sad thought no beam of hope appears
Through the long prospect of succeeding years.
The son, aspiring to his father's fame,
Shows all his sire, another and the same:
He blest in lovely Carolina's arms
To future ages propagates her charms.
With pain and joy at strife I often trace
The mingled parents in each daughter's face:
Half sickening at the sight, too well I spy
The father's spirit through the mother's eye:
In vain new thoughts of rage I entertain,
And strive to hate their innocence in vain.
  O Princess! happy by thy foes confest,
Blest in thy husband, in thy children blest,
As *they from thee, from them* new beauties born
While Europe lasts shall Europe's thrones adorn;

Transplanted to each court, in times to come
Thy smile celestial and unfading bloom
Great Austria's sons with softer lines shall grace,
And smooth the frowns of Bourbon's haughty rac
The fair descendants of thy sacred bed
Wide branching o'er the western world shall spre
Like the fam'd Banian tree, whose pliant shoot
To earthward bending, of itself takes root;
Till, like their mother plant, ten thousand stand
In verdant arches on the fertile land;
Beneath her shade the tawny Indians rove,
Or hunt at large through the wide echoing grove.
O thou! to whom these mournful lines I send,
My promis'd husband and my dearest friend,
Since Heav'n appoints this favour'd race to reign,
And blood has drench'd the Scottish fields in vain,
Must I be wretched, and thy flight partake?
Or wilt not thou, for thy lov'd Chloe's sake,
Tir'd out at length, submit to fate's decree?
If not to Brunswick, O return to me!
Prostrate before the victor's mercy bend;
What spares whole thousands may to thee extend
Should blinded friends thy doubtful conduct blam
Great Brunswick's virtues will secure thy fame:
Say these invite thee to approach his throne,
And own the monarch Heaven vouchsafes to own
The world convinc'd, thy reasons will approve;
Say this to them, but swear to me 'twas love.

VERSES TO MRS. LOWTHER

ON HER MARRIAGE.

FROM MENAGE.

The greatest swain that treads the' Arcadian grove,
Our shepherds envy, and our virgins love,
His charming nymph his softer fair obtains,
The bright Diana of our flowery plains;
He 'midst the graceful of superior grace,
And she the loveliest of the loveliest race.
Thy fruitful influence guardian Juno shed,
And crown the pleasures of the genial bed;
Raise thence, their future joy, a smiling heir,
Brave as the father, as the mother fair.
Well may'st thou shower thy choicest gifts on those,
Who boldly rival thy most hated foes;
The vigorous bridegroom with Alcides vies,
And the fair bride has Cytherea's eyes.

TO

A LADY BEFORE MARRIAGE.

Oh! form'd by Nature and refin'd by art,
With charms to win and sense to fix the heart,
By thousands sought, Clotilda! canst thou free
Thy crowd of captives and descend to me;
Content in shades obscure to waste thy life,
A hidden beauty and a country wife?

O! listen while thy summers are my theme,
Ah! sooth thy partner in his waking dream.
In some small hamlet on the lonely plain, [tr
Where Thames through meadows rolls his n
Or where high Windsor, thick with greens arra
Waves his old oaks and spreads his ample shad
Fancy has figur'd out our calm retreat;
Already round the visionary seat
Our limes begin to shoot, our flowers to spring,
The brooks to murmur, and the birds to sing.
Where dost thou lie, thou thinly-peopled green
Thou nameless lawn and village yet unseen,
Where sons contented with their native ground
Ne'er travell'd further than ten furlongs round,
And the tann'd peasant and his ruddy bride
Were born together, and together died;
Where early larks best tell the morning light,
And only Philomel disturbs the night?
'Midst gardens here my humble pile shall rise,
With sweets surrounded of ten thousand dies;
All savage where the' embroider'd gardens end,
The haunt of echoes shall my woods ascend;
And oh! if Heav'n the' ambitious thought appro
A rill shall warble cross the gloomy grove;
A little rill, o'er pebbly beds convey'd,
Gush down the steep and glitter through the gla
What cheering scents these bordering banks exha
How loud that heifer lows from yonder vale!
That thrush how shrill! his note so clear, so hig
He drowns each feather'd minstrel of the sky.
Here let me trace beneath the purpled morn,
The deep-mouth'd beagle and the sprightly horn
Or lure the trout with well-dissembled flies,
fetch the fluttering partridge from the skies.

ıall thy hand disdain to crop the vine,
.owny peach or flavour'd nectarine,
› the bee-hive of its golden hoard,
·ear the' unbought luxuriance to thy board.
ımes my books by day shall kill the hours,
from thy needle rise the silken flow'rs,
hou by turns, to ease my feeble sight,
ıe the volume and deceive the night.
'hen I mark thy twinkling eyes opprest,
/hispering let me warn my love to rest,
watch thee, charm'd, while sleep locks every sense,
› sweet Heav'n commend thy innocence!
reign'd our fathers o'er the rural fold,
hale, and honest, in the days of old;
›urts arose, where substance pays for show,
pecious joys are bought with real woe.
lavia's pendants large, well spread and right;
ır that wears them hears a fool each night.
how the' embroider'd col'nel sneaks away
ın the withering dame that made him gay.
:nave to gain a title lost his fame;
'ais'd his credit by a daughter's shame:
oxcomb's ribband cost him half his land,
ıks unnumber'd bought that fool a wand.
nan, as all his sorrows were too few,
·es strange wants that Nature never knew;
lnight lamps he emulates the day,
eeps perverse the cheerful suns away;
goblets high-embost his wine must glide,
his clos'd sight the gorgeous curtain slide
ere their time to grace his pomp must rise
ıree untasted courses glut his eyes.

For this are Nature's gentle calls withstood,
The voice of conscience and the bonds of blo
This wisdom thy reward for every pain,
And this gay glory all thy mighty gain:
Fair phantoms woo'd and scorn'd from age to
Since bards began to laugh or priests to rage,
And yet just curse on man's aspiring kind!
Prone to ambition, to example blind.
Our children's children shall our steps pursue
And the same errors be for ever new.
Meanwhile in hope a guiltless country swain,
My reed with warblings cheers the' imagin'd
Hail humble shades! where truth and silence d
Thou noisy Town and faithless Court! farewe
Farewell ambition, once my darling flame,
The thirst of lucre and the charm of fame;
In life's by-road, that winds through paths unk
My days though number'd shall be all my ow
Here shall they end, (O might they twice beg
And all be white the Fates intend to spin.

TO A LADY

WITH A PRESENT OF FLOWERS.

The fragrant painting of our flowery fields,
The choicest stores that youthful summer yie
Strephon to fair Eliza hath convey'd,
The sweetest garland to the sweetest maid!
O cheer the flowers, my fair! and let them r
On the Elysium of thy snowy breast,
And there regale the smell and charm the vi
With richer odours and a lovelier hue.

Learn hence, nor fi[illegible] latterer in the flow'r,
Thy form divine and beauty's matchless pow'r:
Faint near thy cheeks the bright carnation glows,
And thy ripe lips outblush the opening rose;
The lily's snow betrays less pure a light,
Lost in thy bosom's more unsullied white!
And wreaths of jas[illegible]shed perfumes beneath
The' ambrosial inc[illegible] of thy balmy breath.
Ten thousand bea[illegible] grace the rival pair;
How fair the cheek[illegible] and the nymph how fair!
But ah! too soon th[illegible] the decay,
The fading lustre o[illegible]
This night shall see me [illegible] decline,
The roses wither, and the m[illegible]
The garland's fate to thine [illegible]e applied,
And what advance'd thy form, [illegible] check thy pride.
Be wise, my fair! the present h[illegible] improve,
Let joy be now, and now a waste of love:
Each drooping bloom shall plead thy just excuse,
And that which show'd thy beauty, show its use.

ON A LADY's PICTURE.

TO GILFORD LAWSON, ESQ.

As Damon Chloe's painted form survey'd,
He sigh'd and languish'd for the jilting shade;
For Cupid taught the artist-hand its grace,
And Venus wanton'd in the mimic face.
Now he laments a look so falsely fair,
And almost damns what yet resembles her;

Now he devours it with his longing eyes,
Now sated, from the lovely phantom flies,
Yet burns to look again, yet looks again and di
Her ivory neck his lips presume to kiss,
And his bold hands the swelling bosom press;
The swain drinks in deep draughts of vain de
Melts without heat, and burns in fancied fire.
Strange power of paint! thou nice creator,
What love inspires may life itself impart.
Struck with like wounds of old, Pygmalion pr
And hugg'd to life his artificial maid.
Clasp, new Pygmalion! clasp the seeming chart
Perhaps ev'n now the' enlivening image warm
Destin'd to crown thy joys, and revel in thy arm
Thy arms, which shall with fire so fierce invad
That she at once shall be, and cease to be a m

TO

SIR GODFREY KNELLER,

AT HIS COUNTRY SEAT.

To Whitton's shades and Hounslow's airy plai
Thou, Kneller! tak'st thy summer flights in va
In vain thy wish gives all thy rural hours
To the fair villa and well-order'd bow'rs;
To court thy pencil, early at thy gates
Ambition knocks, and fleeting Beauty waits;
The boastful Muse, of others' fame so sure,
Implores thy aid to make her own secure:
The Great, the Fair, and if aught nobler be,
Aught more belov'd, the Arts solicit thee.

How canst thou hope to fly the world, in vain
From Europe sever'd by the circling main,
Sought by the kings of every distant land,
And every hero worthy of thy hand?
Hadst thou forgot, that mighty Bourbon fear'd
He still was mortal till thy draught appear'd?
That Cosmo chose thy glowing form, to place
Amidst her masters of the Lombard race?
See on her Titian's and her Guido's urns
Her falling arts forlorn Hesperia mourns,
While Britain wins each garland from her brow,
Her wit and freedom first, her painting now.

Let the faint copier on old Tiber's shore,
Nor mean the task, each breathing bust explore,
Line after line with painful patience trace,
This Roman grandeur, that Athenian grace;
Vain care of parts: if, impotent of soul,
The' industrious workman fails to warm the whole,
Each theft betrays the marble whence it came,
And a cold statue stiffens in the frame.
Thee Nature taught, nor Art her aid denied,
The kindest mistress and the surest guide,
To catch a likeness at one piercing sight,
And place the fairest in the fairest light.
Ere yet thy pencil tries her nicer toils,
Or on thy palette lie the blended oils,
Thy careless chalk has half achiev'd thy art,
And her just image makes Cleora start.

A mind that grasps the whole is rarely found;
Half-learn'd, half-painters, and half-wits abound.
Few like thy genius at proportion aim,
All great, all graceful, and throughout the same.

Such be thy life. O since the glorious rag
That fir'd thy youth, flames unsubdued by
Though wealth nor fame now touch thy sa
Still tinge the canvass, bounteous to manki
Since after thee may rise an impious line,
Coarse manglers of the human face divine,
Paint on till fate dissolve thy mortal part,
And live and die the monarch of thy art.

ODES.

OCCASIONED BY HIS

EXCELLENCY THE EARL OF STANHOPE'S

VOYAGE TO FRANCE, 1718

——— Idem
Pacis eras mediusque belli. *Hor.*

Fair daughter once of Windsor's woods,
In safety o'er the rolling floods
Britannia's boast and darling care,
Big with the fate of Europe, bear!
May winds propitious on his way
The minister of peace convey,
Nor rebel wave nor rising storm
Great George's liquid realms deform.

Our vows are heard; thy crowded sails
Already swell with western gales,
Already Albion's coast retires,
And Calais multiplies her spires.
At length has royal Orleans prest
With open arms the well-known guest,
Before in sacred friendship join'd,
And now in *counsels for* mankind.

Whilst his clear schemes our patriot shows,
And plans the threaten'd world's repose;
They fix each haughty monarch's doom,
And bless whole ages yet to come.
Henceforth, great Brunswick shall decree
What flag must awe the Tyrrhene sea,
For whom the Tuscan grape shall glow,
And fruitful Arethusa flow.

See in firm leagues with Thames combine
The Seine, the Maese, and distant Rhine;
Nor, Ebro! let thy single rage
With half the warring world engage:
Oh! call to mind thy thousands slain,
And Almanara's fatal plain,
While yet the Gallic terrors sleep,
Nor Britain thunders from the deep.

INSCRIBED TO

THE EARL OF SUNDERLAND

AT WINDSOR.

Thou dome! where Edward first enroll'd
His red-cross Knights and Barons bold,
Whose vacant seats, by virtue bought,
Ambitious emperors have sought,
Where Britain's foremost names are found,
In peace belov'd, in war renown'd,
Who made the hostile nations moan,
Or brought a blessing on their own;

Once re a son of Spencer waits,
n familiar to thy gates,

Sprung from the chief whose prowess gain'd
The Garter, while thy founder reign'd;
He offer'd here his dinted shield,
The dread of Gauls in Cressy's field,
Which, in thy high-arch'd temple rais'd,
For four long centuries hath blaz'd.

These seats our sires, a hardy kind!
To the fierce sons of War confin'd,
The flower of chivalry! who drew
With sinew'd arm the stubborn yew,
Or with heav'd pole-axe clear'd the field,
Or who in justs and tourneys skill'd,
Before their ladies' eyes renown'd
Threw horse and horsemen to the ground.

In after times, as courts refin'd,
Our patriots in the list were join'd;
Not only Warwick stain'd with blood,
Or Marlborough near the Danube's flood,
Have in their crimson Crosses glow'd,
But on just lawgivers bestow'd;
These emblems Cecil did invest,
And gleam'd on wise Godolphin's breast.

So Greece, ere arts began to rise,
Fix'd huge Orion in the skies;
And stern Alcides, fam'd in wars,
Bespangled with a thousand stars:
Till letter'd Athens round the pole
Made gentler constellations roll,
In the blue heavens the lyre she strung,
And near the Maid the Balance* hung.

* *Names of constellations.*

Then, Spencer! mount amid the band
Where knights and kings promiscuous stand.
What though the hero's flame represt
Burns calmly in thy generous breast;
Yet who more dauntless to oppose
In doubtful days our home-bred foes?
Who rais'd his country's wealth so high,
Or view'd with less desiring eye?

The sage who large of soul surveys
The globe, and all its empires weighs,
Watchful the various climes to guide
Which seas, and tongues, and faiths divide,
A nobler name in Windsor's shrine
Shall leave, if right the Muse divine,
Than sprung of old, abhorr'd and vain,
From ravag'd realms and myriads slain.

Why praise we, prodigal of fame,
The rage that sets the world on flame?
My guiltless Muse his brow shall bind
Whose godlike bounty spares mankind:
For those whom bloody garlands crown
The brass may breathe, the marble frown
To him, through every rescued land,
Ten thousand living trophies stand.

TRANSLATIONS.

PART OF

THE FOURTH BOOK OF LUCAN.

Cæsar having resolved to give battle to Petreius and Afranius, Pompey's Lieutenants in Spain, encamped near the enemy in the same field. The behaviour of their soldiers, at their seeing and knowing one another, is the subject of the following verses.

THEIR ancient friends, as now they nearer drew,
Prepar'd for fight the wondering soldiers knew;
Brother with brother in unnatural strife,
And the son arm'd against the father's life.
Curs'd Civil war! then conscience first was felt,
And the tough veteran's heart began to melt.
Fix'd in dumb sorrow all at once they stand,
Then wave, a pledge of peace, the guiltless hand;
To vent ten thousand struggling passions move,
The stings of nature, and the pangs of love.
All order broken, wide their arms they throw,
And run with transport to the longing foe.
Here the long-lost acquaintance neighbours claim;
There an old friend recals his comrade's name;
Youths who in arts beneath one tutor grew,
Rome rent in twain, and kindred hosts they view.

Tears wet their impious arms, a fond relief!
And kisses broke by sobs the words of grief.
Though yet no blood was spilt, each anxious m
With horror thinks on what his rage design'd.
Ah! generous youths! why thus with fruitless
Beat ye those breasts? why gush those eyes in v
Why blame ye Heav'n, and charge your guilt
Fate?
Why dread the tyrant whom yourselves make gr
Bids he the trumpet sound? the trumpet slight
Bids he the standard move? refuse the fight.
Your generals left by you, will love again
A son and father, when they're private men.
Kind Concord, heavenly born! whose blissful re
Holds the vast globe in one surrounding chain,
Whose laws the jarring elements control,
And knit each atom close from pole to pole;
Soul of the world! and love's eternal spring!
This lucky hour thy aid, fair goddess! bring;
This lucky hour, ere aggravated crimes
Heap guilt on guilt, and doubly stain the times:
No veil henceforth for sin, for pardon none;
They know their duty now their friends are kno
Vain wish! from blood short must the respite be
New crimes by love enhanc'd this night shall see
Such is the will of Fate, and such the hard decre
'Twas peace. From either camp, now void of f
The soldiers mingling cheerful feasts prepare;
On the green sod the friendly bowls were crow
And hasty banquets pil'd upon the ground:
Around the fire they talk; one shows his scars,
One tells what chance first led him to the wars
Their stories o'er the tedious night prevail,
And the mute circle listens to the tale.

ey own they fought, but swear they ne'er could
hate,
ny their guilt, and lay the blame on fate:
.eir love revives to make them guiltier grow;
short-liv'd blessing but to heighten woe!
When to Petreius first the news was told
ıe jealous general thought his legions sold:
ift with the guards, his headstrong fury drew
om out his camp, he drives the hostile crew,
its clasping friends asunder with his sword,
ıd stains with blood each hospitable board.
Then thus his wrath breaks out: 'Oh, lost to
fame!
, false to Pompey and the Roman name!
n ye not conquer? ye degenerate bands!
ı! die at least, 'tis all that Rome demands.
hat! will ye own, while ye can wield the sword,
rebel standard and usurping lord?
all he be sued to take you into place
nongst his slaves, and grant you equal grace?
hat! shall my life be begg'd? inglorious thought!
ıd life abhorr'd, on such conditions bought!
ıe toils we bear, my friends! are not for life,
o mean a prize in such a dreadful strife;
it peace would lead to servitude and shame,
fair amusement and a specious name.
ever had man explor'd the iron ore,
ark'd out the trench, or rais'd the lofty tow'r,
e'er had the steed in harness sought the plain,
r fleets encounter'd on the' unstable main,
'ere life, were breath, with fame to be compar'd,
r peace to glorious liberty prefer'd.
y guilty oaths the hostile army bound,
lds fast its impious faith, and stands its ground:

Are you perfidious who espouse the laws,
And traitors only in a righteous cause?
Oh shame! in vain through nations far and wide
Thou call'st the crowding monarchs to thy side,
Fall'n Pompey! while thy legions here betray
Thy cheap-bought life, and treat thy fame away.'
He ended fierce: the soldier's rage returns,
His blood flies upward, and his bosom burns.
So haply tam'd, the tiger bears his bands,
Less grimly growls, and licks his keeper's hands;
But if by chance he tastes forbidden gore,
He yells amain and makes his dungeon roar;
He glares, he foams, he aims a desperate bound,
And his pale master flies the dangerous ground.
Now deeds are done which man might charge aright
On stubborn Fate, or undiscerning Night,
Had not their guilt the lawless soldiers known,
And made the whole malignity their own.
The beds, the plenteous tables, float with gore,
And breasts are stab'd that were embrac'd before.
Pity awhile their hands from slaughter kept,
Inward they groan'd, and as they drew they wept;
But every blow their wavering rage assures,
In murder hardens, and to blood inures:
Crowds charge on crowds, nor friends their friends descry,
But sires by sons, and sons by fathers die.
Black monstrous rage! each with victorious cries
Drags his slain friend before the general's eyes,
Exults in guilt that throws the only shame
On Pompey's cause, and blots the Roman name.

THE

FIRST BOOK OF THE ILIAD.

DEDICATION.

EN I first entered upon this translation I was
ɔitious of dedicating it to the late Earl of
ifax; but being prevented from doing myself
t honour, by the unspeakable loss which our
ntry hath sustain'd in the death of that extra-
inary person, I hope I shall not be blamed for
suming to make a Dedication of it to his me-
ry. The greatness of his name will justify a
ctice altogether uncommon, and may gain fa-
r towards a work, which (if it had deserved his
ronage) is perhaps the only one inscribed to his
lship, that will escape being rewarded by him.
might have one advantage from such a Dedi-
on, that nothing I could say in it would be sus-
ted of flattery: besides that the world would
e a pleasure in hearing those things said of this
at man now he is dead, which he himself would
e been offended at when living. But though
a sensible so amiable and exalted a character
ıld be very acceptable to the public, were I
: to draw it in its full extent, I should be cen-
ed very deservedly, should I venture upon an
lertaking to which I am by no means equal.
His consummate knowledge in all kinds of busi-

ness, his winning eloquence in public assemblies, his active zeal for the good of his country, and the share he had in conveying the supreme power to an illustrious family, famous for being friends to mankind, are subjects easy to be enlarged upon but incapable of being exhausted. The nature of the following performance more directly leads me to lament the misfortune which hath befallen the learned world, by the death of so generous and universal a patron.

He rested not in a barren admiration of the polite arts, wherein he himself was so great a master, but was actuated by that humanity they naturally inspire, which gave rise to many excellent writers, who have cast a light upon the age in which he lived, and will distinguish it to posterity. It is well known, that very few celebrated pieces have been published for several years, but what were either promoted by his encouragement, or supported by his approbation, or recompensed by his bounty; and if the succession of men who excel in most of the refined arts should not continue, though some may impute it to a decay of genius in our countrymen, those who are acquainted with his lordship's character will know more justly how to account for it.

The cause of liberty will receive no small advantage in future times, when it shall be observed that the Earl of Halifax was one of the patriots who were at the head of it; and that most of those who were eminent in the several parts of polite or useful learning were, by his influence and example, engaged in the same interest.

I hope, therefore, the public will excuse my am-

n, for thus intruding into the number of those
nuded men who have paid him this kind of
age; especially since I am also prompted to it
ratitude for the protection with which he had
n to honour me, and do it at a time when he
ot suffer by the importunity of my acknow-
ments.

THE

FIRST BOOK OF THE ILIAD.

TO THE READER.

I must inform the Reader, that when I begun this first book I had some thoughts of translating the whole Iliad, but had the pleasure of being diverted from that design by finding the work was fallen into a much abler hand. I would not therefore be thought to have any other view in publishing this small specimen of Homer's Iliad than to bespeak, if possible, the favour of the public to a translation of Homer's Odyssies, wherein I have already made some progress.

ACHILLES' fatal wrath, whence discord rose
That brought the sons of Greece unnumber'd woes,
O goddess sing. Full many a hero's ghost
Was driv'n untimely to the' infernal coast,
While in promiscuous heaps their bodies lay,
A feast for dogs and every bird of prey.
So did the sire of gods and men fulfil
His steadfast purpose, and almighty will;
What time the haughty chiefs their jars begun,
Atrides king of men and Peleus' godlike son.
What god in strife the princes did engage?
Apollo! burning with vindictive rage
Against the scornful king, whose impious pride
His priest dishonour'd and his pow'r defied;
Hence swift contagion, by the gods' commands,
Swept through the camp and thin'd the Grecian bands.

alth immense the holy Chryses bore
ıter's ransom to the tented shore:
re stretching forth, the golden rod
nd with hallow'd garlands of his god;
host, of every princely chief,
of Atreus' sons he begg'd relief:
Atreus' sons and warlike Greeks attend!
ıe' immortal gods your cause befriend,
ou Priam's lofty bulwarks burn,
in gather'd spoils, to Greece return.
se gifts, my daughter, you bestow,
rence due to great Apollo show,
ourite offspring, terrible in war,
ls his shafts unerring from afar.'
hout the host consenting murmurs rise,
t to reverence and give back the prize,
great king, incens'd, his silence broke
reproachful, and thus sternly spoke:
, dotard! from my sight, nor ever more
, I warn thee, this forbidden shore,
stretch forth my fury, to restrain
ths and sceptre of thy god in vain.
ve maid I never will resign;
'ertakes her, I have vow'd her mine:
t Argos shall the fair be led;
to ply the loom and grace my bed.
re evil intercept thy way:
thy life, nor urge me by thy stay.'
ed frowning. Speechless and dismay'd
sire his stern command obey'd.
pass'd amid the deafening roar
ng billows on the lonely shore:
the camp he pass'd, then suppliant stood,
he hoary priest invok'd his god:

'Dread warrior with the silver bow! give ear;
Patron of Chrysa and of Cilla hear;
To thee the guard of Tenedos belongs:
Propitious Smintheus! oh, redress my wrongs!
If e'er within thy fane, with wreaths adorn'd,
The fat of bulls and well-fed goats I burn'd,
O hear my prayer! Let Greece thy fury know,
And with thy shafts avenge thy servant's woe!"
Apollo heard his injur'd suppliant's cry;
Down rush'd the vengeful warrior from the sky.
Across his breast the glittering bow he flung,
And at his back the well-stor'd quiver hung:
(His arrows rattled as he urg'd his flight.)
In clouds he flew, conceal'd from mortal sight,
Then took his stand the well-aim'd shaft to throw;
Fierce sprung the string, and twang'd the silver bow.
The dogs and mules his first keen arrow slew,
Amid the ranks the next more fatal flew,
A deathful dart! The funeral piles around
For ever blaz'd on the devoted ground.
Nine days entire he vex'd the' embattled host:
The tenth, Achilles through the winding coast
Summon'd a council by the queen's command,
Who wields heaven's sceptre in her snowy hand:
She mourn'd her favourite Greeks, who now enclose
The hero, swiftly speaking as he rose:
'What now, O Atreus' son! remains in view,
But o'er the deep our wanderings to renew,
Doom'd to destruction, while our wasted pow'rs
The sword and pestilence at once devours?
Why haste we not some prophet's skill to prove,
Or seek by dreams? (for dreams descend from Jove.)
What moves Apollo's rage let him explain,
What vow withheld, what hecatomb unslain;

And if the blood of lambs and goats can pay
The price for guilt, and turn this curse away?'
Thus he: and next the reverend Calchas rose,
Their guide to Ilion whom the Grecians chose;
The prince of augurs! whose enlighten'd eye
Could things past, present, and to come, descry!
Such wisdom Phœbus gave. He thus began,
His speech addressing to the godlike man:
'Me then commandst thou, lov'd of Jove! to show
What moves the god that bends the dreadful bow?
First plight thy faith thy ready help to lend,
By words to aid me or by arms defend;
For I foresee his rage, whose ample sway
The Argian pow'rs and sceptred chiefs obey.
The wrath of kings what subject can oppose?
Deep in their breasts the smother'd vengeance glows
Still watchful to destroy. Swear, valiant youth!
Swear, wilt thou guard me if I speak the truth?'
To this Achilles swift replies: 'Be bold,
Disclose what Phœbus tells thee uncontroll'd.
By him who listening to thy powerful pray'r
Reveals the secret, I devoutly swear
That while these eyes behold the light, no hand
Shall dare to wrong thee on this crowded strand:
Not Atreus' son, though now himself he boast
The king of men, and sovereign of the host.'
Then boldly he:—'Nor does the god complain
Of vows withheld, or hecatombs unslain.
Chryseïs to her awful sire refus'd,
The gifts rejected, and the priest abus'd,
Call down these judgments; and for more they call,
Just ready on the' exhausted camp to fall:
Till ransom-free the damsel is bestow'd,
And hecatombs are sent to sooth the god,

To Chrysa sent. Perhaps Apollo's rage
The gifts may expiate and the priest assuage.'
He spoke and sat; when with an angry frown
The chief of kings upstarted from his throne.
Disdain and vengeance in his bosom rise,
Lour in his brow and sparkle in his eyes;
Full at the priest their fiery orbs he bent,
And all at once his fury found a vent.
'Augur of ills, (for never good to me
Did that most inauspicious voice decree)
For ever ready to denounce my woes,
When Greece is punish'd, I am still the cause;
And now, when Phœbus spreads his plagues abroad
And wastes our camp, 'tis I provoke the god,
Because my blooming captive I detain,
And the large ransom is produc'd in vain.
Fond of the maid, my queen in beauty's pride
Ne'er charm'd me more, a virgin and a bride;
Not Clytemnestra boasts a nobler grace,
A sweeter temper or a lovelier face,
In works of female skill hath more command,
Or guides the needle with a nicer hand:
Yet she shall go; the fair our peace shall buy;
Better I suffer than my people die.
But mark me well; see instantly prepar'd
A full equivalent, a new reward:
Nor is it meet, while each enjoys his share,
Your chief should lose his portion of the war:
In vain your chief, whilst the dear prize I boast
Is wrested from me and for ever lost.'
To whom the swift pursuer quick replied:
'Oh sunk in avarice, and swoln with pride!
How shall the Greeks, though large of soul they be,
Collect their sever'd spoils, a heap for thee

To search anew, and call the choicest share
Amid the mighty harvest of the war?
Then yield thy captive to the god resign'd,
Assur'd a tenfold recompence to find
When Jove's decree shall throw proud Ilion down,
And give to plunder the devoted town.'
'Think not, (Atrides answer'd) though you shine
Graceful in beauty like the pow'rs divine,
Think not thy wiles, in specious words convey'd,
From its firm purpose my soul dissuade.
Must I, alone bereft, down with shame,
And thou insulting keep thy captive dame?
If, as I ask'd, the large-soul'd Greeks consent
Full recompence to give, I stand content;
If not, a prize I shall myself decree
From him, or him, or else perhaps from thee;
While the proud prince despoil'd shall rage in vain.
But break we here; the rest let time explain.
Launch now a well-trimm'd galley from the shore,
With hands experienc'd at the bending oar!
Enclose the hecatomb, and then with care
To the high deck convey the captive fair.
The sacred bark let sage Ulysses guide,
Or Ajax or Idomeneus preside;
Or thou, O mighty man! the chief shall be,
And who more fit to sooth the god than thee?'
'Shameless, and poor of soul! (the prince replies,
And on the monarch casts his scornful eyes)
What Greek henceforth will march at thy command
In search of danger on the doubtful strand?
Who, in the face of day, provoke the fight,
Or tempt the secret ambush of the night?
Not I, be sure. Henceforward I am free,
For ne'er was Priam's house a foe to me:

Far from their inroads, in my pastures feed
The lowing heifer and the pamper'd steed.
On Phthia's hills our fruits securely grow,
And ripen careless of the distant foe;
Between whose realms and our Thessalian shore
Unnumber'd mountains rise and billows roar,
For thine and for thy baffled brother's fame
Across those seas, disdainful man! I came;
Yet, Insolent! by arbitrary sway
Thou talk'st of seizing on my rightful prey,
The prize whose purchase toils and dangers cost,
And giv'n by suffrage of the Grecian host.
What town, when sack'd by our victorious bands,
But still brought wealth to those rapacious hands?
To me, thus scorn'd, contented dost thou yield
My share of blood in the tumultuous field;
But still the flower of all the spoil is thine:
There claim'st thou most, nor e'er did I repine:
Whate'er was giv'n, I took, and thought it best,
With slaughter tir'd, and panting after rest.
To Phthia now, for I shall fight no more,
My ships their crooked prows shall turn from shore
When I am scorn'd, I think I well foresee
What spoils and pillage will be won by thee.'
'Hence, (cried the monarch) hence without delay;
Think not, vain man! my voice shall urge thy stay:
Others thou leav'st to the great cause inclin'd;
A league of kings thou leav'st, and Jove behind.
Of all the chiefs dost thou oppose me most:
Outrage and uproar are thy only boast,
Discord and jars thy joy. But learn to know,
If thou art strong 'tis Jove hath made thee so.

Go, at thy pleasure, none will stop thy way;
Go, bid thy base-born Myrmidons obey.
Thou nor thy rage shall my resolves subdue;
I fix my purpose, and my threats renew.
Since 'tis decreed, I must the maid restore,
A ship shall waft her to the' offended pow'r;
But fair Briseïs, thy allotted prize,
Myself will seize, and seize before thy eyes,
That thou and each audacious man may see
How vain the rash attempt to cope with me.'
Stung to the soul, tumultuous thoughts began
This way and that to rend the godlike man.
To force a passage with his falchion drawn,
And hurl the' imperial boaster from this throne,
He now resolves; and now resolves again
To quell his fury, and his arm restrain.
While thus by turns his rage and reason sway'd,
And, half unsheath'd, he held the glittering blade,
That moment Juno, whose impartial eye
Watch'd o'er them both, sent Pallas from the sky:
She flew, and caught his yellow hair behind,
(To him alone the radiant goddess shin'd;)
Sudden he turn'd, and started with surprise;
Rage and revenge flash'd dreadful in his eyes.
Then thus with hasty words: 'O heavenly born!
'Com'st thou to see proud Agamemnon's scorn?
But thou shalt see (my sword shall make it good)
This glutted sand smoke with the tyrant's blood.'
'To sooth thy soul,' the blue-eyed maid replies,
'(If thou obey my voice) I left the skies:
Heaven's queen, who favours both, gave this command;
Suppress *thy wrath and stay* thy vengeful hand:

Be all thy rage in tauntful words exprest,
But guiltless let the thirsty falchion rest.
Mark what I speak: An hour is on its way
When gifts tenfold for this affront shall pay:
Suppress thy wrath, and Heaven and me obe
Then he: 'I yield, though with reluctant n
Who yields to Heav'n shall Heav'n propitious
The silver hilt close grasping, at the word
Deep in the sheath he plung'd his mighty sw
The goddess, turning, darted from his sight,
And reach'd Olympus in a moment's flight.
But fierce Achilles in a thundering tone
Throws out his wrath, and goes impetuous on
'Valiant with wine, and furious from the b
Thou fierce-look'd talker, with a coward sou
War's glorious peril ever slow to share,
Aloof thou view'st the field, for death is ther
'Tis greater far this peaceful camp to sway,
And peel the Greeks at will who disobey;
A tyrant-lord o'er slaves to earth debas'd,
For had they souls, this outrage were thy las
But thou my fix'd, my final purpose, hear:
By this dread sceptre solemnly I swear,
By this (which once from out the forest torn,
Nor leaf nor shade shall ever more adorn,
Which never more its verdure must renew,
Lopp'd from the vital stem whence first it gr
But giv'n by Jove, the sons of men to awe,
Now sways the nations, and confirms the law
A day shall come, when for this hour's disdai
The Greeks shall wish for me, and wish in v
Nor thou, though griev'd, the wonted aid aff
When heaps on heaps shall fall by Hector's s

Too late with anguish shall thy heart be torn,
That the first Greek was made the public scorn.'
He said; and mounting with a furious bound,
He dash'd his studded sceptre on the ground;
Then sat: Atrides, eager to reply,
On the fierce champion glanc'd a vengeful eye.
'Twas then, the madding monarchs to compose,
The Pylian prince, the smooth-speech Nestor rose.
His tongue dropp'd honey: full of days was he;
Two ages past, he liv'd the third to see,
And his first race of subjects long decay'd,
O'er their sons' sons a peaceful sceptre sway'd.
'Alas for Greece! (he cries) and with what joy
Shall Priam hear, and every son of Troy,
That you, the first in wisdom as in wars,
Waste your great souls in poor ignoble jars!
Go to! you both are young; yet, oft rever'd,
Greater than you have the wise Nestor heard
Their equals never shall these eyes behold,
Cæneus the just, Pirithoüs the bold,
Exadius, Dryas, born to high command,
Shepherds of men, and rulers of the land;
Theseus, unrivall'd in his sires abodes,
And mighty Polypheme, a match for gods.
They, greatest names that ancient story knows,
In mortal conflict met as dreadful foes,
Fearless through rocks and wilds their prey pursued,
And the huge double Centaur-race subdued.
With them my early youth was pleas'd to roam
Through regions far from my sweet native home;
They call'd me to the wars: no living hand
Could match their valour or their strength withstand;

Yet wont they oft my sage advice to hear:
Then listen both with an attentive ear.
Seize not thou, king of men, the beauteous slave,
The' allotted prize the Grecian voices gave;
Nor thou, Pelides, in a threatening tone,
Urge him to wrath who fills that sacred throne,
The king of forty kings, and honour'd more
By mighty Jove than e'er was king before.
Brave though thou art, and of a race divine,
Thou must obey a power more great than thine;
And thou, O king! forbear: myself will sue
Great Thetis' son his vengeance to subdue;
Great Thetis' valiant son, our country's boast,
The shield and bulwark of the Grecian host!'
'Wise are thy words, O sire! (the king began)
But what can satiate this aspiring man?
Unbounded power he claims o'er humankind,
And hopes for slaves, I trust he ne'er shall find.
Shall we, because the gods have form'd him stron
Bear the lewd language of his lawless tongue?'
'If aw'd by thee, the Greeks might well despis
My name, (the prince precipitate replies)
In vain thou nod'st from thy imperial throne;
Thy vassals seek elsewhere, for I am none.
But break we here. The fair, though just mine,
With sword undrawn I purpose to resign:
On aught beside, I once for all command,
Lay not, I charge thee, thy presumptuous hand:
Come not within my reach, nor dare advance,
Or thy heart's blood shall reek upon my lance.'
Thus both in foul debate prolong'd the day;
The council broke, each takes his separate way:

Achilles seeks his tent with restless mind,
Patroclus and his train move slow behind.
Meantime a bark was haul'd along the sand;
Twice ten selected Greeks, a brawny band,
Tug the tough oars at the great king's command.
The gifts, the hecatomb, the captive fair,
Are all intrusted to Ulysses' care.
They mount the deck, the vessel takes its flight,
Bounds o'er the surge and lessens to the sight.
Next he ordains, along the winding coast,
By hallow'd rites to purify the host:
A herd of chosen victims they provide,
And cast their offals on the briny tide:
Fat bulls and goats to great Apollo die,
In clouds the savoury steam ascends the sky.
The Greeks to Heaven their solemn vows addrest,
But dire revenge roll'd in the monarch's breast:
Obsequious at his call two heralds stand,
To them in frowns he gives this harsh command:
'Ye heralds! to Achilles' tent repair,
Thence, swift the female slave Briseïs bear,
With arms, if disobey'd, myself will come:
Bid him resign her, or he tempts his doom.'
The heralds, though unwillingly, obey;
Along the sea-beat shore they speed their way;
And now the Myrmidonian quarter past,
At his tent-door they find the hero plac'd.
Disturb'd the solemn messengers he saw;
They, too, stood silent with respectful awe
Before the royal youth: they neither spoke:
He guess'd their message, and the silence broke:
'Ye ministers of gods and men! draw near;
Not you, but him whose heralds ye appear,

Robb'd of my right, I blame. Patroclus, bring
The damsel forth for this disdainful king.
But ye my wrongs, O heralds! bear in mind,
And clear me to the gods and all mankind;
Ev'n to your thoughtless king, if ever more
My aid be wanted on the hostile shore.
Thoughtless he is, nor knows his certain doom,
Blind to the past, nor sees the woes to come;
His best defence thus rashly to forego,
And leave a naked army to the foe.'

He ceas'd. Patroclus his dear friend obey'd,
And usher'd in the lovely weeping maid.
Sore sigh'd she, as the heralds took her hand,
And oft look'd back, slow-moving o'er the strand.

The widow'd hero, when the fair was gone,
Far from his friends sat bath'd in tears alone;
On the cold beach he sat, and fix'd his eyes
Where black with storms the curling billows rise,
And as the sea wide-rolling he survey'd,
With outstretch'd arms to his fond mother pray'd:

'Since to short life thy hapless son was born,
Great Jove stands bound by promise, to adorn
His stinted course with an immortal name.
Is this the great amends? the promis'd fame?
The son of Atreus, proud of lawless sway,
Demands, possesses, and enjoys my prey.'

Near her old sire enthron'd, she heard him weep
From the low silent caverns of the deep;
Then in a morning mist her head she rears,
Sits by her son, and mingles tears with tears;
Close grasps her darling's hand: 'My son! (she cries)
Why heaves thy heart? and why o'erflow thy eyes?

At evening through [illegible] 'd they sleep,
Hush'd by the distu[illegible] r [illegible] x [illegible] deep.
When now, succe[illegible] [illegible] the shades of night,
Aurora glow'd in all [illegible] [illegible] it,
The daughter of the [illegible] awaken'd crew
Back to the Greeks encamp'd, their course renew.
The breezes freshen; for with friendly gales
Apollo swell'd their wide-distended sails:
Cleft by the rapid prow the waves divide,
And in hoarse murm[illegible]s break on either side:
In safety to the desti[illegible] port they past,
And fix'd their bark with grappling halsers fast,
Then dragg'd her fr[illegible] on t[illegible] land coast,
Regain'd their tents, [illegible] in the host.
But fierce Achilles [illegible] on vengeance bent,
Cherish'd his wrath, and [illegible] in his tent.
The' assembled chie[illegible] [illegible] with high disdain,
A band of kings, nor so[illegible] the hostile plain,
But long'd to hear the distant troops engage,
The strife grow doubtful, and the battle rage.
Twelve days were past, and now the' ethereal train,
Jove at their head, to heaven return'd again,
When Thetis, from the deep prepar'd to rise,
Shot through a big swoln wave and pierc'd the skies.
At early morn she reach'd the realms above,
The court of gods, the residence of Jove.
On the top-point of high Olympus, crown'd
With hills on hills, him far apart she found
Above the rest. The earth beneath display'd
(A boundless prospect!) his broad eye survey'd.
Her left hand grasp'd his knees, her right she rear'd,
And touch'd with blandishment his awful beard;
Then suppliant with submissive voice implor'd
Old Saturn's *son*, the god by gods ador'd:

Thy aid the rebel deities o'ercame,
And sav'd the mighty Thunderer from shame.
Pallas, and Neptune, and great Juno bound
The sire in chains, and hem'd their sovereign round.
Thy voice, O goddess! broke their idle bands,
And call'd the giant of the hundred hands,
Thy prodigy whom heaven and earth revere,
Briareus nam'd above, Ægeon here:
His father, Neptune, he in strength surpass'd;
At Jove's right-hand his hideous form he plac'd,
Proud of his might: the gods with secret dread
Beheld the huge enormous shape, and fled.
Remind him then, for well thou know'st the art;
Go clasp his knees and melt his mighty heart.
Let the driven Argians, hunted o'er the plain,
Seek the last verge of this tempestuous main:
There let them perish, void of all relief,
My wrongs remember and enjoy their chief:
Too late with anguish shall his heart be torn,
That the first Greek was made the public scorn.'
Then she (with tears her azure eyes ran o'er)
'Why bore I thee, or nourish'd when I bore?
Blest, if within thy tent, and free from strife,
Thou might'st possess thy poor remains of life!
Thy death approaching now the Fates foreshow;
Short is thy destin'd term, and full of woe.
Ill-fated thou! and oh, unhappy I!
But hence to the celestial courts I fly,
Where, hid in snow, to heaven Olympus swells,
And Jove, rejoicing in his thunder, dwells.
Meantime, my son! indulge thy just disdain,
Vent all thy rage, and shun the hostile plain
Till Jove returns. Last night my waves he crost,
And sought the distant Ethiopian coast;

the skies his radiant course he steer'd,
l him all the train of gods appear'd,
ht procession! To the holy feast
meless men he goes a grateful guest:
ıven he comes when twice six days are o'er,
shall my voice the sire of gods implore;
:o his lofty mansion will I pass,
ed on rocks of ever-during brass;
will I clasp his knees with wonted art,
ıubt, my son! but I shall melt his heart.'
ceas'd, and left him lost in doubtful care,
ent on vengeance for the ravish'd fair.
safe arriv'd near Chrysa's sacred strand
ge Ulysses now advanc'd to land;
the coast he shoots with swelling gales,
ers the lofty mast and furls the sails,
lies to port with many a well-tim'd oar,
ops his anchors near the faithful shore.
rk now fix'd amid the rolling tide,
ïs follows her experienc'd guide:
fts to Phœbus from the Grecian host,
of bulls, went bellowing o'er the coast:
god's fane, high looking o'er the land,
, and near the altar took his stand,
ave her to the joyful father's hand.
hail! Atrides sets thy daughter free,
offerings to thy god and gifts to thee:
ou intreat the power whose dreadful sway
his camp and sweeps his host away.'
aid, and gave her. The fond father smil'd
ecret rapture, and embrac'd his child.
victims now they range in chosen bands,
fer gifts with unpolluted hands;

When with loud voice and arms uprear'd in air
The hoary priest prefer'd this powerful pray'r:
'Dread warrior with the silver bow! give ear:
Patron of Chrysa and of Cilla hear!
About this dome thou walk'st thy constant round:
Still have my vows thy power propitious found:
Rous'd by my prayers, ev'n now thy vengeance burns
And, smit by thee, the Grecian army mourns.
Hear me once more, and let the suppliant foe
Avert thy wrath, and slack thy dreadful bow!'
He pray'd; and great Apollo heard his pray'r.
The suppliants now their votive rites prepare:
Amid the flames they cast the hallow'd bread;
And heavenward turn each victim's destin'd head;
Next slay the fatted bulls, their skins divide,
And from each carcass rend the smoking [illegible];
On every limb large rolls of fat bestow,
And chosen morsels round the offerings strow;
Mysterious rites! then on the fire divine
The great high priest pours forth the ruddy wine;
Himself the offering burns. On either hand
A troop of youths in decent order stand;
On sharpen'd forks, obedient to the sire,
They turn the tasteful fragments in the fire;
Adorn the feast, see every dish well stor'd,
And serve the plenteous messes to the board.
When now the various feast had cheer'd their souls,
With sparkling wines they crown the generous bowls;
The first libations to Apollo pay,
And solemnize with sacred hymns the day:
His praise in Io Pæans loud they sing,
And sooth the rage of the far-shooting king.

t evening through the shore dispers'd they sleep,
ush'd by the distant roarings of the deep.
When now, ascending from the shades of night,
urora glow'd in all her rosy light,
he daughter of the dawn; the' awaken'd crew
ack to the Greeks encamp'd, their course renew
he breezes freshen; for with friendly gales
pollo swell'd their wide-distended sails:
left by the rapid prow the waves divide,
nd in hoarse murmurs break on either side:
safety to the destin'd port they past,
nd fix'd their bark with grappling halsers fast,
hen dragg'd her farther on the dry land coast,
egain'd their tents, and mingled in the host.
But fierce Achilles, still on vengeance bent,
herish'd his wrath, and madden'd in his tent.
he' assembled chiefs he shun'd with high disdain,
band of kings, nor sought the hostile plain,
ut long'd to hear the distant troops engage,
he strife grow doubtful, and the battle rage.
Twelve days were past, and now the' ethereal train,
ove at their head, to heaven return'd again,
Vhen Thetis, from the deep prepar'd to rise,
hot through a big swoln wave and pierc'd the skies.
t early morn she reach'd the realms above,
he court of gods, the residence of Jove.
On the top-point of high Olympus, crown'd
Vith hills on hills, him far apart she found
bove the rest. The earth beneath display'd
A boundless prospect!) his broad eye survey'd.
er left hand grasp'd his knees, her right she rear'd,
nd touch'd with blandishment his awful beard;
hen suppliant *with submissive* voice implor'd
d Saturn's son, the god by gods ador'd

'If e'er, by rebel deities oppress,
My aid reliev'd thee, grant this one request.
Since to short life my hapless son was born,
Do thou with fame the scanty space adorn.
Punish the king of men, whose lawless sway
Hath sham'd the youth, and seiz'd his destin'd pr
Awhile let Troy prevail, that Greece may griev
And doubled honours to my offspring give.'
She said; the god vouchsaf'd not to reply,
(A deep suspense sat in his thoughtful eye:)
Once more around his knees the goddess clung,
And to soft accents form'd her artful tongue:
'Oh! speak; or grant me or deny my pray'r;
Fear not to speak what I am doom'd to bear,
That I may know, if thou my prayer deny,
The most despis'd of all the gods am I.'
With a deep sigh the Thundering Power replie
'To what a height will Juno's anger rise!
Still doth her voice before the gods upbraid
My partial hand, that gives the Trojan's aid.
I grant thy suit. But hence; depart unseen,
And shun the sight of heaven's suspicious queer
Believe my nod, the great, the certain sign,
When Jove propitious hears the powers divine,
The sign that ratifies my high command,
That thus I will; and what I will shall stand.'
This said, his kingly brow the sire inclin'd;
The large black curls fell awful from behind,
Thick shadowing the stern forehead of the god
Olympus trembled at the' almighty nod.
The goddess smil'd; and with a sudden leap
From the high mountain plung'd into the deep.
But Jove repair'd to his celestial tow'rs,
And, as he rose, up rose the' immortal pow'rs,

ı ranks on either side the' assembly cast,
ow'd down, and did obeisance as he past.
To him enthron'd (for whispering she had seen
lose at his knees the silver-footed queen,
aughter of him, who low beneath the tides
ged and hoary in the deep resides)
ig with invectives Juno silence broke,
nd thus opprobrious her resentments spoke:
'False Jove! what goddess whispering did I see?
fond of counsels still conceal'd from me!
o me, neglected, thou wilt ne'er impart
ne single thought of thy close-cover'd heart.'
To whom the sire of gods and men replied:
strive not to find what I decree to hide;
borious were the search, and vain the strife,
ain ev'n for thee, my sister and my wife.
he thoughts and counsels proper to declare,
or god nor mortal shall before thee share;
at what my secret wisdom shall ordain,
hink not to reach, for know the thought were vain.'
'Dread Saturn's son! why so severe? (replies
he goddess of the large majestic eyes.)
hy own dark thoughts at pleasure hide or show;
e'er have I ask'd, nor now aspire to know.
or yet my fears are vain, nor came unseen
o thy high throne the silver-footed queen,
aughter of him who low beneath the tides,
ged and hoary, in the deep resides.
hy nod assures me she was not denied,
nd Greece must perish for a madman's pride.'
To whom the god whose hand the tempest forms,
rives clouds on clouds, and blackens heav'n with
storms,

Thus wrathful answer'd: 'Dost thou still complain?
Perplex'd for ever, and perplex'd in vain;
Shouldst thou disclose the dark event to come,
How wilt thou stop the' irrevocable doom?
This serves the more to sharpen my disdain,
And woes foreseen but lengthen out thy pain.
Be silent then; dispute not my command,
Nor tempt the force of this superior hand,
Lest all the gods around thee leagued, engage
In vain to shield thee from my kindled rage.'
Mute and abash'd, she sat without reply,
And downward turn'd her large majestic eye,
Nor further durst the' offended sire provoke:
The gods around him trembled as he spoke;
When Vulcan, for his mother sore distrest,
Turn'd orator, and thus his speech addrest:
'Hard is our fate, if men of mortal line
Stir up debate among the powers divine,
If things on earth disturb the blest abodes,
And mar the' ambrosial banquet of the gods!
Then let my mother once be rul'd by me,
Though much more wise than I pretend to be.
Let me advise her silent to obey,
And due submission to our father pay,
Nor force again his gloomy rage to rise
Ill-tim'd, and damp the revels of the skies;
For should he toss her from the' Olympian hill,
Who could resist the mighty monarch's will?
Then thou to love the Thunderer reconcile,
And tempt him kindly on us all to smile.'
He said; and in his tottering hands upbore
A *double* goblet, fill'd and foaming o'er.
'*Sit down*, dear mother! with a heart content,
Nor urge a more disgraceful punishment;

ich if great Jove inflict, poor I dismay'd
st stand aloof, nor dare to give thee aid.
eat Jove shall reign for ever uncontroll'd:
member when I took thy part of old,
ight by the heel he swung me round on high,
d headlong hurl'd me from the' ethereal sky:
m morn to noon I fell, from noon to night,
l pitch'd on Lemnos, a most piteous sight?
é Sintiants hardly could my breath recall,
ldy and gasping, with the dreadful fall.'
e smil'd; and, smiling, her white arm display'd
reach the bowl her awkward son convey'd:
m right to left the generous bowl he crown'd,
d dealt the rosy nectar fairly round.
e gods laugh'd out, unweary'd as they spied
e busy skinker hop from side to side.
Thus feasting to the full, they pass'd away
blissful banquets all the livelong day;
r wanted melody: with heavenly art
e Muses sung; each Muse perform'd her part,
ernate warbling, while the golden lyre
uch'd by Apollo led the vocal choir.
e sun at length declin'd, when every guest
ught his bright palace and withdrew to rest.
ch had his palace on the' Olympian hill,
masterpiece of Vulcan's matchless skill.
'n he, the god who heaven's great sceptre sways,
nd frowns amid the lightning's dreadful blaze;
is bed of state ascending lay compos'd;
is eyes a sweet refreshing slumber clos'd;
nd at his side, all glorious to behold,
'as Juno, lodg'd in her alcove of gold.

TO A LADY,

WITH THE DESCRIPTION OF THE PHŒNIX.

Lavish of wit, and bold, appear the lines
Where Claudian's genius in the Phœnix shines;
A thousand ways each brilliant point is turn'd,
And the gay poem like its theme adorn'd.
A tale more strange ne'er grac'd the poet's art,
Nor e'er did fiction play so wild a part.
  Each fabled charm in matchless Celia meets,
The heavenly colours and ambrosial sweets;
Her virgin bosom chaster fires supplies,
And beams more piercing guard her kindred eyes;
O'erflowing wit imagin'd wonder drew,
But fertile fancy ne'er can reach the true.
  Now buds your youth, your cheeks their bloom disclose,
The' untainted lily and unfolding rose;
Ease in your mien, and sweetness in your face,
You speak a siren and you move a grace;
Nor time shall urge these beauties to decay,
While virtue gives what years shall steal away.
The fair whose youth can boast the worth of age,
In age shall with the charms of youth engage;
In every change still lovely, still the same,
A fairer Phœnix in a purer flame.

RIPTION OF THE PHŒNIX.

FROM CLAUDIAN.

ean lies a lovely isle
g still blooms and greens for ever smile,
the Sun put on his first array,
is panting steeds bring on the day,
the deep they rush with rapid force,
oft to run their glorious course,
ppear the ruddy streaks of light,
ring beams dispel the parting night.
oft shades, unprest by human feet,
Phœnix keeps his balmy seat;
world disjoin'd, he reigns alone,
npire and its king unknown:
rd! whose endless round of years
stars, and tires the circling spheres.
vulgar birds to eat his fill,
crystal of the murmuring rill,
warmth from Titan's purer ray,
y streams which eastern seas convey;
ws his life in these abodes,
e power of fate and mates the gods.
s shoot forth a glittering ray,
is head ten thousand glories play;
crest a star, celestial bright,
darkness with its piercing light;
stain'd with purple's lively die,
ings the fleeting winds outfly;
of cheerful blue his limbs infold,
h spangles and bedropt with gold.

Begot by none himself, begetting none,
Sire of himself he is, and of himself the son;
His life in fruitful death renews his date,
And kind destruction but prolongs his fate:
Ev'n in the grave new strength his limbs receive,
And on the funeral pile begin to live;
For when a thousand times the summer sun
His bending race has on the zodiac run,
And when as oft the vernal signs have roll'd,
As oft the wintry brought the numbing cold,
Then drops the bird, worn out with aged cares,
And bends beneath the mighty load of years.
So falls the stately pine, that proudly grew
The shade and glory of the mountain's brow:
When pierc'd by blasts and spouting clouds o'e
spread
It slowly sinking nods its tottering head,
Part dies by winds and part by sickly rains,
And wasting age destroys the poor remains.
Then as the silver empress of the night,
O'erclouded, glimmers in a fainter light,
So frozen with age and shut from light's supplies
In lazy rounds scarce roll his feeble eyes,
And those fleet wings for strength and speed
nown'd,
Scarce rear the' inactive lumber from the groun
Mysterious arts a second time create
The bird prophetic of approaching fate:
Pil'd on a heap Sabæan herbs he lays,
Parch'd by his sire the Sun's intensest rays;
The pile design'd to form his funeral scene
He wraps in covers of a fragrant green,
And bids his spicy heap at once become
A grave destructive and a teeming womb.

)n the rich bed the dying wonder lies,
›loring Phœbus with persuasive cries
dart upon him in collected rays,
i new create him in a deadly blaze.
'he god beholds the suppliant from afar,
l stops the progress of his heavenly car.
thou (says he) whom harmless fires shall burn,
r age the flame to second youth shall turn,
infant's cradle is thy funeral urn!
ru on whom Heav'n has fix'd the' ambiguous doom
live by ruin and by death to bloom,
r life, thy strength, thy lovely form renew,
l with fresh beauties doubly charm the view!'
'hus speaking, midst the aromatic bed,
olden beam he tosses from his head;
ft as desire the shining ruin flies,
l straight devours the willing sacrifice,
o hastes to perish in the fertile fire,
c into strength, and into life expire.
ı flames the circling odours mount on high,
fume the air and glitter in the sky;
: moon and stars amaz'd, retard their flight,
l Nature startles at the doubtful sight!
whilst the pregnant urn with fury glows,
goddess labours with a mother's throes,
joys to cherish in the friendly flames
: noblest product of the skill she claims.
'he' enlivening dust its head begins to rear,
l on the ashes sprouting plumes appear;
he dead bird reviving vigour reigns,
l life returning revels in his veins:
e'w-born Phœnix starting from the flame
ains at once a son's and father's name,

And the great change of double life displays
In the short moment of one transient blaze!
On his new pinions to the Nile he bends,
And to the gods his parent urn commends,
To Egypt bearing with majestic pride
The balmy nest where first he liv'd and died
Birds of all kinds admire the' unusual sight,
And grace the triumph of his infant flight;
In crowds unnumber'd round their chief the
Oppress the air, and cloud the spacious sky;
Nor dares the fiercest of the winged race
Obstruct his journey through the' ethereal s
The hawk and eagle useless wars forbear,
Forego their courage, and consent to fear;
The feather'd nations humble homage bring,
And bless the gaudy flight of their ambrosia
Less glittering pomp does Parthia's monarch
Commanding legions to the dusty field,
Though sparkling jewels on his helm aboun
And royal gold his awful head surround,
Though rich embroidery paint his purple ve
And his steed bound in costly trappings dres
Pleas'd in the battle's dreadful van to ride,
In graceful grandeur and imperial pride.
Fam'd for the worship of the Sun there stan
A sacred fane in Egypt's fruitful lands,
Hewn from the Theban mountain's rocky w
An hundred columns rear the marble dome;
Hither, 'tis said, he brings the precious load,
A grateful offering to the beamy god,
Upon whose altar's consecrated blaze
The seeds and relics of himself he lays;
Whence flaming incense makes the temple
And the glad altars breathe perfumes divin

ıfted smell to far Pelusium flies,
er old ocean and enrich the skies;
ectar's sweets to make the nations smile,
ent the sevenfold channels of the Nile.
happy Phœnix! Heaven's peculiar care
de thyself thyself's surviving heir;
h thy deathless vigour is supplied,
sinks to ruin all the world beside:
e, not thee, assisting Phœbus burns,
al flames light up thy funeral urns:
er events have been thy eyes survey,
ou art fixt, while ages roll away:
ıw'st when raging ocean burst his bed,
'd the mountains and the earth o'erspread;
he rash youth inflam'd the high abodes,
d up the skies, and scar'd the deathless gods.
Nature ceases thou shalt still remain,
ond Chaos bound thy endless reign:
yrant laws thy happier lot shall brave,
estruction and elude the grave.

SELECT POEMS

OF

GEORGE GRANVILLE,

LORD LANSDOWNE.

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

BY

EZEKIEL SANFORD.

LIFE OF GRANVILLE.

GEORGE GRANVILLE, or Greenville, or Grenville, afterwards Lord Lansdowne, the son of Bernard Greenville, a coadjutor of Monk, and the grandson of Sir Bevel Greenville, who fell in the battle of Lansdowne, was born about 1667. He went to Trinity College, Cambridge, before he was twelve years old; where he first distinguished himself by pronouncing a copy of his own verses to the Dutchess of York. He hailed the accession of James with three short effusions; for which he was praised by Waller, because Waller was praised by him. Loyalty, at this time, seems to have been his only inspiration; and his next poem was an incomium upon the Earl of Peterborough's management, in negociating the marriage between the Duke of York, and the Princess of Modena.

Being the younger son of a younger brother, the English law gave him no hope of distinction by paternal riches; and, during the whole reign of King William, his voice is not heard on any occasion. But he was not entirely idle. He wrote the *She Gallants*, which was acted in 1696, and afterwards revised under the title of *Once a Lover, and Always a Lover;* the *Jew of Venice*, altered from Shakespeare; *Heroic Love*, a tragedy in 1701; the *British Enchantress*, a dramatic poem, in 1706; and the masque of *Peleus and Thetis*, as an accompaniment to the *Jew*.

At the accession of Queen Ann, Granville's fortunes were reversed. He received bequests from his father and his uncle, the Earl of Bath; and, in 1706, an estate devolved upon him, by the death of his elder brother, Sir Bevil Granville. In the mean time, he was elected a member of parliament; and, thinking it necessary to 'do the state some service,' he undertook, in a translation of the *Philippics*, to direct the fulminations of Demosthenes against the head of Lewis XIV. In the ninth year of Queen Ann, he was made knight of the shire for Cornwall: at the change of the ministry, in 1710, he took the place of Mr. Robert Walpole, as Secretary at War; and, the next year, when the necessities of government produced twelve nobles in a day, he became Lord Lansdowne, Baron Biddiford. The queen appointed him a privy counsellor and comptroller of the household, in 1712; and, the year after, he was made treasurer of the household.

The accession of King George stript him of every thing but his title; and, having protested against the bill to attaint Ormond and Bolingbroke, he was apprehended, upon suspicion of treason, Sept. 26, 1715, and held in the Tower, until Feb. 8, 1717. He took his seat, once more, in parliament; and, in 1719, is said to have delivered an ardent and animated speech against the repeal of the Bill to prevent Occasional Conformity. In 1722, he travelled on the continent for the benefit of his health, or to avoid his creditors: and, in order to fill up his vacant hours, he undertook a defence of General Monk, against the calumnies of Burnet, and of Sir Richard Granville, against the aspersions of Clarendon; both of which were published on his return to London. In 1732, he printed a splendid edition of his works; and, appearing once more at court, presented copies to Queen Caroline and the Princess Ann, with verses written on the blank leaves. He died Jan. 30, 1735.

Granville has written much verse; but *ut multum*, ys Horace, *nil miror*. He took conceit for poetry; d seems to have imagined, that, to gain immorlity, it was only necessary to write like Waller. et, in a multitude of efforts, he has sometimes een successful; and the *Progress of Beauty*, and *Unnatural Flights in Composition*, may be partiularly mentioned, as not deficient in melody and ximation.

LORD LANSDOWNE.

TO THE IMMORTAL MEMORY OF

MR. EDMUND WALLER.

UPON HIS DEATH.

ke partaking of celestial fire,
ts and heroes to renown aspire,
crown'd with honour, and immortal name,
wit, or valour, led to equal fame,
y mingle with the gods who breath'd the
noble flame.
igh exploits, the praises that belong,
, but as nourish'd by the poet's song.
tree of life is sacred poetry,
et is the fruit, and tempting to the eye;
r there are, who nibble without leave,
none who are not born to taste, survive.
aller shall never die, of life secure,
ng as fame or aged time endure;
er, the muse's darling, free to taste
ll their stores, the master of the feast;
like old Adam, stinted in his choice,
ord of all the spacious paradise,
e foes to virtue, fortune, and mankind,
ring his fame, once, to do justice join'd;

No carping critic interrupts his praise;
No rival strives, but for a second place;
No want constrain'd (the writer's usual fate)
A poet with a plentiful estate;
The first of mortals who before the tomb
Struck that pernicious monster, envy, dumb;
Malice and pride, those savages, disarm'd;
Not Orpheus with such powerful magic charm'd
Scarce in the grave can we allow him more,
Than living we agreed to give before.
His noble muse employ'd her generous rage
In crowning virtue, scorning to engage
The vice and follies of an impious age.
No satyr lurks within this hallow'd ground,
But nymphs and heroines, kings and go
abound;
Glory, and arms, and love, is all the sound.
His Eden with no serpent is defil'd,
But all is gay, delicious all, and mild.
Mistaken men, his muse of flattery blame,
Adorning twice an impious tyrant's name;
We raise our own, by giving fame to foes;
The valour that he prais'd, he did oppose.
Nor were his thoughts to poetry confin'd,
The state and business shar'd his ample mind;
As all the fair were captives to his wit,
So senates to his wisdom would submit;
His voice so soft, his eloquence so strong,
Like Cato's was his speech, like Ovid's was his so
Our British kings are rais'd above the herse,
Immortal made, in his immortal verse:
No more are Mars and Jove poetic themes,
But the celestial Charles's, and just James:

d Pallas, all the shining race
'enly beauties, to the queen give place;
ike her brow, and graceful was his song.
ke her mind, and like her virtue strong.
it of gods, who dost to gods remove,
art thou plac'd, and which thy seat above?
the god of verse, we will proclaim,
æbus now, but Waller be his name;
ul bards, the sweet seraphic choir
vledge thee their oracle and sire;
heres do homage, and the muses sing
the god of verse, who was the king.

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*TO MYRA.**

LOVING AT FIRST SIGHT.

ning of the' approaching flame,
, like sudden death, it came;
avellers, by lightning kill'd,
l the moment I beheld.

n so many charms are plac'd,
a mind as nobly grac'd;
se, so shining to behold,
with richest gems and gold.

is thought *by some to have* been Mary D' Eate de Mo-
en-consort of James the Second; and by others, to have
ces Brudenell, daughter of Lord Brudenell, first married
of Newburgh, and secondly to Lord Bellew.

To what my eyes admir'd before,
I add a thousand graces more;
And fancy blows into a flame
The spark, that from her beauty came.

The object thus improv'd by thought,
By my own image I am caught;
Pygmalion so, with fatal art,
Polish'd the form that stung his heart.

TO MYRA.

Warn'd, and made wise by others' flame,
I fled from whence such mischiefs came;
Shunning the sex, that kills at sight,
I sought my safety in my flight.

But ah! in vain from fate I fly,
For first, or last, as all must die;
So 'tis as much decreed above,
That first or last we all must love.

My heart, which stood so long the shock
Of winds and waves, like some firm rock,
By one bright spark from Myra thrown,
Is into flame, like powder, blown.

SONG.

Love is by fancy led about
From hope to fear, from joy to doubt;
  Whom we now an angel call,
Divinely grac'd in every feature,
Straight's a deform'd, a perjur'd creature;
Love and hate are fancy all.

'Tis but as fancy shall present
Objects of grief, or of content,
  That the lover's bless'd, or dies:
Visions of mighty pain, or pleasure,
Imagin'd want, imagin'd treasure,
  All in powerful fancy lies.

LADY HYDE.*

When fam'd Apelles sought to frame
Some image of the' Idalian dame,
To furnish graces for the piece,
He summon'd all the nymphs of Greece;
So many mortals were combin'd,
To show how one immortal shin'd.
  Had Hyde thus sat by proxy too,
As Venus then was said to do,
Venus herself, and all the train
Of goddesses, had summon'd been;

* Afterwards Countess of Clarendon and Rochester.

The painter must have search'd the skies,
To match the lustre of her eyes.
  Comparing then, while thus we view
The ancient Venus, and the new;
In her we many mortals see,
As many goddesses in thee.

LADY HYDE.

SITTING AT SIR GODFREY KNELLER'S FOR HER PICTURE.

While Kneller, with inimitable art,
Attempts that face whose print's on every heart,
The poet, with a pencil less confin'd,
Shall paint her virtues, and describe her mind;
Unlock the shrine, and to the sight unfold
The secret gems, and all the inward gold.
Two only patterns do the muses name,
Of perfect beauty, but of guilty fame;
A Venus and a Helen have been seen,
Both perjur'd wives, the goddess and the queen:
In this, the third, are reconcil'd at last
Those jarring attributes of fair and chaste,
With graces that attract, but not ensnare,
Divinely good, as she's divinely fair;
With beauty, not affected, vain, nor proud;
With greatness, easy, affable, and good:
Others by guilty artifice, and arts
Of promis'd kindness, practise on our hearts;
With expectation blow the passion up;
She fans the fire, without one gale of hope;

e the chaste moon, she shines to all mankind,
to Endymion is her love confin'd.
at cruel destiny on beauty waits,
en on one face depends so many fates!
ig'd by honour to relieve but one,
appy men by thousands are undone.

TO MY FRIEND DR. GARTH,

IN HIS SICKNESS.

HAON sick, in every face we find,
danger is the danger of mankind;
ose art protecting, nature could expire
by a deluge, or the general fire.
e lives he saves than perish in our wars,
faster than a plague destroys, repairs.
bold carouser, and advent'rous dame,
fear the fever, nor refuse the flame;
in his skill, from all restraints set free,
conscious shame, remorse, or piety.
ire* of all arts, defend thy darling son;
save the man whose life's so much our own!
whom, like Atlas, the whole world's reclin'd,
, by restoring Garth, preserve mankind.

* Apollo, god of poetry and physic.

TO MRS. GRANVILLE,

OF WOTTON IN BUCKINGHAMSHIRE; AFTERWARD LADY CONWAY.

Love, like a tyrant whom no laws constrain,
Now for some ages kept the world in pain;
Beauty, by vast destructions got renown,
And lovers only by their rage were known;
But Granville, more auspicious to mankind,
Conquering the heart, as much instructs the mind
Bless'd in the fate of her victorious eyes,
Seeing, we love; and hearing, we grow wise;
So Rome for wisdom, as for conquest fam'd,
Improv'd with arts, whom she by arms had tam'd.
Above the clouds is plac'd this glorious light,
Nothing lies hid from her inquiring sight;
Athens and Rome for arts restor'd rejoice,
Their language takes new music from her voice;
Learning and love, in the same seat we find,
So bright her eyes, and so adorn'd her mind.
  Long had Minerva govern'd in the skies,
But now descends, confess'd to human eyes;
Behold, in Granville, that inspiring queen,
Whom learned Athens so ador'd unseen.

SONG TO MYRA.

Why, cruel creature, why so bent
  To vex a tender heart?
To gold and title you relent,
  Love throws in vain his dart.

: glittering fools in courts be great;
'or pay let armies move;
uty shall have no other bait
But gentle vows, and love.

n those endless charms you lay
'he value that's their due;
gs are themselves too poor to pay,
thousand worlds too few.

: if a passion without vice,
Without disguise or art,
, Myra! if true love's your price,
Behold it in my heart.

MYRA SINGING.

e syrens, once deluded, vainly charm'd,
d to the mast, Ulysses sail'd unharm'd;
d Myra's voice entic'd his listening ear,
e Greek had stop'd and would have died to hear.
en Myra sings, we seek the' enchanting sound,
d bless the notes that do so sweetly wound.
at music needs must dwell upon that tongue,
ose speech is tuneful as another's song;
h harmony! such wit! a face so fair!
many pointed arrows who can bear!
o from her wit, or from her beauty flies,
ith her voice she overtakes him, dies.
ike soldiers, so in battle we succeed,
peril 'scaping, by another bleed;
ain the dart *or glittering* sword we shun,
demn'd to perish by the slaughtering gun.

TO THE

COUNTESS OF NEWBURGH,

INSISTING EARNESTLY TO BE TOLD, WHO I MEANT BY MYRA.

WITH Myra's charms, and my extreme despair,
Long had my muse amaz'd the reader's ear:
My friends, with pity, heard the mournful sound,
And all inquir'd from whence the fatal wound?
The' astonish'd world beheld an endless flame,
Ne'er to be quench'd, unknowing whence it came:
So scatter'd fire from scorch'd Vesuvius flies,
Unknown the source from whence those flames arise:
Egyptian Nile so spreads its waters round,
O'erflowing far and near, its head unfound.
Myra herself, touch'd with the moving song,
Would needs be told to whom those plaints belong.
My timorous tongue, not daring to confess,
Trembling to name, would fain have had her guess:
Impatient of excuse, she urges still,
Persists in her demand, she must, she will;
If silent, I am threaten'd with her hate;
If I obey—Ah! what may be my fate?
Uncertain to conceal, or to unfold,
She smiles—the goddess smiles—and I grow bold.
My vows to Myra, all were meant to thee,
The praise, the love, the matchless constancy.
'Twas thus of old, when all the' immortal dames
Were grac'd by poets, each with several names;

· Venus, Cytherea was invok'd;
ars for Pallas, to Tritonia smok'd.
:h names were theirs; and thou the most divine,
st lov'd of heavenly beauties—Myra's thine.

TO MYRA.

;o calm and, so serene, but now,
What means this change on Myra's brow?
r anguish love now glows and burns,
en chills and shakes, and the cold fit returns.

flock'd with deluding looks and smiles,
When on her pity I depend,
ly airy hope she soon beguiles,
d laughs to see my torments never end.

;o up the steepy hill, with pain,
The weighty stone is roll'd in vain,
ich, having touch'd the top, recoils,
d leaves the labourer to renew his toils.

TO MYRA.

r in a labyrinth of doubts and joys,
om now her smiles reviv'd, her scorn destroys:
: will, and she will not; she grants, denies,
sents, retracts, advances, and then flies;
proving, and rejecting in a breath,
v proffering mercy, now presenting death.

Thus hoping, thus despairing, never sure;
How various are the torments I endure!
Cruel estate of doubt! Ah, Myra, try
Once to resolve—or let me live, or die.

TO MYRA.

PREPAR'D to rail, resolv'd to part,
When I approach'd the perjur'd fair,
What is it awes my timorous heart?
Why does my tongue forbear?

With the least glance, a little kind,
Such wondrous power have Myra's charms,
She calms my doubts, enslaves my mind,
And all my rage disarms.

Forgetful of her broken vows,
When gazing on that form divine,
Her injur'd vassal trembling bows,
Nor dares her slave repine.

CORINNA.

CORINNA, in the bloom of youth,
Was coy to every lover,
Regardless of the tenderest truth,
No soft complaint could move her.

Mankind was her's, all at her feet
Lay prostrate and adoring:
The witty, handsome, rich, and great,
In vain alike imploring.

grown old, she would repair
s of time, and pleasure;
ing eyes, and wanton air,
; every gazer.

a summer flower, that dies
e first weather's changing;
, like the swallow, flies
n to sun still ranging.

this example move
olish heart to reason:
he proper time for love,
is virtue's season.

ADIEU L'AMOUR.

my chains, and thraldom cease,
joy, I'll live at least in peace;
the pleasures of an hour,
t endure an age of pain,
abject thing no more,
ive me back my heart again.

rmented first my breast,
ood, a more cruel guest;
he peace of humankind,
en longer true, or sooner kind:
stice, or with mercy reign,
give me back my heart again.

LOVE.

To love, is to be doom'd on earth to feel
What after death the tortur'd meet in hell;
The vulture, dipping in Prometheus' side
His bloody beak, with his torn liver dy'd,
Is love; the stone that labours up the hill,
Mocking the labourer's toil, returning still,
Is love: those streams where Tantalus is curs'd
To sit, and never drink, with endless thirst:
Those loaden boughs that with their burden b
To court his taste, and yet escape his hand,
All this is love; that to dissembled joys
Invites vain men, with real grief destroys.

MEDITATION ON DEATH.

Enough, enough, my soul, of worldly noise,
Of airy pomps, and fleeting joys;
What does this busy world provide at best,
But brittle goods that break like glass,
But poison'd sweets, a troubled feast,
And pleasures like the winds that in a moment
Thy thoughts to nobler meditations give,
And study how to die, not how to live.

How frail is beauty! Ah, how vain,
And how short-liv'd those glories are,
That vex our nights and days with pain,
And break our hearts with care!
In dust we no distinction see,
Such Helen is; such, Myra, thou must be.

w short is life! why will vain courtiers toil,
d crowd a vainer monarch, for a smile?
at is that monarch, but a mortal man,
crown a pageant, and his life a span?
th all his guards, and his dominions, he
st sicken too, and die as well as we.

ose boasted names of conquerors and kings
e swallow'd, and become forgotten things;
e destin'd period men in common have,
e great, the base, the coward, and the brave,
food alike for worms, companions in the grave.
e prince and parasite together lie,
fortune can exalt, but death will climb as high.

ESSAY

UPON UNNATURAL FLIGHTS IN POETRY.

when some image of a charming face
living paint, an artist tries to trace,
carefully consults each beauteous line,
justing to his object his design,
praise the piece, and give the painter fame,
as the just resemblance speaks the dame.
ts are limners of another kind,
copy out ideas in the mind; [shown,
rds are the paint by which their thoughts are
l nature sits the object to be drawn;
written picture we applaud or blame,
as the due proportions are the same.
ho, driven with ungovernable fire,
oid of art, beyond these bounds aspire,

Gigantic forms, and monstrous births alone
Produce, which nature, shock'd, disdains to
By true reflection I would see my face,
Why brings the fool a magnifying glass?
(1) 'But poetry in fiction takes delight,
And mounting in bold figures out of sight,
Leaves truth behind, in her audacious flight:
Fables and metaphors, that always lie,
And rash hyperboles that soar so high,
And every ornament of verse must die.'
Mistake me not: no figures I exclude,
And but forbid intemperance, not food.
Who would with care some happy fiction fra
So mimics truth, it looks the very same;
Not rais'd to force, or feign'd in nature's scor
But meant to grace, illustrate, and adorn.
Important truths still let your fables hold,
And moral mysteries with art unfold.
Ladies and beaux to please, is all the task,
But the sharp critic will instruction ask.
(2) As veils transparent cover, but not hide
Such metaphors appear when right applied;
When through the phrase we plainly see the
Truth, where the meaning's obvious, will disp
The reader, what in reason's due, believes,
Nor can we call that false, which not deceive
(3) Hyperboles, so daring and so bold,
Disdaining bounds, are yet by rules control'd
Above the clouds, but still within our sight,
They mount with truth, and make a towering f
Presenting things impossible to view,
They wander through incredible to true:
Falsehoods thus mix'd, like metals are refin'd
And truth, like silver, leaves the dross behin

'hus poetry has ample space to soar,
;or needs forbidden regions to explore:
uch vaunts as his, who can with patience read,
Vho thus describes his hero slain and dead:
4) 'Kill'd as he was, insensible of death,
Ic still fights on, and scorns to yield his breath.'*
'he noisy culverin o'ercharg'd, lets fly,
And bursts, unaiming, in the rended sky:
Iuch frantic flights are like a madman's dream,
And nature suffers in the wild extreme.
The captive Canibal, weigh'd down with chains,
Yet braves his foes, reviles, provokes, disdains,
Of nature fierce, untameable, and proud,
He grins defiance at the gaping crowd,
And spent at last, and speechless as he lies,
With looks still threatning, mocks their rage, and [dies.
This is the utmost stretch that Nature can,
And all beyond is fulsome, false, and vain.
Beauty's the theme; some nymph divinely fair
Excites the muse: let truth be even there:
As painters flatter, so may poets too,
But to resemblance must be ever true.
(5) 'The day that she was born, the Cyprian queen
Had like to' have died, through envy and through spleen;
The Graces in a hurry left the skies,
To have the honour to attend her eyes;
And Love, despairing in her heart a place,
Would needs take up his lodging in her face.'†
Though wrote by great Corneille, such lines as these,
Such civil nonsense, sure could never please.
Waller, the best of all the' inspired train,
To melt the fair, instructs the dying swain.

* *Ariosto.* † Corneille.

(6) The Roman wit,* who impiously divid
His hero and his gods to different sides,
I would condemn; but that, in spite of sens
The' admiring world still stands in his defen
How oft, alas! the best of men in vain
Contend for blessings, which the worst obta
The gods, permitting traitors to succeed,
Become not parties in an impious deed:
And by the tyrant's murder, we may find
That Cato and the gods were of a mind.

Thus forcing truth with such preposterous
Our characters we lessen, when we'd raise:
Like castles built by magic art in air,
That vanish at approach, such thoughts app
But rais'd on truth, by some judicious hand,
As on a rock, they shall for ages stand.

(7) Our king† return'd, and banish'd pe
The muse ran mad to see her exil'd lord;
On the crack'd stage the bedlam heroes roa
And scarce could speak one reasonable wor
Dryden himself, to please a frantic age,
Was forc'd to let his judgment stoop to rag
To a wild audience he conform'd his voice,
Complied to custom, but not err'd by choic
Deem then the people's, not the writer's si
Almansor's rage, and rants of Maximin;
That fury spent in each elaborate piece,
He vies for fame with ancient Rome and Gr

First Mulgrave‡ rose, Roscommon next, lik
To clear our darkness, and to guide our flig

* Lucan. † King Charles II

‡ Earl of Mulgrave's Essay upon Poetry; and Lord
mon's upon Translated Verse.

ith steady judgment, and in lofty sounds,
ıey gave us patterns, and they set us bounds;
he Stagyrite and Horace laid aside,
form'd by them, we need no foreign guide:
'ho seek from poetry a lasting name,
ay in their lessons learn the road to fame:
ut let the bold adventurer be sure
hat every line the test of truth endure;
n this foundation may the fabric rise,
irm and unshaken, till it touch the skies.
From pulpits banish'd, from the court, from love,
orsaken truth seeks shelter in the grove;
herish, ye muses! the neglected fair,
nd take into your train the' a...ndon'd wanderer.

EXPLANATORY ANNOTATIONS

ON THE

FOREGOING POEM.

(1) The poetic world is nothing but fiction; 'arnassus, Pegasus, and the Muses, pure imagina-on and chimera; but being, however, a system niversally agreed on, all that has or may be con-ived or invented upon this foundation, according) nature, shall be reputed as truth; but whatso-ver shall diminish from or exceed the just propor-ons of nature, shall be rejected as false, and pass r extravagance; as dwarfs and giants, for mon-ers.

(2) When *Homer*, mentioning Achilles, terma *n a lion, this is* a metaphor, and the meaning is

obvious and true, though the literal sense be false; the poet intending thereby to give his reader some idea of the strength and fortitude of his hero. Had he said, that wolf, or that bear, this had been false; by pretending an image not conformable to the nature and character of a hero, &c.

(3) Hyperboles are of diverse sorts, and the manner of introducing them is different: some are as it were naturalized and established by a customary way of expression; as when we say, such a one is as swift as the wind, whiter than snow, or the like. Homer, speaking of Nereus, calls him beauty itself. Martial of Zoilus, lewdness itself. Such hyperboles lie indeed, but deceive us not: and therefore Seneca terms them lies that readily conduct our imagination to truths, and have an intelligible signification, though the expression be strained beyond credibility. Custom has likewise familiarized another way for hyperboles; for example, by irony; as when we say of some infamous woman, 'she's a civil person,' where the meaning is to be taken quite opposite to the latter. These few figures are mentioned only for example sake; it will be understood that all others are to be used with the like care and discretion.

(4) I needed not to have travelled so far for an extravagant flight; I remember one of British growth of the like nature:

'See those dead bodies hence convey'd with care,
Life may perhaps return—with change of air.'

hoose rather to correct gently, by foreign
es, hoping that such as are conscious of the
cesses will take the hint, and secretly re-
hemselves. It may be possible for some
s to maintain rage and indignation to the
p; but the soul and body once parted, there
cessarily be a determination of action.

lcunque ostendis mihi sic incredulus odi.

ıot forbear quoting on this occasion, as an
e for the present purpose, two noble lines
er Main's, in the collection of the Oxford
printed in the year 1643, upon the death of
ndfather, Sir Bevil Granville, slain in the
action at the battle of Landsdowne. The
ter having described the fight, the soldiers
d by the example of their leader, and en-
t his death, thus concludes:

he being slain, his *action* fought anew,
he dead conquer'd, whilst the living slew.

ıgreeable to truth, and within the compass
e: it is thus only that the dead can act.

ɔur qu'elle nâquit, Venus bien qu'immortelle,
a mourir de honte, en la voyant si belle,
ɣraces a l' envi descendirent des cieux
avoir l' honneur d'accompagner ses yeaux,
amour, qui ne pût entrer dans son courage,
ut obstinément loger sur son visage.

ı lover's description of his mistress, by the
ɔrneille; *civil*, to be sure, and polite as any
ı be. *Let any* body turn over Waller, and

he will see how much more naturally and delicat ly the English author treats the article of love, th this celebrated Frenchman. I would not, howev be thought by any derogatory quotation to tal from the merit of a writer whose reputation is universally and so justly established in all nation but, as I said before, I rather choose, where ar failings are to be found, to correct my own cou trymen by foreign examples, than to provoke the by instances drawn from their own writings. *H manum est errare.* I cannot forbear one quotatic more from another celebrated French author. It an epigram upon a monument for Francis I. Kin of France, by way of question and answer, which i English is verbatim thus:

Under this marble, who lies buried here?
Francis the Great, a king beyond compare.
Why has so great a king so small a stone?
Of that great king here's but the heart alone.
Then of this conqueror here lies but part?
No—here he lies *all*—for he was all *heart.*

The author was a Gascon, to whom I can proper oppose nobody so well as a Welchman; for whi purpose I am further furnished from the foreme tioned collection of Oxford verses, with an epigra by Martin Lluellin upon the same subject; whi I remember to have heard often repeated to r when I was a boy. Besides, from whence can draw better examples, than from the very seat a nursery of the muses?

n slain, thy valiant ancestor* did lie,
en his one bark a navy did defy;
en now encompass'd round, he victor stood,
l hath'd his pinnace in his conquering blood,
all the purple current dry'd and spent,
fell, and made the waves his monument.
ere shall the next fam'd Granville's ashes stand?
grandsire's fills the sea, and thine the land.

must say the two last lines, in which consists the
g or point of the epigram, are strictly conform-
to the rule herein set down: the word *ashes*,
aphorically, can signify nothing but *fame*, which
ere sound, and can fill no space either of land
ea: the Welchman, however, must be allowed
ave outdone the Gascon. The fallacy of the
nch epigram appears at first sight; but the En-
h strikes the fancy, suspends and dazzles the
gment, and may perhaps be allowed to pass un-
the shelter of those daring hyperboles, which,
presenting an obvious meaning, make their way,
rding to Seneca, through the incredible to true.

i) Victrix causa Deis placuit, sed victa Catoni.

: consent of so many ages having established the
utation of this line, it may perhaps be presump-
to attack it; but it is not to be supposed that
o, who is described to have been a man of rigid
als and strict devotion, more resembling the

Sir Richard Granville, Vice-Admiral of England, in the reign
een Elizabeth, maintained a fight with his single ship against
whole Armada of Spain, consisting of fifty-three of their best
of war.

gods than men, would have chosen any party in opposition to those gods, whom he professed to adore. The poet would give us to understand, that this hero was too righteous a person to accompany the divinities themselves in an unjust cause; but to represent a mortal man to be either wiser or juster than the Deity, may show the impiety of the writer, but add nothing to the merit of the hero; neither reason nor religion will allow it, and it is impossible for a corrupt being to be more excellent than a divine. Success implies permission, and not approbation; to place the gods always on the thriving side, is to make them partakers of all successful wickedness. To judge right, we must wait for the conclusion of the action; the catastrophe will best decide on which side is Providence, and the violent death of Cæsar acquits the gods from being companions of his usurpation.

Lucan was a determined republican, no wonder he was a free-thinker.

(7) Mr. Dryden, in one of his prologues, has these two lines:

'He's bound to please, not to write well, and knows
There is a mode in plays, as well as clothes.'

From whence it is plain where he has exposed himself to the critics, he was forced to follow the fashion to humour an audience, and not to please himself. A hard sacrifice to make for present subsistence, especially for such as would have their writings live as well as themselves! Nor can the poet, whose labours are his daily bread, be delivered from this cruel necessity; unless some more cer-

:ncouragement can be provided, than the bare
tain profits of a third day, and the theatre be
nder some more impartial management than
risdiction of players. Who write to live, must
idably comply with their taste by whose ap-
tion they subsist; some generous prince, or
: minister, like Richlieu, can only find a reme-
In his epistle dedicatory to the Spanish Friar,
ncomparable poet thus censures himself:
remember some verses of my own, Maximin
Almanzor, which cry vengeance upon me for
extravagance, &c. 'All I can say for those pas-
(which are, I hope, not many) is, that I knew
were bad enough to please, even when I
: them; but I repent of them among my sins:
f any of their fellows intrude by chance into
resent writings, I draw a stroke over those
ihs of the theatre, and am resolved I will
myself no reputation by the applause of fools.
ıot that I am mortified to all ambition, but I
as much to take it from half-witted judges,
hould to raise an estate by cheating of bub-
Neither do I discommend the lofty style in
dy, which is pompous and magnificent; but
ng is truly sublime, that is not just and proper.'
is may stand as an unanswerable apology for
Dryden, against his critics; and likewise for an
estionable authority to confirm those principles
ı the foregoing poem pretends to lay down,
ɔthing can be just and proper but what is built
truth.

EPIGRAMS AND CHARACTERS, &c.

INSCRIPTION FOR A FIGURE REPRESENTING THE GOD OF LOVE.

WHOE'ER thou art, thy lord and master see,
Thou wast my slave, thou art, or thou shalt be.

DEFINITION OF LOVE.

LOVE is begot by fancy, bred
By ignorance, by expectation fed,
Destroy'd by knowledge, and, at best,
Lost in the moment 'tis possess'd.

WOMEN.

WOMEN to cards may be compar'd: we play
A round or two; when us'd, we throw away,
Take a fresh pack; nor is it worth our grieving,
Who cuts or shuffles with our dirty leaving.

THE RELIEF.

OF two reliefs to ease a love-sick mind,
Flavia prescribes despair; I urge, be kind:
Flavia, be kind, the remedy's as sure,
'Tis the most pleasant, and the quickest cure.

SENT TO CLARINDA WITH A NOVEL, INTITULED, 'LES MALHEURS DE L' AMOUR.

HASTE to Clarinda, and reveal
Whatever pains poor lovers feel;

that is done, then tell the fair
endure much more for her:
truly know love's pow'r or smart,
ew her eyes, and read my heart.

CHLOE.

as the day, and like the morning fair,
hloe is—and common as the air.

TO MY FRIEND

MR. JOHN DRYDEN,

SEVERAL EXCELLENT TRANSLATIONS OF THE ANCIENT POETS.

ers transplanted from a southern sky,
dly bear, or in the raising die,
their native sun, at best retain
int odour, and survive with pain:
icient wit, in modern numbers taught,
g the warmth with which its author wrote,
d image, and a senseless draught,
ve transfuse, the nimble spirit flies,
unseen, evaporates, and dies.
en to copy Roman wit desire,
itate with Roman force and fire,
ance of style, and phrase the same,
the sparkling genius and the flame;
we *conclude from* thy translated song,
so smooth, so soft, and yet so strong;

Celestial poet! soul of harmony!
That every genius was reviv'd in thee.
Thy trumpet sounds, the dead are rais'd to light,
Never to die, and take to Heaven their flight;
Deck'd in thy verse, as clad with rays they shine,
All glorified, immortal, and divine.

As Britain in rich soil, abounding wide,
Furnish'd for use, for luxury, and pride,
Yet spreads her wanton sails on every shore
For foreign wealth, insatiate still of more;
To her own wool the silks of Asia joins;
And to her plenteous harvests, Indian mines:
So Dryden, not contented with the fame
Of his own works, though an immortal name,
To lands remote, sends forth his learned muse,
The noblest seeds of foreign wit to choose;
Feasting our sense so many various ways,
Say, is't thy bounty, or thy thirst of praise?
That by comparing others, all might see,
Who most excell'd are yet excell'd by thee.

ODE

ON THE PRESENT CORRUPTION OF MANKIND.

Inscribed to the Lord Falkland.

O FALKLAND! offspring of a generous race,
Renown'd for arms and arts, in war and peace,
My kinsman, and my friend! from whence this curse
Entail'd on man, still to grow worse and worse?

Each age, industrious to invent new crimes,
Strives to outdo in guilt preceding times:
But now we're so improv'd in all that's bad,
We shall leave nothing for our sons to add.

'hat idol, gold, possesss every heart,
'o cheat, defraud, and undermine, is art;
'irtue is folly; conscience is a jest;
teligion gain, or priestcraft at the best.

'riendship's a cloak to hide some treacherous end,
'our greatest foe, is your professing friend;
'he soul resign'd, unguarded, and secure,
'he wound is deepest, and the stroke most sure.

ustice is bought and sold; the bench, the bar
'lead and decide; but gold's the' interpreter.
'ernicious metal! thrice accurs'd be he
Vho found thee first; all evils spring from thee.

ires sell their sons, and sons their sires betray,
ind senates vote, as armies fight, for pay;
'he wife no longer is restrain'd by shame,
lut has the husband's leave to play the game.

)iseas'd, decrepit, from the mix'd embrace
ucceeds, of spurious mold, a puny race;
'rom such defenders what can Britain hope?
ind where, O liberty! is now thy prop?

'ot such the men who bent the stubborn bow,
ind learn'd in rugged sports to dare a foe:
'ot such the men who fill'd with heaps of slain
'am'd Agincourt and Cressy's bloody plain.

'aughty Britannia then, inur'd to toil,
pread far and near the terrors of her isle;
'rue to herself, and to the public weal,
'o Gallic gold could blunt the British steel.

Not much unlike, when thou in arms wer't se
Eager for glory on the' embattled green,
When Stanhope led thee through the heats of
To die in purple Almanara's plain.

The rescued empire, and the Gaul subdued,
In Anna's reign, our ancient fame renew'd;
What Britons could, when justly rous'd to wa
Let Blenheim speak, and witness Gibraltar.

FORTUNE.

EPIGRAM.

When Fortune seems to smile, 'tis then I fear
Some lurking ill, and hidden mischief near:
Us'd to her frowns, I stand upon my guard,
And, arm'd in virtue, keep my soul prepar'd.
Fickle and false to others she may be,
I can complain but of her constancy.

———Virtutem à me,
Fortunam ex aliis——

VERSES

WRITTEN IN A LEAF OF THE AUTHOR'S POEMS, SENTED TO QUEEN ANNE.

The Muse's last dying Song.

A muse expiring, who, with earliest voice,
Made kings and queens, and beauty's charms, choice;
Now on her death-bed, this last homage pays.
O queen! to thee: accept her dying lays.

the' approach of death, the cygnet tries
rble one note more—and singing dies.
nighty queen! whose powerful smile alone
ands subjection, and secures the throne:
nding parties, and plebeian rage,
uzzled loyalty for half an age;
ering our hearts, you end the long dispute,
ho have eyes, confess you absolute.
ry doctrines, even Whigs resign,
ı your person own a right divine.
s sang the muse, in her last moments fir'd
h Carolina's praise—and then expir'd.

THE

PROGRESS OF BEAUTY.

The God of day descending from above,
Mixt with the sea, and got the queen of Love,
Beauty, that fires the world, 'twas fit should rise
From him alone who lights the stars and skies.
In Cyprus, long, by men and gods obey'd,
The lovers toil she gratefully repaid,
Promiscuous blessings to her slaves assign'd,
And taught the world that Beauty should be kind.
Learn by this pattern, all ye fair, to charm,
Bright be your beams, but without scorching warm.
Helen was next from Greece to Phrygia brought,
With much expense of blood and empire sought:
Beauty and Love the noblest cause afford,
That can try valour, or employ the sword.
Not men alone incited by her charms,
But Heaven's concern'd, and all the gods take arms.
The happy Trojan gloriously possest,
Enjoys the dame, and leaves to Fate the rest.
Your cold reflections, moralists, forbear,
His title's best who best can please the fair.
And now the gods, in pity to the cares,
The fierce desires, distractions, and despairs
Of tortur'd men, while Beauty was confin'd,
Resolv'd to multiply the charming kind.

eece was the land where this bright race begun,
d saw a thousand rivals to the Sun.
nce follow'd arts, while each employ'd his care
new productions to delight the fair:
bright Aspasia Socrates retir'd,
wisdom grew but as his love inspir'd;
ose rocks and oaks, which such emotions felt,
re cruel maids whom Orpheus taught to melt;
sic, and songs, and every way to move
e ravish'd heart, were seeds and plants of love.
he gods, entic'd by so divine a birth,
scend from Heaven to this new heaven on Earth;
y wit, O Mercury, 's no defence from Love;
r Mars, thy target; nor thy thunder, Jove.
e mad immortals in a thousand shapes,
ge the wide globe; some yield, some suffer
aded, or deceiv'd, not one escapes. [rapes,
e wife, though a bright goddess, thus gives place
mortal concubines of fresh embrace;
such examples were we taught to see
e life and soul of Love, is sweet variety.
n those first times, ere charming womankind
form'd their pleasures, polishing the mind,
de were their revels, and obscene their joys,
e broils of drunkards, and the lust of boys;
œbus laments for Hyacinthus dead,
d Juno, jealous, storms at Ganymed.
turn, my Muse, and close that odious scene,
r stain thy verse with images unclean;
Beauty sing, her shining progress view,
om clime to clime the dazzling light pursue,
ll how the goddess spread, and how in empire
grew.

Let others govern, or defend the state,
Plead at the bar, or manage a debate,
In lofty arts and sciences excel,
Or in proud domes employ their boasted skill,
To marble and to brass such features give,
The metal and the stone may seem to live;
Describe the stars, and planetary way,
And trace the footsteps of Eternal Day:
Be this, my Muse, thy pleasure and thy care,
A slave to Beauty, to record the fair.
Still wand'ring in love's sweet delicious maze,
To sing the triumphs of some heavenly face,
Of lovely dames, who with a smile or frown
Subdue the proud, the suppliant lover crown.
From Venus down to Myra bring thy song,
To thee alone such tender tasks belong.

From Greece to Afric, Beauty takes her flight,
And ripens with her near approach to light:
Frown not, ye fair, to hear of swarthy dames,
With radiant eyes, that take unerring aims;
Beauty to no complexion is confin'd,
Is of all colours, and by none defin'd;
Jewels that shine, in gold or silver set,
As precious and as sparkling are in jet.
Here Cleopatra, with a liberal heart,
Bounteous of love, improv'd the joy with art,
The first who gave recruited slaves to know
That the rich pearl was of more use than show,
Who with high meats, or a luxurious draught,
Kept love for ever flowing, and full fraught.
Julius and Anthony, those lords of all,
Each in his turn present the conquer'd ball;
Those dreadful eagles that had fac'd the light
From pole to pole, fall dazzled at her sight:

Nor was her death less glorious than her life,
A constant mistress and a faithful wife;
Her dying truth some generous tears would cost,
Had not her fate inspir'd the World well Lost*;
With secret pride the ravish'd Muses view
The image of that death which Dryden drew.
Pleas'd in such happy climates, warm and bright,
Love for some ages revell'd with delight;
The martial Moors in gallantry refin'd,
Invent new arts to make their charmers kind;
See in the lists, by golden barriers bound,
In warlike ranks they wait the trumpet's sound;
Some love-device is wrought on every sword,
And every ribbon bears some mystic word.
As when we see the winged Winds engage,
Mounted on coursers, foaming flame and rage,
Rustling from every quarter of the sky,
North, east, and west, in airy swiftness vie;
One Cloud repuls'd, new combatants prepare
To meet as fierce, and form a thundering war;
So when the trumpet, sounding, gives the sign,
The justling chiefs in rude rencounter join,
So meet, and so renew the dextrous fight,
Each fair beholder trembling for her knight;
Still as one falls, another rushes in,
And all must be o'ercome or none can win.
The victor, from the shining dame, whose eyes
Aided his conqu'ring arm, receives a precious prize
Thus flourish'd Love, and Beauty reign'd in state,
Till the proud Spaniard gave these glories date:
Past is the gallantry, the fame remains,
Transmitted safe in Dryden's lofty scenes;

All for Love; or, The World well Lost: written by Mr. Dryden.

Granada* lost, beheld her pomps restor'd,
And Almahide†, once more by kings ador'd.
Love, driven thence, to colder Britain flies,
And with bright nymphs the distant Sun supplies:
Romances, which relate the dreadful fights,
The loves and prowess of advent'rous knights,
To animate their rage, a kiss record,
From Britain's fairest nymph was the reward;
Thus ancient to Love's empire was the claim
Of British Beauty, and so wide the fame,
Which, like our flag upon the seas, gives law
By right avow'd, and keeps the world in awe.
Our gallant kings, of whom large annals prove
The mighty deeds, stand as renown'd for love;
A monarch's right o'er beauty they may claim,
Lords of that ocean from whence Beauty came.
Thy Rosamond, great Henry, on the stage,
By a late Muse presented in our age,
With aking hearts, and flowing eyes we view,
While that dissembled death presents the true,
In Bracegirdle‡ the persons so agree,
That all seems real the spectators see.
Of Scots and Gauls defeated, and their kings,
Thy captives, Edward, Fame for ever sings;
Like thy high deeds, thy noble loves are prais'd,
Who has to Love the noblest trophy rais'd:
Thy statues, Venus, though by Phidias's hand,
Design'd immortal, yet no longer stand;
The magic of thy shining zone is past,
But Salisbury's garter shall for ever last,

* The Conquest of Granada, written by Mr. Dryden.

† The part of Almahide, performed by Mrs. Eleanor Gwyn, mistress to King Charles II.

‡ A famous actress.

:ough the world by living monarchs worn,
:e to sceptres, and does crowns adorn.
their fame who gave these rights divine
Love, O! what dishonour's thine,
queen, who sever'd that bright head*
arm'd two mighty monarchs to her bed?
a been born a man, thou hadst not err'd,
had liv'd, and Beauty been preferr'd;
hat mighty magic can assuage
s envy, and a bigot's rage?
'd at length, Love that delights to smile,
m scenes of horror† quits our isle,
rles the Cupids and the Graces gone,
ve, for Love and Charles were one:
'les he wanders, and for Charles he mourns,
w fierce the joy when Charles returns!
flames, with opposition pent,
impetuous when they find a vent;
e torrent, bounded on his race,
is way, rolls with redoubled pace:
loud palace to the silent grove,
e king's example, live and love;
s with diviner voices sing;
joice to please the godlike king.
'aller in immortal verse proclaims
ng court, and all the glittering dames;
y, Sidney‡, like Achilles' sword,*
stands, upon as sure record;
st hero, and the brightest dame,
alike, shall have their fate the same.

en of Scots, beheaded by queen Elizabeth.
ellion; and death of king Charles I.
Dorothy Sidney, celebrated by Mr. Waller under
Sacharissa.

And now my Muse, a nobler flight prepare,
And sing so loud that Heaven and Earth may hear.
Behold from Italy an awful ray
Of heavenly light illuminates the day,
Northward she bends, majestically bright,
And here she fixes her imperial light.
Be bold, be bold, my Muse, nor fear to raise
Thy voice to her who was thy earliest praise;
What though the sullen Fates refuse to shine,
Or frown severe on thy audacious line,
Keep thy bright theme within thy steady sight,
The clouds shall fly before the dazzling light,
And everlasting day direct thy lofty flight.
Thou who has never yet put on disguise,
To flatter faction, or descend to vice;
Let no vain fear thy generous ardour tame,
But stand erect, and sound as loud as Fame.
As when our eye some prospect would pursue,
Descending from a hill, looks round to view,
Passes o'er lawns and meadows till it gains
Some favourite spot, and, fixing, there remains:
With equal rapture my transported Muse
Flies other objects, this bright theme to choose.
Queen of our hearts, and charmer of our sight,
A monarch's pride, his glory and delight,
Princess ador'd and lov'd! if verse can give
A deathless name, thine shall for ever live;
Invok'd where'er the British lion roars,
Extended as the seas that gird the British shores.
The wise immortals in their seats above,
To crown their labours still appointed Love;
Phœbus enjoy'd the goddess of the sea,
Alcides had Omphale, James has thee.

O happy James! content thy mighty mind,
Grudge not the world, for still thy queen is kind,
To lie but at whose feet more glory brings,
Than 'tis to tread on sceptres and on kings:
Secure of empire in that beauteous breast,
Who would not give their crowns to be so blest?
Was Helen half so fair, so form'd for joy,
Well chose the Trojan, and well burnt was Troy.
But ah! what strange vicissitudes of fate,
What chance attends on every worldly state?
As when the skies were sack'd, the conquer'd gods,
Compell'd from Heaven, forsook their blest abodes;
Wandering in woods, they hid from den to den,
And sought their safety in the shapes of men:
As when the winds with kindling flames conspire,
The blaze increases, as they fan the fire;
From roof to roof the burning torrent pours,
Nor spares the palace, nor the loftiest towers:
Or, as the stately pine, erecting high
Her lofty branches, shooting to the sky,
If riven by the thunderbolt of Jove,
Down falls at once the pride of all the grove,
Level with lowest shrubs lies the tall head,
That, rear'd aloft, as to the clouds was spread.
So * * * * * * *
But cease, my Muse, thy colours are too faint,
Hide with a veil these griefs which none can paint;
This Sun is set.—But see in bright array
What hosts of heavenly light recruit the day.
Love, in a shining galaxy, appears
Triumphant still, and Grafton leads the stars.
Ten thousand Loves, ten thousand several ways
Invade adoring crowds, who die to gaze;

Her eyes resistless as the Syren's voice,
So sweet's the charm, we make our fate our choice.
Who most resembles her let next be nam'd,
Villiers*, for wisdom and deep judgment fam'd,
Of a high race, victorious Beauty brings
To grace our courts, and captivate our kings.
With what delight my Muse to Sandwich flies!
Whose wit is piercing as her sparkling eyes:
Ah! how she mounts, and spreads her airy wings,
And tunes her voice, when she of Ormond sings!
Of radiant Ormond, only fit to be
The successor of beauteous Ossory.
Richmond's a title, that, but nam'd, implies
Majestic graces, and victorious eyes;
Fair Villiers first, then haughty Stuart came,
And Brudenel now no less adorns the name.
Dorset already is immortal made
In Prior's verse, nor needs a second aid.
By Bentinck and Fair Rutenberg we find,
That Beauty to no climate is confin'd.
Rupert, of royal blood, with modest grace,
Blushes to hear the triumphs of her face.
Not Helen with St. Albans might compare:
Nor let the Muse omit Scroop, Holms, and Hare:
Hyde, Venus is; the Graces are Kildare.
Soft and delicious as a southern sky,
Are Dashwood's smiles; when Darnley† frowns we die.
Careless, but yet secure of conquest still,
Lu'son,‡ unaiming, never fails to kill;

* Countess of Orkney.
† Lady Catharine Darnley, duchess of Buckingham.
‡ Lady Gower.

of pride to captivate, or shine,
ithout art, she wounds without design:
ıdham like a tyrant throws the dart,
:s a cruel pleasure in the smart,
the ravage that her beauties make,
in wounds, and kills for killing sake;
ę the dominion of her eyes,
:s fight for glory, not for prize.
tilful Muse's earliest care has been
se of never-fading Mazarine;
t* and his theme, in spite of Time,
young, enjoy an endless prime.
ırms so numerous Myra does surprise,
:r knows not by which dart he dies;
the volley, and the wound so sure,
t can save, no remedy can cure.
lawning in her infancy of light,
nother Brudenel, heavenly bright,
fulfil the glories of her line,
Love's empire in that race divine.
'ould my Muse to Cecil‡ bend her sight,
s astonished from the dazzling light,
:s attempt to climb the steepy flight.
:ller! like thy pictures were my song,
:e thy paint, and like thy pencil strong;
ıatchless beauties should recorded be,
l in my verse, as in thy Gallery.§

:ur St. Evremont.
Molyneux.
tanelagh.
:allery of Beauties in Hampton-Court, drawn by sir
neller.

SELECT POEMS

OF

THOMAS YALDEN, D. D.

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

BY

EZEKIEL SANFORD.

LIFE OF YALDEN.

)MAS YALDEN was born at Exeter in 1671. 90, he became a commoner, and the next a scholar, in Magdalen Hall, Oxford. The ent happened to be one day present, when his turn to deliver a declamation; and, being : with the comparative excellence of the ›sition, he suspected it to have been stolen, ±termined to watch the thief. His suspicions not removed, by detecting Yalden at work in ›rary; but, that he might not bring him to without the fullest proof, he set him a task, cked the door. Yalden had just been reading the very subject given; and he produced an which so pleased Dr. Hough, that his dis- was turned into generosity. Yalden was the ıte of Addison at College; and, though they ards disagreed about politics, they continued s through life.

en king William took Namur, Yalden wrote e, or rather borrowed one from Congreve. eath of the duke of Gloucester again awaken- muse. In 1700, he became a fellow of col- and, not long after, was chosen lecturer on philosophy. Entering into orders, he was ıted with a vicarage in Warwickshire; which igned *in 1708*. He wrote verses on the ac- *of queen Anne*; and, in 1706, he be

chaplain to the duke of Beaufort. Being made doctor of divinity in the following year, he resigned his fellowship and lecture; and, in return, was appointed rector of two places in Hertfordshire, and received the sinecures of three others in Devonshire.

Little more is known of Yalden until the detection of Atterbury's plot; when every loyal subject was upon the alert to hunt out the conspirators; and, as our author was acquainted with the bishop, and familiar with his secretary, they seized him and his papers. After a scrupulous examination of the latter, they were fortunate enough to find the wards *thorough-paced doctrine* in a leaf of his pocket-book; and, supposing, that so novel an expression could mean nothing but treason, they called upon Yalden to give an account of it. The truth was, that, during the reign of queen Anne, he went to hear a sermon from one Daniel Burges; who, among other warnings, told his hearers 'to beware of thorough-paced doctrine, that doctrine, which, coming in at one ear, paces through the head, and goes out at the other.' He noted the expression in his pocket-book as something new; and there it had ever since remained. This explanation satisfied the examiners; our author was set at liberty; and nothing afterwards occurred in his life, which has been deemed worthy of mention. He died on the 16th of July, 1736.

There is no distinct character in Yalden's poetry; for what he wrote was chiefly in imitation of what others had written. His pattern was Cowley; but it was only Cowley in his pindarics. The latter had written a *Hymn to Light;* and Yalden's best effort is a *Hymn to Darkness.*

THOMAS YALDEN, D.D.

AGAINST IMMODERATE GRIEF.

TO A YOUNG LADY WEEPING.

An Ode in Imitation of Casimere.

OULD mournful sighs, or floods of tears, prevent
The ills unhappy men lament:
Could all the anguish of my mind
emove my cares, or make but fortune kind;
Soon I'd the grateful tribute pay,
And weep my troubled thoughts away:
'o wealth and pleasure every sigh prefer,
nd more than gems esteem each falling tear.

ut, since insulting cares are most inclin'd
To triumph o'er the' afflicted mind;
Since sighs can yield us no relief,
nd tears, like fruitful showers, but nourish grief;
Then cease, fair mourner, to complain,
Nor lavish such bright streams in vain:
ut still with cheerful thoughts thy cares beguile,
nd tempt thy better fortunes with a smile.

he generous mind is by its sufferings known,
Which no affliction tramples down;

But when oppress'd will upward move,
Spurn down its clog of cares, and soar above.
Thus the young royal eagle tries
On the sun-beams his tender eyes,
And, if he shrinks not at the' offensive light,
He's then for empire fit, and takes his soaring flight

Though cares assault thy breast on every side,
Yet bravely stem the' impetuous tide:
No tributary tears to fortune pay,
Nor add to any loss a nobler day;
But with kind hopes support thy mind,
And think thy better lot behind:
Amidst afflictions let thy soul be great,
And show thou dar'st deserve a better state.

Then, lovely mourner, wipe those tears away,
And cares that urge thee to decay;
Like ravenous age thy charms they waste,
Wrinkle thy youthful brow, and blooming beauti[illegible]
But keep thy looks and mind serene; [blas
All gay without, all calm within;
For fate is aw'd, and adverse fortunes fly
A cheerful look, and an unconquer'd eye.

HYMN TO THE MORNING.

IN PRAISE OF LIGHT.

PARENT of day! whose beauteous beams of light
Spring from the darksome womb of night,
And midst their native horrors show,
Like gems adorning of the negro's brow;

Heaven's fair bow can equal thee,
ll its gaudy drapery;
st essay of light, and pledge of day!
ıer'st in the sun, and still prepar'st its way.

shade, eternal spring of light!
ıu art the genuine source of it;
m thy bright unexhausted womb,
uteous race of days and seasons come.
· beauty ages cannot wrong,
, spite of time, thou'rt ever young;
: alone Heaven's modest virgin light,
ıce a veil of blushes hides from human sight.

ne fair bride thou risest from thy bed,
l dost around thy lustre spread;
und the universe dispense
to all, and quickening influence.
h gloomy smiles thy rival night
olds thy glorious dawn of light;
he wealth she views in mines below
:h thy brighter beams, or equal lustre show.

pproach, Nature erects her head,
: smiling universe is glad;
: drowsy earth and seas awake,
m thy beams, new life and vigour take:
en thy more cheerful rays appear,
ı guilt and women cease to fear:
despair, and all the sons of night
efore thy beams, and take their hasty flight.

, the grateful east their altars raise,
l sing with early hymns thy praise;

Thou dost their happy soil bestow,
Enrich the heavens above, and earth below:
Thou risest in the fragrant east,
Like the fair phœnix from her balmy nest:
No altar of the gods can equal thine, [shrine!
The air's thy richest incense, the whole land thy

But yet thy fading glories soon decay,
Thine's but a momentary stay?
Too soon thou'rt ravish'd from our sight,
Borne down the stream of day, and overwhelm'd with light.
Thy beams to their own ruin haste,
They're fram'd too exquisite to last:
Thine is a glorious, but a short-liv'd state,
Pity so fair a birth should yield so soon to fate!

Before the' Almighty artist fram'd the sky,
Or gave the earth its harmony,
His first command was for thy light;
He view'd the lovely birth, and blessed it:
In purple swaddling bands it struggling lay,
Not yet maturely bright for day:
Old Chaos then a cheerful smile put on, [own.
And, from thy beauteous form, did first presage its

'Let there be light!' the great Creator said;
His word the active child obey'd:
Night did her teeming womb disclose; [rose.
And then the blushing morn, its brightest offspring,
Awhile the Almighty wondering view'd,
And then himself pronounc'd it good:
'With night (said he) divide the' imperial sway;
Thou my first labour art, and thou shalt bless the day.'

HYMN TO DARKNESS.

Darkness! thou first great parent of us all,
Thou art our great original:
Since from thy universal womb [come.
Does all thou shad'st below, thy numerous offspring,

Thy wondrous birth is ev'n to time unknown,
Or, like eternity, thou'dst none;
Whilst light did its first being owe
Unto that awful shade it dares to rival now.

Say, in what distant region dost thou dwell,
To reason inaccessible?
From form and duller matter free,
Thou soar'st above the reach of man's philosophy.

Involv'd in thee, we first receive our breath,
Thou art our refuge too in death:
Great monarch of the grave and womb,
Where'er our souls shall go, to thee our bodies come.

The silent globe is struck with awful fear,
When thy majestic shades appear:
Thou dost compose the air and sea,
And earth a sabbath keeps, sacred to rest and thee

In thy serener shades our ghosts delight,
And court the umbrage of the night:
In vaults and gloomy caves they stray,
But fly the morning's beams, and sicken at the

Though solid bodies dare exclude the light,
Nor will the brightest ray admit;
No substance can thy force repel, [dwell.
Thou reign'st in depths below, dost in the centre

The sparkling gems, and ore in mines below,
To thee their beauteous lustre owe;
Though form'd within the womb of night,
Bright as their sire they shine with native rays o
light.

When thou dost raise thy venereable head,
And art in genuine night array'd,
Thy negro beauties then delight: [bright
Beauties, like polish'd jet, with their own darknes

Thou dost thy smiles impartially bestow,
And know'st no difference here below:
All things appear the same by thee,
Though light distinction makes, thou giv'st equality

Thou, Darkness, art the lover's kind retreat,
And dost the nuptial joys complete;
Thou dost inspire them with thy shade,
Giv'st vigour to the youth, and warm'st the yieldin
maid.

Calm as the bless'd above the anchorites dwell,
Within their peaceful gloomy cell:
Their minds with heavenly joys are fill'd:
The pleasures light deny, thy shades for ever yiel

In caves of night, the oracles of old
Did all their mysteries unfold;
Darkness did first religion grace,
Gave terrors to the god, and reverence to the plac

Vhen the Almighty did on Horeb stand,
Thy shades enclos'd the hallow'd land;
In clouds of night he was array'd,
.nd venerable darkness his pavillion made.

Vhen he appear'd, arm'd in his pow'r and might,
He veil'd the beatific light;
When terrible with majesty,
ı tempests he gave laws, and clad himself in thee.

.re the foundation of the earth was laid,
Or brighter firmament was made;
Ere matter, time, or place, was known,
'hou, monarch Darkness! sway'dst these spacious
realms alone.

ut now the moon (though gay with borrow'd light)
Invades thy scanty lot of night:
By rebel subjects thou'rt betray'd,
'he anarchy of stars depose their monarch shade.

'et fading light its empire must resign,
And nature's power submit to thine:
An universal ruin shall erect thy throne,
nd fate confirm thy kingdom evermore thy own.

HUMAN LIFE.

SUPPOSED TO BE SPOKEN BY AN EPICURE.

In Imitation of the Second Chapter of the Wisdom of Solomon.

(TO THE LORD HUNSDON.)

A PINDARIC ODE.

THEN will penurious heaven no more allow?
No more on its own darling man bestow?
Is it for this he lord of all appears,
And his great Maker's image bears!
To toil beneath a wretched state,
Oppress'd with miseries and fate;
Beneath his painful burden groan,
And in this beaten road of life drudge on!
Amidst our labours, we possess
No kind allays of happiness;
No softening joys can call our own,
To make this bitter drug go down;
Whilst death an easy conquest gains,
And the insatiate grave in endless triumph reigns.
With throes and pangs into the world we come,
The curse and burden of the womb:
Nor wretched to ourselves alone,
Our mother's labours introduce our own.
In cries and tears our infancy we waste,
Those sad prophetic tears that flow
By instinct of our future woe:
And ev'n our dawn of life with sorrows overcast

Thus we toil out a restless age,
Each his laborious part must have,
Down from the monarch to the slave,
Act o'er this farce of life, then drop beneath the stage.

From our first drawing vital breath,
From our first starting from the womb,
Until we reach the destin'd tomb,
We all are posting on to the dark goal of death.
Life like a cloud that fleets before the wind,
To mark no kind impression, leaves behind,
'Tis scatter'd like the winds that blow,
Boisterous as them, full as inconstant too,
That know not whence they come, nor where they go.
Here we're detain'd awhile, and then
Become originals again?
Time shall a man to his first self restore,
And make him entire nothing, all he was before.
No part of us, no remnant, shall survive!
And yet we impudently say, we live!
No! we but ebb into ourselves again,
And only come to be, as we had never been.

Say, learned sage, thou that art mighty wise!
Unriddle me these mysteries:
What is the soul, the vital heat,
That our mean frame does animate?
What is our breath, the breath of man,
That buoys his nature up, and does ev'n life sustain?
Is it not air, an empty fume,
A fire that does itself consume;

A warmth that in a heart is bred,
A lambent flame with heat and motion fed?
Extinguish that, the whole is gone,
This boasted scene of life is done:
Away the phantom takes its flight,
Damn'd to a loathsome grave, and an eternal night.
The soul, the' immortal part we boast,
In one consuming minute's lost;
To its first source it must repair,
Scatter with winds, and flow with common air,
Whilst the fall'n body, by a swift decay,
Resolves into its native clay;
For dust and ashes are its second birth, [earth.
And that incorporates too with its great parent

Nor shall our names our memories survive,
Alas, no part of man can live!
The empty blasts of fame shall die,
And even those nothings taste mortality.
In vain to future ages we transmit
Heroic acts, and monuments of wit;
In vain we dear bought honours leave,
To make our ashes gay, and furnish out a grave.
Ah treacherous immortality!
For thee our stock of youth we waste,
And urge on life, that ebbs too fast;
To purchase thee with blood, the valiant fly;
And, to survive in fame, the great and glorious die.
Lavish of life, they squander this estate,
And for a poor reversion wait:
Bankrupts and misers to themselves they grow,
Embitter wretched life with toils and woe,
To hoard up endless fame, they know not where
or how.

Ah, think, my friends, how swift the minutes
The present day entirely is our own, [haste!
Then seize the blessing ere 'tis gone:
'o-morrow, fatal sound! since this may be our last,
Vhy do we boast of years, and sum up days?
'Tis all imaginary space:
To-day, to-day, is our inheritance,
'Tis all penurious fate will give,
Posterity 'll to-morrow live, [hence.
ur sons crowd on behind, our children drive us
With garlands then your temples crown,
And lie on beds of roses down:
Beds of roses we'll prepare,
Roses that our emblems are;
Awhile they flourish on the bough,
And drink large draughts of heavenly dew:
Like us they smile, are young and gay,
And, like us too, are tenants for a day, [away.
nce with night's blasting breath they vanish swift

Bring cheerful wine, and costly sweets prepare:
'Tis more than frenzy now to spare:
Let cares and business wait awhile;
Old age affords a thinking interval;
Or, if they must a longer hearing have,
d them attend below, adjourn into the grave,
Then gay and sprightly wine produce,
Wines that wit and mirth infuse:
That feed, like oil, the' expiring flame,
vive our drooping souls, and prop this tottering frame.
That, when the grave our bodies has ingross'd,
When virtues shall forgotten lie,
With all their boasted piety,
Honours and titles, like ourselves, be lost;

Then our recorded vice shall flourish on,
And our immortal riots be for ever known.
This, this, is what we ought to do,
The great design, the grand affair below!
Since bounteous nature's plac'd our steward here,
Then man his grandeur should maintain,
And in excess of pleasure reign,
Keep up his character, and lord of all appear.

AGAINST ENJOYMENT.

We love and hate, as restless monarchs fight,
Who boldly dare invade another's right: [run,
Yet, when through all the dangerous toils they've
Ignobly quit the conquests they have won;
Those charming hopes, that made them valiant grow,
Pall'd with enjoyment, make them cowards now,
Our passions only form our happiness,
Hopes still enlarge, as fears contract it less:
Hope with a gaudy prospect feeds the eye,
Soothes every sense, does with each wish comply;
But false enjoyment the kind guide destroys,
We lose the passion in the treacherous joys.
Like the gay silk-worm, when it pleases most,
In that ungrateful web it spun, 'tis lost.
Fruition only cloys the appetite;
More does the conquest, than the prize delight:
One victory gain'd, another fills the mind,
Our restless wishes cannot be confin'd, [know;
Like boisterous waves, no settled bounds they
Fix'd at no point, but always ebb or flow.
Who most expects, enjoys the pleasure most,
Tis rais'd by wishes, by fruition lost:

'e charm'd with distant views of happiness,
near approaches make the prospect less.
shes, like painted landscapes, best delight;
hilst distance recommends them to the sight:
ac'd afar off, they beautiful appear;
ut show their coarse and nauseous colours near.
Thus the fam'd Midas, when he found his store
ncreasing still, and would admit of more,
With eager arms his swelling bags he press'd;
And expectation only made him bless'd:
But, when a boundless treasure he enjoy'd,
And every wish was with fruition cloy'd:
Then damn'd to heaps, and surfeited with ore,
He curs'd that gold he dosted on before.

AN ODE

FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY, 1693.

BEGIN, and strike the' harmonious lyre!
Let the loud instruments prepare
To raise our souls, and charm the ear,
With joys which music only can aspire!
Hark how the willing strings obey!
To consecrate this happy day,
Sacred to music, love, and bless'd Cecilia.
In lofty numbers, tuneful lays,
We'll celebrate the virgin's praise:
Her skilful hand first taught our strings to mo
To her this sacred art we owe,
Who first anticipated Heaven below,
And play'd the hymns on earth, that she now
above.

What moving charms each tuneful voice contains,
Charms that through the willing ear
A tide of pleasing raptures bear, [vein
And, with diffusive joys, run thrilling through o
The listening soul does sympathize,
And with each varied note complies:
While gay and sprightly airs delight,
Then free from cares, and unconfin'd,
It takes, in pleasing ecstasies, its flight.
With mournful sounds, a sadder garb it wea
Indulges grief, and gives a loose to tears.

Music's the language of the bless'd above,
No voice but music's can express
The joys that happy souls possess, [lov
Nor in just raptures tell the wondrous power o
'Tis nature's dialect, design'd
To charm, and to instruct the mind.
Music's an universal good!
That does dispense its joys around,
In all the elegance of sound,
To be by men admir'd, by angels understood.

Let every restless passion cease to move!
And each tumultuous thought obey
The happy influence of this day,
For music's unity and love.
Music's the soft indulger of the mind,
The kind diverter of our care,
The surest refuge mournful grief can find;
A cordial to the breast, and charm to every ear.
Thus, when the prophet struck his tuneful lyre,
Saul's evil genius did retire:
In vain were remedies applied,
In vain all other arts were tried;

lis hand and voice alone the charm could find,
'o heal his body, and compose his mind.

Now let the trumpet's louder voice proclaim
A solemn jubilee:
For ever sacred let it be,
To skilful Jubal's, and Cecilia's name!
Great Jubal, author of our lays,
Who first the hidden charms of music found;
And through their airy paths did trace
The secret springs of sound;
When from his hollow chorded shell
The soft melodious accents fell,
With wonder and delight he play'd,
While the harmonious strings his skilful hand obey'd.

ut fair Cecilia to a pitch divine
Improv'd her artful lays:
Then to the organ she her voice did join,
In the Almighty's praise;
hen choirs of listening angels stood around,
dmir'd her art, and bless'd the heavenly sound.
Her praise alone no tongue can reach,
But in the strains herself did teach:
Then let the voice and lyre combine,
And in a tuneful concert join;
For music's her reward and care,
bove she enjoys it, and protects it here.

GRAND CHORUS.

Then kindly treat this happy day,
And grateful honours to Cecilia pay:
To her these lov'd harmonious rites belong,
'o her that tunes our strings, and still inspires our
song.

ON THE

REPRINTING MILTON'S PROSE WORKS

WITH HIS POEMS.

(*Written in his Paradise Lost.*)

These sacred lines with wonder we peruse,
And praise the flights of a seraphic muse,
Till thy seditious prose provokes our rage,
And soils the beauties of thy brightest page.
Thus, here we see transporting scenes arise,
Heaven's radiant host, and opening paradise;
Then trembling view the dread abyss beneath,
Hell's horrid mansions, and the realms of death.
Whilst here thy bold majestic numbers rise,
And range the' embattled legions of the skies,
With armies fill the azure plains of light,
And paint the lively terrors of the fight,
We own the poet worthy to rehearse
Heaven's lasting triumphs in immortal verse:
But when thy impious mercenary pen
Insults the best of princes, best of men,
Our admiration turns to just disdain,
And we revoke the fond applause again.
Like the fall'n angels in their happy state,
Thou shar'dst their nature, insolence, and fate:
To harps divine, immortal hymns they sung,
As sweet thy voice, as sweet thy lyre was strung.
As they did rebels to the' Almighty grow,
So thou profan'st his image here below.
Apostate bard! may not thy guilty ghost
Discover, to its own eternal cost,
That as they heaven, thou paradise has lost!

TO THE MEMORY

OF A FAIR YOUNG LADY, 1697.

ren black with shades this mourning vault appears,
d the relenting marble flows with tears;
ink then what griefs a parent's bosom wound,
ose fatal loss enrich'd this hallow'd ground.

strew lilies here, and myrtle wreaths prepare,
crown the fading triumphs of the fair:
re blooming youth and charming beauties lie,
l earth resigns them to their native sky;
te china laid for ages to refine,
d make her body like the soul, divine.

Unmingled may the fragrant dust remain,
common earth the sacred sweets profane;
t let her urn preserve its virgin store,
aste and unsullied as she liv'd before?

FABLES.

THE BLIND WOMAN AND HER DOCTORS.

A WEALTHY matron, now grown old,
  Was weak in every part:
Afflicted sore with rheums and cold,
  Yet pretty sound at heart.

But most her eyes began to fail,
  Depriv'd of needful light:
Nor could her spectacles avail,
  To rectify their sight.

Receipts she tried, she doctors fee'd,
  And spar'd for no advice
Of men of skill, or quacks for need
  That practise on sore eyes.

Salves they daub'd on, and plaisters both,
  And this and that was done:
Then flannels, and a forehead cloth,
  To bind and keep them on.

Her house, though small, was furnish'd neat,
  And every room did shine
With pictures, tapestry, and plate,
  All rich, and wondrous fine.

Whilst they kept blind the silly soul,
  Their hands found work enough!
They pilfer'd plate, and goods they stole,
  Till all was carried off.

.ey undam'd their patient's eyes,
ɔw, 'Pray how's your sight?'
ther, 'This was my advice,
r 'twould set you right.'

uck pig the woman star'd,
p and down she run:
ted house and walls quite scar'd,
ınd herself undone.

, (quoth she) your cure's my pain,
ıat are eyes to me?
ves and forehead cloths again,
thing left to see.'

The Moral.

r'd Briton, thy unhappy case,
ıatient with distemper'd eyes:
cks but nourish the disease,
rive by treacherous advice.

: the expensive pain,
eighteen millions run on score:
clap mufflers on again,
ysic thee of eighteen more.

THE FARMER AND HIS DOG.

'elt a farmer in the west,
'e in story told;
rds were large, and flocks the best,
:r *lin'd* a fold.

Arm'd with a staff, his russet coat,
  And Towser by his side,
Early and late he tun'd his throat,
  And every wolf defied.

Lov'd Towser was his heart's delight,
  In cringe and fawning skill'd,
Intrusted with the flocks by night,
  And guardian of the field.

'Towser, (quoth he) I'm for a fair;
  Be regent in my room;
Pray of my tender flocks take care,
  And keep all safe at home.

'I know thee watchful, just, and brave,
  Right worthy such a place:
No wily fox shall thee deceive,
  Nor wolf dare show his face.'

But ne'er did wolves a fold infest,
  At regent Towser's rate:
He din'd and supp'd upon the best,
  And frequent breakfasts ate.

The Farmer oft receiv'd advice,
  And laugh'd at the report;
But, coming on him by surprise,
  Just found him at the sport.

'Ingrateful beast, (quoth he) what means
  That bloody mouth and paws?
I know thee base, the treacherous stains,
  Thy breach of trust and laws.

uits of my past love I see;
', the halter bring;
ıss him on that pippin tree,
et friend Towser swing.

re the famish'd wolf and fox,
ıe'er my bounty knew:
he guardian of my flocks,
ıeckcloth is your due.'

The Moral.

inisters their prince abuse,
n the subjects prey:
:ient monarchs 'twas in use,
ıd them Towser's way.

THE OWL AND THE SUN.

buffle-headed owl
ning on the sun fell foul,
ıe it made him blind:
is sophistry you'll guess
of the Athenian race,
nore modern kind.

ı was fragrant, cool, and bright,
illustrious with his light,
sing warmth to all:
ı a pinnacle was got,
g and hooting like a sot,
ıs began the brawl;

'D'ye hear, you prince of red-fac'd fools!
Hot-headed puppy! foe to owls!
Why this offensive blaze?
Behind some cloud go sneak aside,
Your carbuncles and rubies hide,
And quench that flaming face.

'When I'm a taking the fresh air,
Whip in my eyes you come full glare,
And so much rudeness show!
I wonder when the modest moon
Would serve an owl as you have done,
Or tan and burn one so!'

Bright Phœbus smil'd at what was said,
And cried, ''Tis well, Sir Logger-head;
You've neither sense nor shame!
Because a blinking fool can't bear
An object so transcending fair,
The sun must take the blame.

'Shall I the universe benight,
And rob the injur'd world of light,
Because you rail and scowl;
When birds of the most abject sort
Deride and grin you for their sport,
And treat you like an owl!'

The Moral.

Who libel senates, and traduce the great,
Measure the public good by private hate:
Interest's their rule of love; fierce to oppose
All whom superior virtue makes their foes.

hy merits, Rochester,* thus gives offence;
he guilty faction hates discerning sense: [find,
his Harley,† Seymour,‡ Howe,§ and Mackworth‖
reat eye-sores to the loud rapacious kind;
ut, whilst in holes addressing owls repine,
ight as the sun their patriot names will shine.

THE BOAR AND FOREST.

A LION, generous and brave,
For wars renown'd, belov'd in peace,
His lands in royal bounties gave,
nd treasures much impair'd by acts of grace.

His ministers whole realms obtain'd;
And courtiers, much inclin'd to want,
His manors beg'd, and forfeits gain'd,
ith patents to confirm the royal grant.

The boar, to show a subject's love,
Crav'd for the public good a boon,
His ancient forest to improve,
felling trees, and cutting timber down.

'Alcoves and shady walks, (quoth he)
Are laid aside, become a jest;
Your vistos lofty, wide, and free,
re *a la mode*, and only in request.'

* Laurence Hyde, Earl of Rochester, was then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.
† Afterwards Earl of Oxford.
‡ Charles Seymour, Duke of Somerset.
§ John Howe, *Esq.* of famous memory.
‖ *Sir Humphrey Mackworth.*

The grant being pass'd, the ravenous boar
A desert of the forest made:
Up by the roots vast oaks he tore,
And low on earth the princely cedars laid.

This act of violence and wrong
Alarum'd all the savage race;
With loud complaints to court they throng,
Stripp'd of their shades, and ancient resting-place.

With generous rage the lion shook,
And vow'd the boar should dearly pay;
'I hate (quoth he) a down-cast look,
That robs the public in a friendly way.

'Unhappy groves, my empire's pride!
Lov'd solitudes, ye shades divine!
The rage of tempests ye defied,
Condemn'd to perish by a sordid swine.

'Ye rural deities, and powers unknown,
What can so great a loss suffice!
If a hung brawner will atone,
Accept friend chucky for a sacrifice.'

The Moral.

The British oak's our nation's strength and pride,
With which triumphant o'er the main we ride;
Insulting foes are by our navies aw'd,
A guard at home, our dreaded power abroad.

Like druids then your forests sacred keep,
Preserve with them your empire of the deep.
Subjects their prince's bounty oft abuse,
And spoil the public for their private use;
But no rapacious hand should dare deface
The royal stores of a well-timber'd chase.

THE FOX AND FLIES.

y Reynard strove to swim
:ent of a rapid stream,
in the further side;
he middle space was past,
ng eddy caught him fast,
rove him with the tide.

in efforts and struggling spent,
wn'd, yet forc'd to be content,
Ren a soaking lay;
e kind ebb should set him free,
:e restore that liberty
'aves had took away.

ı of half-starv'd haggard flies,
y seiz'd the floating prize,
;ing hunger led;
ny a curse and bitter groan,
k his sides, and wish'd them gone,
: plenteously they fed.

-hog saw his evil plight;
with compassion at the sight,
he, 'To show I'm civil,
ı those swigging dogs away,
thy blood remorseless prey,
:nd them to the devil.'

rteous sir,' the Fox replied,
m infest and gore my hide,
heir insatiate thirst;
uch fatal wounds sustain,
:ld some pleasure, midst the pain,
the blood-hounds burst.'

The Moral; from Nostradamus.

'Le sang du Juste à Londres fera faute
Brusser par feu,' &c.

Thus guilty Britain to her Thames complains,
'With royal blood defil'd, O cleanse my stains!
Whence plagues arise! whence dire contagions come!
And flames that my Augusta's pride consume!'
'In vain, (saith Thames) the Regicidal breed
Will swarm again; by them thy land shall bleed:
Extremest curse! but so just Heaven decreed!
Republicans shall Britain's treasures drain,
Betray her monarch, and her church prophane;
Till, gorg'd with spoils, with blood the leeches burst,
Or Tyburn add the second to the first.'

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

MATTHEW GREEN.

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

BY

EZEKIEL SANFORD.

LIFE OF GREEN.

THEW GREEN, the descendant of a re-
ɔle family, was born in 1696. His parents
ed to the dissenters; and, growing disgusted
he precision and formality of that sect, he
to have abandoned religion altogether. He
or some time, a post in the custom-house;
ıen, among the reforms of that establish-
ı weekly stipend, to supply cats with milk,
dered to be abolished, it is related upon
utable authority,'* that he prevented the
e, by writing a poetical memorial from them
superintendent.† He found occasional lei-
employ his pen upon other things than the
in the books of the custom-house; and *The*
the longest and best of his poems, was writ-
ntervals, and published soon after his death,
r.

this poem,' says Mr. Melmoth, 'there are
riginal thoughts thrown together than I have

mer's Poets, vol. xv. p. 158.
r were probably kept to cure the spleen; and seem to
a great favourites with our author:—

——Monkeys have been
Extreme good doctors for the spleen;
And kitten, if the humour hit,
Has harlequin'd away the fit. The Spleen.

ever read in the same compass of lines.' We shall not deny it this recommendation; but originality must not be taken for excellence; nor is there any secret in producing new thoughts, when the writer undertakes to sing the virtues of water-gruel, roral wash, and small beer. Yet, amidst considerable vulgarity, and not a little irreligion and licentiousness, we may safely give to Green the praise of treating a novel subject with much vivacity and humour. He was himself a hypochondriac; and his specifics for the spleen are generally drawn from his own experience.

THE SPLEEN.

AN EPISTLE

TO MR. CUTHBERT JACKSON.

ı motley piece to you I send,
ɔ always were a faithful friend;
ɔ, if disputes should happen hence,
best explain the author's sense;
, anxious for the public weal,
what I sing, so often feel.
ıe want of method pray excuse,
wing for a vapour'd Muse;
to a narrow path confin'd,
ge in by rules a roving mind.
ıe child is genuine, you may trace
ughout the sire's transmitted face.
ing is stol'n: my Muse, though mean,
's from the spring she finds within;
vainly buys what Gildon* sells,
c buckets for dry wells.
hool-helps I want, to climb on high,
:e all the ancient treasures lie,

* Gildon published a Complete Art of Poetry.

And there unseen commit a theft
On wealth, in Greek exchequers left.
Then where? from whom? what can I steal,
Who only with the moderns deal?
This were attempting to put on
Raiment from naked bodies won:*
They safely sing before a thief,
They cannot give who want relief;
Some few excepted, names well known,
And justly laurell'd with renown,
Whose stamp of genius marks their ware,
And theft detects: of theft beware;
From More† so lash'd, example fit,
Shun petty larceny in wit.

First know, my friend, I do not mean
To write a *treatise* on the Spleen;
Nor to prescribe when nerves convulse;
Nor mend the alarum watch, your pulse.
If I am right, your question lay,
What course I take to drive away
The day-mare Spleen, by whose false pleas
Men prove mere suicides in ease;
And how I do myself demean,
In stormy world to live serene.

When by its magic-lantern Spleen
With frightful figures spread life's scene,
And threatening prospects urg'd my fears,
A stranger to the luck of heirs;

* 'A painted vest Prince Vortiger had on,
Which from a naked Pict his grandsire won.'
Howard's British Princes.

† James More Smith, Esq. See Dunciad, B. ii. l. 50. and the notes, where the circumstances of the transaction here alluded to are very fully explained.

ı, some quiet to restore,
i part was substance, shadow more;
Spleen's dead weight though heavy grown,
s rough tide I sunk not down,
'am, till Fortune threw a rope,
nt on bladders fill'd with hope.
rays choose the plainest food
nd viscidity of blood.
water-gruel, healing power,
y access to the poor;
elp love's confessors implore,
octors secretly adore;
e I fly, by thee dilute—
gh veins my blood doth quicker shoot,
y swift current, throws off clean
: particles of Spleen.
ver sick by drinking grow,
ep myself a cup too low,
eldom Chloe's lodgings haunt,
y of spirits which I want.
ting I reckon very good
ice the nerves, and stir the blood:
ter no field honours itch,
r'd by leaping hedge and ditch.
Spleen lies soft relax'd in bed,
r coal-fires inclines the head,
a's sons, with hound and horn,
ovial cry, awake the morn.
see her from the dusky plight,
'd by the' embraces of the night,
rural wash redeem her face,
rove herself of Titan's race,
nounting in loose robes the skies,
light and fragrance as she flies.

Then horse and hound fierce joy display,
Exulting at the Hark-away,
And in pursuit o'er tainted ground,
From lungs robust field-notes resound.
Then, as St. George the dragon slew,
Spleen pierc'd, trod down, and dying view;
While all their spirits are on wing,
And woods, and hills, and vallies ring.
  To cure the mind's wrong bias, Spleen;
Some recommend the bowling-green;
Some, hilly walks; all, exercise;
Fling but a stone, the giant dies.
Laugh and be well. Monkeys have been
Extreme good doctors for the Spleen;
And kitten, if the humour hit,
Has harlequin'd away the fit.
  Since mirth is good in this behalf,
At some partic'lars let us laugh.
Witlings, brisk fools, curs'd with half sense,
That stimulates their impotence;
Who buz in rhyme, and, like blind flies,
Err with their wings, for want of eyes,
Poor authors worshipping a calf,
Deep tragedies that make us laugh,
A strict dissenter saying grace,
A lecturer preaching for a place,
Folks, things prophetic to dispense,
Making the past the future tense,
The popish dubbing of a priest,
Fine epitaphs on knaves deceas'd,
Green-apron'd Pythonissa's rage,
Great Æsculapius on his stage,
A miser starving to be rich,
The prior of Newgate's dying speech,

ır'd widow's ritual state,
ws disputing tête à tête,
nanacs compos'd by seers,
nents on felons' ears,
ful prudes, who ceaseless ply
ıerb muscle of the eye,
:t's April-weather face,
nborough-mayor behind his mace,
s in military shew,
ereign for the case in view.
een-fogs rise at close of day,
ny evening with a play,
me concert take my way:
npany, the shine of lights,
nes of humour, music's flights,
ınd set the soul to rights.
moving pictures, well-wrought plays,
rs' grief attention raise:
hile the tragic fictions glow,
row joy by pitying woe;
aily comic scenes delight,
d true mirrors to our sight,
.n charming dress array'd,
:he passions to her aid,
ıoral scenes just actions join,
ıape, and shows her face divine.
has charms, we all may find,
:e deeply with the mind.
rt does sound's high power advance,
c's pipe the passions dance;
unwill'd its powers have shewn,
lated by a tune.
ıve held the soul to be
llied to harmony,

Her have I known indulging grief,
And shunning company's relief,
Unveil her face, and looking round,
Own, by neglecting sorrow's wound,
The consanguinity of sound.
  In rainy days keep double guard,
Or Spleen will surely be too hard;
Which, like those fish by sailors met,
Fly highest, while their wings are wet.
In such dull weather, so unfit
To enterprize a work of wit,
When clouds one yard of azure sky,
That's fit for simile, deny,
I dress my face with studious looks,
And shorten tedious hours with books.
But if dull fogs invade the head,
That memory minds not what is read,
I sit in window, dry as ark,
And on the drowning world remark:
Or to some coffee-house I stray
For news, the manna of a day,
And from the hip'd discourses gather,
That politics go by the weather;
Then seek good-humour'd tavern chums,
And play at cards, but for small sums;
Or with the merry fellows quaff,
And laugh aloud with them that laugh;
Or drink a joco-serious cup
With souls who've took their freedom up,
And let my mind, beguil'd by talk,
In Epicurus' garden walk,
Who thought it heaven to be serene;
Pain, hell; and purgatory, spleen.

Sometimes I dress, with women sit,
And chat away the gloomy fit;
Quit the stiff garb of serious sense,
And wear a gay impertinence,
Nor think nor speak with any pains,
But lay on fancy's neck the reins:
Talk of unusual swell of waist
In maid of honour loosely lac'd,
And beauty borrowing Spanish red,
And loving pair with separate bed,
And jewels pawn'd for loss of game,
And then redeem'd by loss of fame;
Of Kitty (aunt left in the lurch
By grave pretence to go to church)
Perceiv'd in hack with lover fine,
Like Will and Mary on the coin:
And thus in modish manner we,
In aid of sugar, sweeten tea.

Permit, ye fair, your idol form,
Which e'en the coldest heart can warm,
May with its beauties grace my line,
While I bow down before its shrine;
And your throng'd altars with my lays
Perfume, and get by giving praise.
With speech so sweet, so sweet a mien,
You excommunicate the Spleen,
Which, fiend-like, flies the magic ring
You form with sound, when pleas'd to sing;
Whate'er you say, howe'er you move,
We look, we listen, and approve.
Your touch, which gives to feeling bliss,
Our nerves officious throng to kiss;
By Celia's pat, on their report,
The grave-air'd soul, inclin'd to sport,

Renounces wisdom's sullen pomp,
And loves the floral game, to romp.
But who can view the pointed rays,
That from black eyes scintillant blaze?
Love on his throne of glory seems
Encompass'd with satellite beams:
But when blue eyes, more softly bright,
Diffuse benignly humid light,
We gaze, and see the smiling loves,
And Cytherea's gentle doves,
And, raptur'd, fix in such a face
Love's mercy-seat, and throne of grace.
Shine but on age, you melt its snow;
Again fires long-extinguish'd glow,
And, charm'd by witchery of eyes,
Blood, long congealed, liquefies?
True miracle, and fairly done
By heads which are ador'd while on.
But oh, what pity 'tis to find
Such beauties both of form and mind,
By modern breeding much debas'd,
In half the female world at least?
Hence I with care such lotteries shun,
Where, a prize miss'd, I'm quite undone;
And han't, by venturing on a wife,
Yet run the greatest risk in life.
Mothers, and guardian aunts, forbear
Your impious pains to form the fair,
Nor lay out so much cost and art,
But to deflower the virgin heart;
Of every folly-fostering bed
By quickening heat of custom bred.
Rather than by your culture spoil'd,
Desist, and give us nature wild,

Delighted with a hoyden-soul,
Which truth and innocence control.
Coquets, leave off affected arts,
Gay fowlers at a flock of hearts;
Woodcocks to shun your snares have skill,
You show so plain, you strive to kill.
In love the artless catch the game,
And they scarce miss, who never aim.
  The world's great Author did create
The sex to fit the nuptial state,
And meant a blessing in a wife
To solace the fatigues of life;
And old inspired times display,
How wives could love, and yet obey.
Then truth, and patience of control,
And housewife arts adorn'd the soul;
And charms, the gift of nature, shone;
And jealousy, a thing unknown;
Veils were the only masks they wore;
Novels, (receipts to make a whore)
Nor ombre, nor quadrille they knew,
Nor Pam's puissance felt at loo.
Wise men did not, to be thought gay,
Then compliment their power away:
But lest, by frail desires misled,
The girls forbidden paths should tread,
Of ignorance rais'd the safe high wall;
We sink haw-haws, that show them all.
Thus we at once solicit sense,
And charge them not to break the fence.
  Now, if untir'd, consider friend,
What I avoid to gain my end.
  I never am at Meeting seen,
Meeting, that region of the Spleen,

The broken heart, the busy fiend,
The inward call, on Spleen depend.
  Law, licens'd breaking of the peace,
To which vacation is disease;
A gipsy diction scarce known well
By the' magi, who law-fortunes tell,
I shun; nor let it breed within
Anxiety, and that the Spleen;
Law, grown a forest, where perplex
The mazes, and the brambles vex;
Where its twelve verderers every day
Are changing still the public way:
Yet if we miss our path and err,
We grievous penalties incur;
And wanderers tire, and tear their skin,
And then get out, where they went in.
  I never game, and rarely bet,
Am loth to lend, or run in debt,
No compter-writs me agitate;
Who moralizing pass the gate,
And there mine eyes on spendthrifts turn,
Who vainly o'er their bondage mourn.
Wisdom, before beneath their care,
Pays her upbraiding visits there,
And forces folly through the grate
Her panegyric to repeat.
This view, profusely when inclin'd,
Enters a *caveat* in the mind:
Experience join'd with common sense,
To mortals is a providence.
  Passion, (as frequently is seen)
Subsiding, settles into Spleen.
Hence, as the plague of happy life,
I turn away from party-strife.

:e's cause, a church's claim,
own to raise a mighty flame,
iest, as stoker, very free
ow in peace and charity.
tribe, whose practicles decree
eer the deadliest heresy;
ond of pedigree, derive
he most noted whore alive;
wn wine's old prophetic aid,
ve the mitre Bacchus made,
the faithful to depend
-pint drinkers for a friend;
whose gay, red-letter'd face,
d good living more than grace:
y so pure, and so precise,
late as their white of eyes,
r the spirit hug the Spleen,
er'd throughout all their mien;
eir ill-tasted home-brew'd pray'r
state's mellow forms prefer;
ctrines, as infectious, fear,
are not steep'd in vinegar,
nples of heart-chested grace
in show-glass of the face,
er me as yet provoke
to honour band and cloak,
my hat with leaves of oak.
not with mock-patriot grace
, because they are in place;
'd to praise with stallion pen,
he ear-lechery of men;
avoid religious jars,
vs are my expositors.

Which in my doubting mind create
Conformity to church and state.
I go, pursuant to my plan,
To Mecca with the Caravan;
And think it right in common sense
Both for diversion and defence.
Reforming schemes are none of mine;
To mend the world's a vast design:
Like theirs, who tug in little boat,
To pull to them the ship afloat,
While to defeat their labour'd end,
At once both wind and stream contend:
Success herein is seldom seen,
And zeal, when baffled, turns to Spleen.
Happy the man, who, innocent,
Grieves not at ills he can't prevent;
His skiff does with the current glide,
Not puffing pull'd against the tide.
He, paddling by the scuffling crowd,
Sees unconcern'd life's wager row'd,
And when he can't prevent foul play,
Enjoys the folly of the fray.
By these reflections, I repeal
Each hasty promise made in zeal.
When gospel propagators say,
We're bound our great light to display,
And Indian darkness drive away;
Yet none but drunken watchmen send
And scoundrel link-boys for that end;
When they cry up this holy war,
Which every christian should be for,
Yet such as owe the law their ears,
We find employ'd as engineers:

w my forward zeal so shocks,
hey hold the money-box.
a conduct, which intends
ıs means such virtuous ends,
ıff Spleen, and keep my pence
oiling Indian innocence.
ıilosophic love of ease
ıot to prove disease,
up in the virtuous cause
: press, and equal laws.
ıs restrain'd! nefandous thought!
ur sires have nobly fought:
ee from force the press remains,
ıd Freedom cheer our plains,
rning largesses bestows,
ps uncensur'd open house.
ıe nation's public mart
ks of wit, and schemes of art,
osophic goods this way,
:er-carriage, cheap convey.
:, which knowledge so affords,
rs with flaming swords
-approach with zeal defend,
r own paradise should end.
ıs from her fecundous womb
forth the arts of Greece and Rome;
ıring, skill'd in logic war,
ıanner wav'd in open air;
ıster Superstition fled,
in shades its Gorgon head;
less power, the long-kept field,
n quell'd, was forc'd to yield.
se of arts, and freedom's fence,
is treason against sense;

And Liberty, thy thousand tongues
None silence, who design no wrongs;
For those, who use the gag's restraint,
First rob, before they stop complaint.
  Since disappointment galls within,
And subjugates the soul to Spleen,
Most schemes, as money-snares, I hate,
And bite not at projector's bait.
Sufficient wrecks appear each day,
And yet fresh fools cast are away.
Ere well the bubbled can turn round,
Their painted vessel runs aground;
Or in deep seas it oversets
By a fierce hurricane of debts;
Or helm-directors in one trip,
Freight first embezzled, sink the ship.
Such was of late a corporation,*
The brazen-serpent of the nation,
Which when hard accidents distress'd,
The poor must look at to be bless'd,
And thence expect, with paper seal'd
By fraud and usury, to be heal'd.
  I in no soul-consumption wait
Whole years at levees of the great,
And hungry hopes regale the while
On the spare diet of a smile.

* The Charitable Corporation, instituted for the relief of the industrious poor, by assisting them with small sums, upon pledges, at legal interest. By the villainy of those who had the management of this scheme, the proprietors were defrauded of very considerable sums of money. In 1732 the conduct of the directors of this body became the subject of a parliamentary inquiry, and some of them, who were members of the House of Commons, were expelled for their concern in this iniquitous transaction.

: you may see the idol stand,
mirror in his wanton hand;
e, below, now here, now there,
rows about the sunny glare,
ds pant, and press to seize the prize,
;ay delusion of their eyes.
en Fancy tries her limning skill
aw and colour at her will,
aise and round the figures well,
how her talent to excel:
d my heart, lest it should woo
l beauties Fancy drew,
disappointed, feel despair
s of things, that never were.
en I lean politicians mark
ıg on ether in the Park;
e'er on wing, with open throats,
debates, expresses, votes,
ı the manner swallows use,
ıng their airy food of news;
: latrant stomachs oft molest
eep-laid plans their dreams suggest:
: some poet pensive sit,
; mistaking Spleen for Wit:
though short-winded, still will aim
ınd the epic trump of Fame;
;till on Phœbus' smiles will doat,
arn conviction from his coat:
; my stars, I never knew
sies, which, close pursued, undo,
ave from old experience been
ɔarent and the child of Spleen.
subjects of Apollo's state,
'rom false fire derive their fate.

With airy purchases undone
Of lands, which none lend money on,
Born dull, had follow'd thriving ways,
Nor lost one hour to gather bays.
Their fancies first delirious grew,
And scenes ideal took for true.
Fine to the sight Parnassus lies,
And with false prospects cheats their eyes;
The fabled gods the poets sing,
A season of perpetual spring,
Brooks, flowery fields, and groves of trees,
Affording sweets and similies,
Gay dreams inspir'd in myrtle bow'rs,
And wreaths of undecaying flowers,
Apollo's harp with airs divine,
The sacred music of the Nine,
Views of the temple rais'd to Fame,
And for a vacant niche proud aim,
Ravish their souls, and plainly shew
What Fancy's sketching power can do.
They will attempt the mountain steep,
Where on the top, like dreams in sleep.
The Muses revelations show,
That find men crack'd, or make them so.
You, friend, like me, the trade of rhyme
Avoid, elaborate waste of time,
Nor are content to be undone,
To pass for Phœbus' crazy son.
Poems, the hop-grounds of the brain,
Afford the most uncertain gain;
And lotteries never tempt the wise,
With blanks so many to a prize.
I only transient visits pay,
Meeting the Muses in my way,

nown to the fastidious dames,
'd to call them by their names,
their passports in these days,
fit warrant, or your praise.
s by their dictates writ,
s sworn appraisers, set
re upholsterers, in a trice
and painting set a price.
iloring artists, for our lays
amp'd rules, and with strait stays
free Nature's shape to hit,
: sense, before they fit.
mon place, and many friends,
e the plagiary's ends:
asy vamping talent lies,
to pilfer, then disguise.
ne, devoid of art and skill
h the mine on Pindus' hill,
aspire and workmen grow,
s doom'd to stay below,
' own digging show the town
asure brought by others down.
nting, if they find a mine,
's judgment to refine,
precipitately fix'd,
with baser metals mix'd,
n, impatient of delay,
the vicious mass—a play.
engage, to serve their ends,
elect of trusty friends,
sen'd right, extol the thing,
o* taught his birds to sing;

was a Libyan, who, desiring to be accounted a god,
r *this invention*: he took young birds, and taught them

Then to the ladies they submit,
Returning officers on wit:
A crowded house their presence draws,
And on the beaux imposes laws,
A judgment in its favour ends,
When all the pannel are its friends:
Their natures, merciful and mild,
Have from mere pity sav'd the child;
In bulrush-ark the bantling found
Helpless, and ready to be drown'd,
They have preserv'd by kind support,
And brought the baby-muse to court.
  But there's a youth* that you can name,
Who needs no leading-strings to fame,
Whose quick maturity of brain
The birth of Pallas may explain:
Dreaming of whose depending fate,
I heard Melpomene debate;—
'This, this is he, that was foretold
Should emulate our Greeks of old.
Inspir'd by me with sacred art,
He sings, and rules the varied heart;
If Jove's dread anger he rehearse,
We hear the thunder in his verse;
If he describes love turn'd to rage,
The furies riot in his page.
If he fair liberty and law,
By ruffian power expiring, draw,

to sing, 'Psapho is a god.' When they were perfect in their lesson, he let them fly; and other birds, learning the same ditty, repeated it in the woods; on which his countrymen offered sacrifice to him, and considered him as a deity.

* Mr. Glover, the excellent author of Leonidas.

ıer passions then engage
nd sanctify their rage;
mpt distrust of love,
those plains that round the grove
ne kinder passions glow,
s distill'd from pity flow.
he bright vision I descend,
deserted theme attend.
ver did ambition seize,
ever, most inflam'd by ease!
re lunacy of pride,
rts jilt Fortune for a le
dise tree, so fair
ith no aspiring eye:
in shake the restless leaves,
om-fruit our pains deceives,
frequent falls give no surprise,
f Spleen call'd *growing wise*.
s, in glittering forms display'd,
eak eyes much us'd to shade,
ts falsely-envied scene
f-debasing fits of Spleen.
d be pleas'd that things are so,
for nothing see the show,
idle-siz'd, can pass between
bbub safe, because unseen;
st the glare of greatness trace
sun-shine in the face,
sures fled to, to redress
fatigue of idleness.
ıtment, parent of delight,
a stranger to our sight,
dess, in what happy place
behold thy blooming face;

The gracious auspices impart,
And for thy temple choose my heart.
They whom thou deignest to inspire,
Thy science learn, to bound desire;
By happy alchemy of mind,
They turn to pleasure all they find;
They both disdain in outward mein
The grave and solemn garb of Spleen,
And meretricious arts of dress,
To feign a joy, and hide distress;
Unmov'd when the rude tempest blows,
Without an opiate they repose;
And cover'd by your shield, defy
The whizzing shafts, that round them fly:
Nor meddling with the god's affairs,
Concern themselves with distant cares;
But place their bliss in mental rest,
And feast upon the good possess'd.
  Forc'd by soft violence of pray'r,
The blithsome goddess soothes my care,
I feel the deity inspire,
And thus she models my desire.
Two hundred pounds, half-yearly paid,
Annuity securely made,
A farm some twenty miles from town,
Small, tight, salubrious, and my own:
Two maids, that never saw the town,
A serving-man not quite a clown,
A boy to help to tread the mow,
And drive, while t'other holds the plough;
A chief, of temper form'd to please,
Fit to converse, and keep the keys;
And better to preserve the peace,
Commission'd by the name of niece;

With understandings of a size
To think their master very wise.
May Heaven (it's all I wish for) send
One genial room to treat a friend,
Where decent cup-board, little plate,
Display benevolence, not state.
And may my humble dwelling stand
Upon some chosen spot of land:
A pond before full to the brim,
Where cows may cool and geese may swim;
Behind a green, like velvet neat,
Soft to the eye and to the feet;
Where odorous plants, in evening fair,
Breathe all around ambrosial air;
From Eurus, foe to kitchen ground,
Fenc'd by a slope with bushes crown'd,
Fit dwelling for the feather'd throng,
Who pay their quit-rents with a song;
With opening views of hill and dale,
Which sense and fancy too regale,
Where the half-cirque, which vision bounds,
Like amphitheatre surrounds:
And woods, impervious to the breeze,
Thick phalanx of embodied trees,
From hills through plains in dusk array
Extended far, repel the day.
Here stillness, height, and solemn shade
Invite, and contemplation aid:
Here nymphs from hollow oaks relate
The dark decrees and will of fate,
And dreams beneath the spreading beech
Inspire, and docile fancy teach;
While soft as breezy breath of wind,
Impulses rustle through the mind:

Here Dryads, scorning Phœbus' ray,
While Pan melodious pipes away,
In measur'd motions frisk about,
Till old Silenus puts them out.
There see the clover, pea, and bean,
Vie in variety of green;
Fresh pastures speckled o'er with sheep,
Brown fields their fallow sabbaths keep,
Plump Ceres golden tresses wear,
And poppy top-knots deck her hair,
And silver streams through meadows stray,
And Naiads on the margin play,
And lesser nymphs, on side of hills,
From play-thing urns pour down the rills.
  Thus shelter'd, free from care and strife,
May I enjoy a calm through life;
See faction, safe in low degree,
As men at land see storms at sea,
And laugh at miserable elves,
Not kind, so much as to themselves,
Curs'd with such souls of base alloy,
As can possess, but not enjoy;
Debarr'd the pleasure to impart
By avarice, sphincter of the heart;
Who wealth, hard earn'd by guilty cares,
Bequeath untouch'd to thankless heirs.
May I, with look ungloom'd by guile,
And wearing Virtue's livery-smile,
Prone the distressed to relieve,
And little trespasses forgive;
With income not in Fortune's pow'r,
And skill to make a busy hour,
With trips to town, life to amuse,
To purchase books, and hear the news,

To see old friends, brush off the clown,
And quicken taste at coming down,
Unhurt by sickness' blasting rage,
And slowly mellowing in age,
When Fate extends its gathering gripe,
Fall off, like fruit grown fully ripe;
Quit a worn being without pain,
Perhaps to blossom soon again.
  But now more serious see me grow,
And what I think, my Memmius know.
  The' enthusiast's hope, and raptures wild,
Have never yet my reason foil'd.
His springy soul dilates like air,
When free from weight of ambient care,
And, hush'd in meditation deep,
Slides into dreams, as when asleep;
Then, fond of new discoveries grown,
Proves a Columbus of her own,
Disdains the narrow bounds of place,
And through the wilds of endless space,
Borne up on metaphysic wings,
Chases light forms and shadowy things,
And, in the vague excursion caught,
Brings home some rare exotic thought.
The melancholy man such dreams,
As brightest evidence, esteems;
Fain would he see some distant scene
Suggested by his restless Spleen,
And Fancy's telescope applies,
With tinctur'd glass, to cheat his eyes.
Such thoughts, as love the gloom of night,
I close examine by the light;
For who, though brib'd by gain to lie,
Dare *sun-beam-written* truths deny,

And execute plain common sense,
On faith's mere hearsay evidence?
That superstition may'nt create,
And club its ills with those of fate,
I many a notion take to task,
Made dreadful by its visor-mask,
Thus scruple, spasm of the mind,
Is cur'd, and certainty I find;
Since optic reason shows me plain,
I dreaded spectres of the brain;
And legendary fears are gone,
Though in tenacious childhood sown.
Thus in opinions I commence
Freeholder, in the proper sense,
And neither suit nor service do,
Nor homage to pretenders shew,
Who boast themselves, by spurious roll,
Lords of the manor of the soul;
Preferring sense, from chin that's bare,
To nonsense thron'd in whisker'd hair.
'To thee, Creator uncreate,
O *Entium Ens!* divinely great!'——
Hold, Muse, nor melting pinions try,
Nor near the blazing glory fly;
Nor, straining, break thy feeble bow,
Unfeather'd arrows far to throw
Through fields unknown, nor madly stray,
Where no ideas mark the way.
With tender eyes, and colours faint,
And trembling hands forbear to paint.
Who, features veil'd by light, can hit?
Where can, what has no outline, sit?
My soul, the vain attempt forego,
Thyself, the fitter subject, know.

He wisely shuns the bold extreme,
Who soon lays by the' unequal theme,
Nor runs, with wisdom's sirens caught,
On quicksands swallowing shipwreck'd thought
But, conscious of his distance, gives
Mute praise, and humble negatives.
In one, no object of our sight,
Immutable, and infinite,
Who can't be cruel, or unjust,
Calm and resign'd, I fix my trust;
To him my past and present state
I owe, and must my future fate.
A stranger into life I'm come,
Dying may be our going home;
Transported here by angry fate,
The convicts of a prior state.
Hence, I no anxious thoughts bestow
On matters I can never know:
Through life's foul way, like vagrant, pass'd,
He'll grant a settlement at last;
And with sweet ease the wearied crown,
By leave to lay his being down.
If doom'd to dance the eternal round
Of life, no sooner lost but found,
And dissolution soon to come,
Like spunge, wipes out life's present sum,
But can't our state of power bereave
An endless series to receive?
Then, if hard dealt with here, by fate,
We balance in another state,
And consciousness must go along,
And sign the' acquittance for the wrong.
He for his creatures must decree
More happiness than misery,

Or be supposed to create,
Curious to try, what 'tis to hate:
And do an act which rage infers,
'Cause lameness halts, or blindness errs.
  Thus, thus I steer my bark, and sail
On even keel with gentle gale;
At helm I make my reason sit,
My crew of passions all submit.
If dark and blustering prove some nights,
Philosophy puts forth her lights;
Experience holds the cautious glass,
To shun the breakers, as I pass,
And frequent throws the wary lead,
To see what dangers may be hid;
And once in seven years I'm seen
At Bath or Tunbridge to careen.
Though pleas'd to see the dolphins play,
I mind my compass and my way;
With store sufficient for relief,
And wisely still prepar'd to reef;
Nor wanting the dispersive bowl
Of cloudy weather in the soul,
I make (may Heaven propitious send
Such wind and weather to the end!)
Neither becalm'd, nor over-blown.
Life's voyage to the world unknown.

AN EPIGRAM.

N THE REVEREND MR. LAURENCE ECHARD'S, AND BISHOP GILBERT BURNET'S HISTORIES.

IL's history appears to me
olitical anatomy,
case of skeletons well done,
nd malefactors every one.
is sharp and strong incision pen
istorically cuts up men,
nd does with lucid skill impart
heir inward ails of head and heart.
AURENCE proceeds another way,
nd well-dress'd figures doth display:
lis characters are all in flesh,
heir hands are fair, their faces fresh;
nd from his sweetening art derive
t better scent than when alive:
le wax-work made, to please the sons
Whose fathers were GIL's skeletons.

THE

SPARROW AND DIAMOND.

I LATELY saw, what now I sing,
  Fair Lucia's hand display'd;
This finger grac'd a diamond ring,
  On that a sparrow play'd.

The feather'd play-thing she caress'd,
  She stroak'd its head and wings;
And while it nestled on her breast,
  She lisp'd the dearest things.

With chizzled bill a spark ill set
  He loosen'd from the rest,
And swallow'd down to grind his meat.
  The easier to digest.

She seiz'd his bill with wild affright,
  Her diamond to descry:
'Twas gone! she sicken'd at the sight,
  Moaning her bird would die.

The tongue-tied knocker none might use.
  The curtain none undraw,
The footmen went without their shoes.
  The street was laid with straw

The doctor us'd his oily art,
  Of strong emetic kind;
The' apothecary play'd his part,
  And engineer'd behind.

When physic ceas'd to spend its store,
  To bring away the stone;
Dicky, like people given o'er,
  Picks up, when left alone.

His eyes dispell'd their sickly dews,
  He peck'd behind his wing;
Lucia, recovering at the news,
  Relapses for the ring.

Meanwhile within her beauteous breast
  Two different passions strove:
When avarice ended the contest,
  And triumph'd over love.

Poor little, pretty, fluttering thing,
  Thy pains the sex display,
Who only to repair a ring
  Could take thy life away.

Drive avarice from your breasts, ye fair,
  Monster of foulest mien:
Ye would not let it harbour there,
  Could but its form be seen.

It made a virgin put on guile,
  Truth's image break her word,
A Lucia's face forbear to smile,
  A Venus kill her bird.

THE SEEKER.

When I first came to London, I rambled about,
From sermon to sermon, took a slice and went out.
Then on me, in divinity batchelor, tried
Many priests to obtrude a Levitical bride;
And, urging their various opinions, intended
To make me wed systems which they recommended.
Said a letch'rous old frier sculking near Lincoln's Inn,
(Whose trade's to absolve, but whose pastime's to sin;
Who, spider-like, seizes weak protestant flies,
Which hung in his sophistry cobweb he spies;)
Ah! pity your soul, for without our church pale,
If you happen to die, to be damn'd you can't fail,
The Bible, you boast, is a wild revelation:
Hear a church that can't err, if you hope for salvation.
Said a formal non-con, (whose rich stock of grace
Lies forward expos'd in shop-window of face)
Ah! pity your soul: come, be of our sect:
For then you are safe, and may plead you're elect.
As it stands in the Acts, we can prove ourselves saints
Being Christ's little flock every where spoke against.
Said a jolly church-parson, (devoted to ease,
While penal law-dragons guard his golden fleece,)
'If you pity your soul, I pray listen to neither;
The first is in error, the last a deceiver:

at our's is the true church, the sense of our tribe
d surely *in medio tutissimus ibis'*. [is,
said a'yea-and-nay friend, with a stiff hat and band,
ho while he talk'd gravely would hold forth his
hand,)
ominion and wealth are the aim of all three,
ough about ways and means they may all disagree;
en pr'ythee be wise, go the quakers by-way,
s plain, without turnpikes; so nothing to pay.'

ON

BARCLAY'S APOLOGY

FOR THE QUAKERS.

These sheets primeval doctrines yield,
Where revelation is reveal'd;
Soul-phlegm from literal feeding bred,
Systems lethargic to the head
They purge, and yield a diet thin,
That turns to gospel chile within.
Truth sublimate may here be seen,
Extracted from the parts terrene.
In these is shown, how men obtain
What of Prometheus poets feign:
To scripture plainness dress is brought,
And speech apparel to the thought,
They hiss, from instinct, at red coats,
And war, whose work is cutting throats,
Forbid, and press the law of love:
Breathing the spirit of the dove.
Lucrative doctrines they detest,
As manufactur'd by the priest;
And throw down turnpikes, where we pay
For stuff, which never mends the way;
And tythes, a Jewish tax, reduce,
And frank the gospel, for our use.
They sable standing armies break;
But the militia useful make:
Since all unhir'd may preach and pray,
Taught by these rules as well as they;

Rules, which, when truths themselves reveal,
Bid us to follow what we feel.
  The world can't hear the small still voice,
Such is its bustle and its noise;
Reason the proclamation reads,
But not one riot passion heeds.
Wealth honour, power, the graces are,
Which here below our homage share:
They, if one votary they find
To mistress more divine inclin'd,
In truth's pursuit to cause delay,
Throw golden apples in his way.
  Place me, O Heaven, in some retreat,
There let the serious death-watch beat,
There let me self in silence shun,
To feel thy will, which should be done.
  Then comes the Spirit to our hut,
When fast the senses' doors are shut;
For so divine and pure a guest
The emptiest rooms are furnish'd best.
  O Contemplation! air serene,
From damps of sense, and fogs of spleen!
Pure mount of thought! thrice holy ground,
Where grace, when waited for, is found!
  Here 'tis the soul feels sudden youth,
And meets, exulting, virgin Truth;
Here, like a breeze of gentlest kind,
Impulses rustle through the mind;
Here shines that light with glowing face,
The fuse divine, that kindles grace:
Which, if we trim our lamps, will last,
Till darkness be by dying past,
And then goes out, at end of night,
Extinguish'd by superior light.

Ah me! the heats and colds of life,
Pleasure's and pain's eternal strife,
Breed stormy passions, which confin'd,
Shake, like the' Æolian cave, the mind;
And raise despair my lamp can last,
Plac'd where they drive the furious blast.
False eloquence, big empty sound,
Like showers that rush upon the ground,
Little beneath the surface goes,
All streams along and muddy flows.
This sinks, and swells the buried grain,
And fructifies like southern rain.
His art, well hid in mild discourse,
Exerts persuasion's winning force,
And nervates so the good design,
That king Agrippa's case is mine.
Well-natur'd, happy shade, forgive!
Like you I think, but cannot live.
Thy scheme requires the world's contempt,
That from dependence life exempt,
And constitution fram'd so strong,
This world's worst climate cannot wrong.
Not such my lot, not Fortune's brat,
I live by pulling off the hat;
Compell'd by station every hour
To bow to images of power;
And in life's busy scenes immers'd,
See better things, and do the worst.
Eloquent Want, whose reasons sway,
And make ten thousand truths give way,
While I your scheme with pleasure trace,
Draws near, and stares me in the face.
'Consider well your state,' she cries,
'Like others kneel, that you may rise;

Hold doctrines, by no scruples vex'd,
To which preferment is annex'd,
Nor madly prove, where all depends,
Idolatry upon your friends.
See, how you like my rueful face,
Such you must wear, if out of place.
Crack'd is your brain, to turn recluse
Without one farthing out at use:
They, who have lands, and safe bank-stock,
With faith so founded on a rock,
May give a rich invention ease,
And construe scripture how they please.'
'The honour'd prophet, that of old
Us'd Heaven's high counsels to unfold,
Did, more than courier angels greet
The crows, that brought him bread and meat.'

THE GROTTO,

WRITTEN UNDER THE NAME OF PETER DRAKE,
A FISHERMAN OF BRENTFORD.

Scilicet hic possis curvo dignoscere rectum,
Atque inter silvas Academi quærere verum.
HOR.

Our wits Apollo's influence beg,
The Grotto makes them all with egg;
Finding this chalkstone in my nest,
I strain, and lay among the rest.

We had a Water-poet† once,
Nor was he register'd a dunce:
I'll lay awhile my writing by,
And hang abroad my nets to dry,
And stow my apostolic boat,
And try to raise a swan-like note:
For fishing oft in Twick'nam Reach,
I've heard fine strains along the beach‡,
That tempt to sing a cave's§ renown,
And fetch from thence an ivy-crown.

* A building in Richmond Gardens, erected by Queen Caroline and committed to the custody of Stephen Duck. At the time this poem was written, many other verses appeared on the same subject.

† John Taylor is here alluded to, who was called 'The Rhyming Sculler,' and who contrived (notwithstanding his various employments as a waterman, a victualler, and a publican) to scribble more than eighty pamphlets in verse and prose, the greater part of which he collected and published together in 1630.

‡ A delicate compliment to Pope.

§ The Cave of Merlin, formed in Richmond Gardens, according to the intimation of a modern satirist, 'By Stephen Duck and good Queen Caroline.'

Adieu awhile, forsaken flood,
To ramble in the Delian wood,
And pray the god my well-meant song
May not my subject's merit wrong.
Say, father Thames, whose gentle pace
Gives leave to view, what beauties grace
Your flow'ry banks, if you have seen
The much-sung Grotto of the queen?
Contemplative, forget awhile
Oxonian towers, and Windsor's pile,
And Wolsey's* pride, (his greatest guilt)
And what great William since has built;
And flowing fast by Richmond scenes,
(Honour'd retreat of two great queens†)
From Sion-House,‡ whose proud survey
Brow-beats your flood, look cross the way,
And view, from highest swell of tide,
The milder scenes of Surry side.
Though yet no palace grace the shore,
To lodge that pair you should adore;
Nor abbies, great in ruin, rise,
Royal equivalents for vice;
Behold a Grot, in Delphic grove,
The Graces' and the Muses' love.
(O, might our Laureat study here,
How would he hail his new-born year!)
A temple from vain glories free,
Whose goddess is Philosophy,

* Hampton Court, begun by Cardinal Wolsey, and improved by King William III.

† Queen Anne, (consort of King Richard II.) and Queen Elizabeth, both died at Richmond.

‡ Sion House is now a seat belonging to the Duke of Northumberland.

Whose sides such licens'd idols crown
As superstition would pull down;
The only pilgrimage I know,
That men of sense would choose to go:
Which sweet abode, her wisest choice,
Urania cheers with heavenly voice,
While all the virtues gather round,
To see her consecrate the ground.
If thou, the god with winged feet,
In council, talk of this retreat,
And jealous gods resentment show
At altars rais'd to men below;
Tell those proud lords of heaven, 'tis fit
Their house our heroes should admit;
While each exists, as poets sing,
A lazy lewd immortal thing,
They must (or grow in disrepute)
With earth's first commoners recruit.
Needless it is, in terms unskill'd,
To praise whatever Boyle* shall build;
Needless it is the busts to name
Of men, monopolists of fame.
Four chiefs adorn the modest stone,†
For virtue as for learning known;
The thinking sculpture helps to raise
Deep thoughts, the genii of the place:
To the mind's ear, and inward sight,
Their silence speaks, and shade gives light:
While insects from the threshold preach,
And minds, dispos'd to musing, teach;

* Richard Boyle, Earl of Burlington, a nobleman remarkable for his taste in architecture; specimens of which still attract admirers, at Chiswick and in Piccadilly.

† The author should have said five; there being the busts of Newton, Locke, Wollaston, Clarke, and Boyle.

l of strong limbs and painted hues,
perish by the slightest bruise;
aladies, begun within,
oy more slow life's frail machine;
maggot-youth through change of state
feel like us the turns of fate:
born to creep, have liv'd to fly,
:hange earth-cells for dwellings high;
ome, that did their six wings keep,
e they died, been forc'd to creep.
politics like ours profess,
;reater prey upon the less:
strain on foot huge loads to bring;
toil incessant on the wing;
n their different ways explore
sense of want, by future store;
·om their vigorous schemes desist
eath, and then are never miss'd.
frolic, toil, marry, increase,
.ck and well, have war and peace,
broke with age, in half a day
to successors, and away.
not profane this sacred place,
:risy with Janus' face;
mp, mix'd state of pride and care,
kindness, Falsehoood's polish'd ware;
al disguis'd in Friendship's veil,
:ells, unask'd, the' injurious tale
aty of intriguing kind,
secret article here sign'd;
eds conceal'd with buhsy trees,
:d with Juno's lettuces:
politic which allows
esuit-*remedy for* vows;

Or priest, perfuming crowned head,
Till, in a swoon, Truth lies for Dead;
Or tawdry critic, who perceives
No grace, which plain proportion gives,
And, more than lineaments divine,
Admires the gilding of the shrine;
Or that self-haunting spectre Spleen,
In thickest fog the clearest seen;
Or Prophecy, which dreams a lie,
That fools believe and knaves apply;
Or frolic Mirth, profanely loud,
And happy only in a crowd;
Or Melancholy's pensive gloom,
Proxy in Contemplation's room.
  O Delia, when I touch this string,
To thee my Muse directs her wing.
Unspotted fair, with downcast look
Mind not so much the murmuring brook;
Nor fix'd in thought, with footsteps slow,
Through cypress-alleys cherish woe;
I see the soul in pensive fit,
And mopeing, like sick linnet sit,
With dewy eye and moulting wing,
Unperch'd, averse to fly or sing;
I see the favourite curls begin
(Disus'd to toilet discipline)
To quit their post, lose their smart air,
And grow again like common hair;
And tears, which frequent kerchiefs dry,
Raise a red circle round the eye;
And by this bur about the moon,
Conjecture more ill weather soon.
Love not so much the doleful knell,
And news the boding night-birds tell;

· watch the wainscot's hollow blow;
l hens portentous when they crow;
· sleepless mind the death-watch beat;
aper find no winding sheet;
: in burnt coal a coffin see,
ough thrown at others, meant for thee;
when the corruscation gleams,
d out not first the bloody streams;
· in impress'd remembrance keep
m tap'stry figures, wrought in sleep;
· rise to see in antique hall
e moonlight monsters on the wall,
d shadowy spectres darkly pass
iling their sables o'er the grass.
: vice and guilt act how they please
souls, their conquer'd provinces;
Heaven's just charter it appears,
tue's exempt from quartering fears.
ll then arm'd fancies fiercely dress'd,
e at discretion in your breast?
wise, and panic-fright disdain
notions, meteors of the brain;
d sights perform'd, illusive scene!
magic lantern of the spleen.
me here, from baleful cares releas'd,
th Virtue's ticket, to a feast,
ere decent mirth and wisdom join'd
stewardship, regale the mind.
l back the Cupids to your eyes;
e the godlings with surprise,
t knowing home in such a plight,
· to and fro, afraid to light.—
Far from my theme, from method far.
vey'd in Venus' flying car,

I go, compell'd by feather'd steeds,
That scorn the rein when Delia leads.
  No daub of elegiac strain
These holy wars shall ever stain;
As spiders Irish wainscot flee,
Falsehood with them shall disagree:
This floor let not the vulgar tread,
Who worship only what they dread:
Nor bigots who but one way see,
Through blinkers of authority;
Nor they who its four saints defame,
By making Virtue but a name;
Nor abstract wit, (painful regale
To hunt the pig with slippery tail!)
Artists who richly chase their thought,
Gaudy without, but hollow wrought,
And beat too thin, and tool'd too much,
To bear the proof and standard touch;
Nor fops to guard this sylvan ark
With necklace bells in treble bark;
Nor cynics growl and fiercely paw,
The mastiffs of the moral law.
Come, Nymph, with rural honours dress'd,
Virtue's exterior form confess'd,
With charms untarnish'd, innocence
Display, and Eden shall commence:
When thus you come in sober fit,
And wisdom is preferr'd to wit;
And looks diviner graces tell,
Which don't with giggling muscles dwell;
And beauty like the ray-clipt sun,
With bolder eye we look upon;
Learning shall, with obsequious mien,
Tell all the wonders she has seen;

Reason, her logic armour quit,
And proof to mild persuasion fit;
Religion, with free thought dispense,
And cease crusading against sense;
Philosophy and she embrace,
And their first league again take place;
And morals pure, in duty bound,
Nymph-like the sisters chief surround:
Nature shall smile, and round this cell
The turf to your light pressure swell,
And knowing beauty by her shoe,
Well air its carpet from the dew.
The Oak, while you his umbrage deck,
Lets fall his acorns in your neck:
Zephyr, his civil kisses gives,
And plays with curls, instead of leaves:
Birds, seeing you, believe it spring,
And during their vacation sing:
And flowers lean forward from their seats,
To traffic in exchange of sweets;
And angels bearing wreaths descend,
Prefer'd as vergers to attend
This fane, whose deity intreats
The Fair to grace its upper seats.

O kindly view our letter'd strife,
And guard us through polemic life;
From poison vehicled in praise,
For satire's shots but slightly graze;
We claim your zeal, and find within,
Philosophy and you are kin.

What Virtue is, we judge by you;
For actions right are beauteous too;
By tracing the sole female mind,
We best what is true Nature find:

Chymists and laws their process suit,
They metals, these the mind transmute.
Your vapours, bred from fumes, declare
How steams create tempestuous air,
Till gushing tears and hasty rain
Make heaven and you serene again:
Our travels through the starry skies
Were first suggested by your eyes;
We, by the interposing fan,
Learn how eclipses first began;
The vast ellipse from Scarbro's home,
Describes how blazing comets roam;
The glowing colours of the cheek
Their origin from Phœbus speak;
Our watch how Luna strays above,
Feels like the care of jealous love;
And all things we in science know,
From your known love for riddles flow.
Father! forgive, thus far I stray,
Drawn by attraction from my way.
Mark next with awe, the foundress* well
Who on these banks delights to dwell;
You on the terrace see her plain,
Move like Diana with her train.
If you then fairly speak your mind,
In wedlock since with Isis join'd,
You'll own, you never yet did see,
At least in such a high degree,
Greatness, delighted to undress;
Science, a scepter'd hand caress;
A queen, the friends of freedom prize:
A woman, wise men canonize.

* Queen Caroline.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JAMES HAMMOND.

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

BY

EZEKIEL SANFORD.

LIFE OF HAMMOND.

ıMES HAMMOND, son of Anthony Hammond, : brother-in-law of Sir Robert Walpole, and a n of note among the wits and parliamentary ora- s, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, ı born about the year 1710. He received all his ıcation at Westminster School; for it does not ɔear, that he ever went to either university. He ame a man of some eminence; but the stages of promotion have never been ascertained. The nce of Wales made him his equerry; and he oyed the society of Littleton, Cobham, and Ches- ield. In 1741, he was sent to parliament from ıro, in Cornwall; but he died in June, of the next r.

Iammond's poems were given to the world under auspices of Lord Chesterfield: both he and Dr. ınson consider him as no more than an imitator Tibullus; and it remained for one of our own ntrymen to show us, that, in too many instances, imitates Tibullus, as Dryden imitated Virgil, Pope, Homer.* Take, as an example, the 5th gy of Hammond, as compared with the 2d, book of Tibullus:—

Untoward guards beset my Cynthia's doors,
And cruel locks the imprison'd fair conceal,
May lightnings blast whom love in vain implores,
And Jove's own thunder rive those bolts of steel.

Nam posita est nostræ custodia sæva puellæ
Clauditur, et dura janua fulta sera.
Janua dificilis domini, te verberet imber,
Te Jovis imperio fulmina missa petant.

* *Port Folio* for June and July, 1815.

Ah! gentle door attend my humble call,
Nor let thy sounding hinge our theft betray,
So all my curses far from thee shall fall,
We angry lovers mean not half we say.

Janua jam patens usi mihi vista quietis;
Non furtim verso cardine aperta tonet.
Et, nisi si qua tibi dixit dementia nostra,
Ignoscas: capiti sint, precor, illa meo.

Still addressing the door;

Remember how the flowery wreaths I gave,
When first I told thee of my bold desires,
Nor thou, O Cynthia, fear the watchful slave,
Venus will favour what herself inspires.

Te meminisse decet quam plurima voce peregi,
Supplico, cum posti dextra serta dederam,
Tu quoque ne timide custodes, Delia, fallas
Audendum est. Fortes adjuvat ipsa Venus.

She guides the youths who see not where they tread
She shows the virgin how to turn the door,
Softly to steal from off her silent bed,
And not a step betray her on the floor.

Illa favet, seu quis juvenis nova limina tentat;
Seu reserat fixo dente puella fores.
Illa docet furtim molli decedere lecto:
Illa pedem nullo ponere posse sono.

Sometimes the translation is still closer; as following stanza, from the 12th Elegy:—

Sic ego secretis possum bene vivere sylvis,
Qua nulla humano sit via trita pede!
Tu mihi curarum requies, tu nocte vel atra
Lumen, et in solis tu mihi turba locis.
Trib. b. iv. Eleg. 12.

With thee in gloomy deserts, let me dwell,
Where never human footsteps mark'd the ground
Thou light of life all darkness can'st expel,
And seem a world with solitude around.

Dr. Johnson ridicules the passage, in which Hammond talks of lambs and kids; for he little imagined, that he was laying hands upon Tibullus:—

> If late at dusk, while carelessly I roam,
> I meet a strolling kid or bleating lamb,
> Under my arm I'll bring the wanderer home,
> And not a little chide its thoughtless dam.

the original:

> Non agnamve dum pigeat, fatumve capellæ
> Desertum oblita matre referre domum.

We are told by Lord Chesterfield, that Hammond set down to write what he thought, not to think what he should write;* but, if the reader compares the Elegies included in the following list, they will

* Instances are not wanting for the zeal with which this nobleman noted the interest of our author. Tibullus had praised Messala; and when Hammond comes to the passage, he turns it in the following manner:—

> Stanhope in wisdom as in wit divine,
> May rise and plead Britannia's glorious cause.
> *El.* 13.

him:

> Stanhope shall come, and grace his rural friend,
> Delia shall wonder at her noble guest,
> With blushing awe the riper fruit commend,
> And for her husband's patron cull the best.

this Delia was to do in the original:

> Hue veniet Messala meus cui dulcia poma,
> Delia selectis detrahet arboribus;
> Et tantum venerata virum, hunc sedula curet;
> Huic paret, atque epulas ipsa ministra gerat.
> *L. i. El.* 1.

ascertain, that Hammond was generally content to think what Tibullus had thought:—

TIBULLUS.	HAMMOND.
L. iv. El. 4	Elegy 1
L. ii. El. 6	2
L. i. El. 3	4
Ib. El. 2	5
L. iii. El. 7	6
Ib. El. 3	7
L. iii. El. 3	8
Ib. El. 2	9
L. ii. El. 2	10
L. i. El. 11	11
L. iv. El. 13	12
L. i. El. 1	13

Hammond has written fourteen Elegies; and though the order of the original is inverted, two out of the fourteen are proved to be translations

PREFACE.

BY THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

1743.

following Elegies were wrote by a young
leman lately dead, and justly lamented.
s he had never declared his intentions concern-
their publication, a friend of his, into whose
ls they fell, determined to publish them, in the
uasion that they would neither be unwelcome
ıe public, nor injurious to the memory of their
ıor. The reader must decide whether this
rmination was the result of just judgment or
al friendship; for the editor feels and avows so
h of the latter, that he gives up all pretensions
ıe former
ıe Author composed them ten years ago, be-
he was two-and-twenty years old; an age
ı fancy and imagination commonly riot at the
:nse of judgment and correctness; neither of
h seem wanting here. But sincere in his love
his friendship, he wrote to his mistresses as he
e to his friends, nothing but the true genuine
ments of his heart; he sat down to write what
ıought, not to think what he should write: it
nature and sentiment only that dictated to a
mistress, not youthful and poetic fancy to an
inary one. *Elegy*, therefore, speaks here her
proper native language, the unaffected plain-

tive language of the tender passions: the true elegiac dignity and simplicity are preserved and united; the one without pride, the other without meanness. Tibullus seems to have been the model our Author judiciously preferred to Ovid; the former writing directly from the heart to the heart, the latter too often yielding and addressing himself to the imagination.

The undissipated youth of the author allowed him time to apply himself to the best masters, the Ancients: and his parts enabed him to make the best use of them: for upon those great models of solid sense and virtue he formed not only his genius but his heart; both well prepared by nature to adopt and adorn the resemblance. He admired that justness, that noble simplicity of thought and expression, which have distinguished and preserved their writings to this day; but he revered that love of their country, that contempt of riches, that sacredness of friendship, and all those heroic and social virtues, which marked them out as the objects of the veneration, though not the imitation, of succeeding ages; and he looked back with a kind of religious awe and delight upon those glorious and happy times of Greece and Rome, when Wisdom, Virtue, and Liberty, formed the only triumvirates; ere Luxury invited Corruption to taint, or Corruption introduced Slavery to destroy, all public and private virtues. In these sentiments he lived, and would have lived even in these times; in these sentiments he died.—But in these times too—'Ut 'non erepta a diis immortalibus vita, sed donata 'mors esse videatur.'

LOVE ELEGIES.

'Virginibus puerisque canto.'

ELEGY I.

ON HIS FALLING IN LOVE WITH NEÆRA.

AREWELL that liberty our fathers gave;
. vain they gave, their sons receiv'd in vain:
saw Neæra, and, her instant slave,
hough born a Briton, hugg'd the servile chain.

er usage well repays my coward heart;
eanly she triumphs in her lover's shame:
o healing joy relieves his constant smart,
o smile of love rewards the loss of fame.

h! that to feel these killing pangs no more,
n Scythian hills I lay a senseless stone,
'as fix'd a rock amidst the watery roar,
nd in the vast Atlantic stood alone.

dieu, ye Muses! or my passion aid;
'hy should I loiter by your idle spring?
y humble voice would move one only maid,
nd she contemns the trifles which I sing.

I do not ask the lofty epic strain,
Nor strive to paint the wonders of the sphere;
I only sing one cruel maid to gain;—
Adieu, ye Muses! if she will not hear.

No more in useless innocence I'll pine;
Since guilty presents win the greedy fair,
I'll tear its honours from the broken shrine,
But chiefly thine, O Venus! will I tear.

Deceiv'd by thee, I lov'd a beauteous maid,
Who bends on sordid gold her low desires;
Nor worth nor passion can her heart persuade,
But love must act what avarice requires.

Unwise, who first the charm of nature lost,
With Tyrian purple soil'd the snowy sheep;
Unwiser still, who seas and mountains cross'd,
To dig the rock, and search the pearly deep.

These costly toys our silly fair surprise;
The shining follies cheat their feeble sight;
Their hearts, secure in trifles, love despise:
'Tis vain to court them, but more vain to write.

Why did the gods conceal the little mind
And earthly thoughts beneath a heavenly face;
Forget the worth that dignifies mankind,
Yet smooth and polish so each outward grace?

Hence all the blame that Love and Venus bear;
Hence pleasure short, and anguish ever long;
Hence tears and sighs; and hence the peevish fair,
The froward lover—Hence this angry song.

ELEGY II.

UNABLE TO SATISFY THE COVETOUS TEMPER OF NEÆRA, HE INTENDS TO MAKE A CAMPAIGN, AND TRY IF POSSIBLE TO FORGET HER.

ADIEU, ye walls that guard my cruel fair!
No more I'll sit in rosy fetters bound;
My limbs have learn'd the weight of arms to bear:
My rousing spirits feel the trumpet's sound.

Few are the maids that now on merit smile;
On spoil and war is bent this iron age;
Yet pain and death attend on war and spoil,
Unsated vengeance, and remorseless rage.

To purchase spoil ev'n love itself is sold;
Her lover's heart is least Neæra's care;
And I through war must seek detested gold,
Not for myself, but for my venal fair:

That while she bends beneath the weight of dress,
The stiffen'd robe may spoil her easy mien;
And art mistaken make her beauty less,
While still it hides some graces better seen.

But if such toys can win her lovely smile,
Her's be the wealth of Tagus' golden sand;
Her's the bright gems that glow in India's soil;
Her's the black sons of Afric's sultry land.

To please her eye let every loom contend;
For her be rifled Ocean's pearly bed:
But where, alas! would idle Fancy tend,
And soothe with dreams a youthful poet's head?

Let others buy the cold unloving maid,
In forc'd embraces act the tyrant's part,
While I their selfish luxury upbraid,
And scorn the person where I doubt the heart.

Thus warm'd by pride I think I love no more,
And hide in threats the weakness of my mind:
In vain—though Reason fly the hated door,
Yet Love, the coward Love! still lags behind.

ELEGY III.

HE UPBRAIDS AND THREATENS THE AVARICE OF NEERA, AND RESOLVES TO QUIT HER.

Should Jove descend in floods of liquid ore,
And golden torrents stream from every part,
That craving bosom still would heave for more:
Not all the gods could satisfy thy heart.

But may thy folly, which can thus disdain
My honest love, the mighty wrong repay!
May midnight fire involve thy sordid gain,
And on the shining heaps of rapine prey!

May all the youths, like me, by love deceiv'd,
Not quench the ruin, but applaud the doom!
And when thou dy'st, may not one heart be griev'd,
May not one tear bedew the lonely tomb!

But the deserving, tender, generous, maid,
Whose only care is her poor lover's mind,
Though ruthless Age may bid her beauty fade,
In every friend to love a friend shall find:

when the lamp of life will burn no more,
n dead she seems as in a gentle sleep;
pitying neighbour shall her loss deplore,
round the bier assembled lovers weep.

. flowery garlands each revolving Year
strow the grave where Truth and Softness rest,
ı, home returning, drop the pious tear,
bid the turf lie easy on her breast.

ELEGY IV.

:S FRIEND, WRITTEN UNDER THE CONFINEMENT OF A LONG INDISPOSITION.

LE calm you sit beneath your secret shade,
lose in pleasing thought the summer-day,
:mpt the wish of some unpractis'd maid,
se heart at once inclines and fears to stray.

sprightly vigour of my youth is fled;
:ly and sick, on death is all my thought:
spare, Persephone! this guiltless head;
:, too much love, is all thy suppliant's fault.

irgin's easy faith I e'er betray'd;
ongue ne'er boasted of a feign'd embrace;
ıoisons in the cup have I convey'd,
veil'd destruction with a friendly face.

ecret horrors gnaw this quiet breast;
pious hand ne'er robb'd the sacred fane;
er disturb'd the gods' eternal rest
ı curses loud—but oft have pray'd in vain!

No stealth of Time has thinn'd my flowing
Nor age yet bent me with his iron hand:
Ah! why so soon the tender blossom tear,
Ere Autumn yet the ripen'd fruit demand

Ye gods, whoe'er in gloomy shades below
Now slowly tread your melancholy round,
Now wandering view the baleful rivers flo
And, musing, hearken to their solemn sou

Oh! let me still enjoy the cheerful day,
Till, many years unheeded o'er me roll'd;
Pleas'd in my age, I trifle life away,
And tell how much we lov'd, ere I grew o

But you who, now with festive garland's c
In chase of pleasure the gay moments spe
By quick enjoyment heal love's pleasing v
And grieve for nothing but your absent fri

ELEGY V.

THE LOVER IS AT FIRST INTRODUCED SPEAKIN SERVANT; HE AFTERWARDS ADDRESSES HI HIS MISTRESS; AND AT LAST THERE IS A f INTERVIEW BETWEEN THEM.

WITH wine, more wine, deceive thy maste
Till creeping slumber soothe his troubled
Let not a whisper stir the silent air,
If hapless Love a-while consent to rest.

Untoward guards beset my Cynthia's doors,
And cruel locks the' imprison'd fair conceal:
May lightnings blast whom Love in vain implores,
And Jove's own thunder rive those bolts of steel!

Ah, gentle door! attend my humble call,
Nor let thy sounding hinge our thefts betray;
So all my curses far from thee shall fall:
We angry lovers mean not half we say.

Remember now the flowery wreaths I gave
When first I told thee of my bold desires;
Nor thou, O Cynthia! fear the watchful slave;
Venus will favour what herself inspires.

She guides the youth who see not where they tread;
She shows the virgin how to turn the door:
Softly to steal from off her silent bed,
And not a step betray her on the floor.

The fearless lover wants no beam of light;
The robber knows him, nor obstructs his way:
Sacred he wanders through the pathless night,
Belongs to Venus, and can never stray.

I scorn the chilling wind and beating rain,
Nor heed cold watchings on the dewy ground,
If all the hardships I for love sustain
With love's victorious joys at last be crown'd.

With sudden step let none our bliss surprise,
Or check the freedom of secure delight—
Rash man, beware! and shut thy curious eyes,
Lest angry Venus snatch their guilty sight.

But should'st thou see, the' important secret hide,
Though question'd by the Powers of earth and
heaven;
The prating tongue shall Love's revenge abide,
Still sue for grace, and never be forgiven.

A wizard-dame, the lover's ancient friend,
With magic charm has deaft thy husband's ear;
At her command I saw the stars descend,
And winged lightnings stop in mid career.

I saw her stamp, and cleave the solid ground,
While ghastly spectres round us wildly roam;
I saw them hearken to her potent sound,
Till, scar'd at day, they sought their dreary home.

At her command the vigorous Summer pines,
And wintry clouds obscure the hopeful year;
At her strong bidding gloomy Winter shines,
And vernal roses on the snows appear.

She gave these charms which I on thee bestow;
They dim the eye, and dull the jealous mind;
For me they make a husband nothing know:
For me, and only me, they make him blind.

But what did most this faithful heart surprise,
She boasted that her skill could set it free;
This faithful heart the boasted freedom flies;
How could it venture to abandon thee?

ELEGY VI.

.DJURES DELIA TO PITY HIM BY THEIR FRIEND-
SHIP WITH CÆLIA, WHO WAS LATELY DEAD.

USANDS would seek the lasting peace of death,
in that harbour shun the storm of care;
:ious Hope still holds the fleeting breath;
tells them still—To-morrow will be fair.

tells me, Delia, I shall thee obtain;
can I listen to her syren song,
) seven slow months have dragg'd my painful
chain,
ong thy lover, and despis'd so long?

ll the joys thy dearest Cælia gave,
not her once-lov'd friend unpitied burn;
nay her ashes find a peaceful grave,
. sleep uninjur'd in their sacred urn.

her I first avow'd my timorous flame;
nurs'd my hopes, and taught me how to sue:
still would pity what the wise might blame,
! feel for weakness which she never knew.

do not grieve the dear lamented shade,
t, hovering round us, all my sufferings hears'
is my saint—to her my prayers are made,
h oft repeated gifts of flowers and tears.

ıer sad tomb at midnight I retire,
. lonely sitting by the silent stone,
l it all the griefs my wrongs inspire;
: marble image seems to hear my moan.

Thy friend's pale ghost shall vex thy sleepless bed,
And stand before thee all in virgin white;
That ruthless bosom will disturb the dead,
And call forth pity from eternal night:

'Cease, cruel Man! the mournful theme forbear;
Though much thou suffer, to thyself complain:
Ah! to recal the sad remembrance spare;
One tear from her is more than all thy pain.

ELEGY VII.

ON DELIA'S BEING IN THE COUNTRY, WHERE HE SUPPOSES SHE STAYS TO SEE THE HARVEST.

Now Delia breathes in woods the fragrant air,
Dull are the hearts that still in Town remain;
Venus herself attends on Delia there,
And Cupid sports amid the silvan train.

Oh! with what joy my Delia to behold,
I'd press the spade, or wield the weighty prong,
Guide the slow ploughshare through the stubborn mould,
And patient goad the loitering ox along!

The scorching heats I'd carelessly despise,
Nor heed the blisters on my tender hand:
The great Apollo wore the same disguise,
Like me subdued to Love's supreme command.

No healing herbs could soothe their master's pain;
The art of physic lost and useless lay;
To Peneus' stream, and Tempe's shady plain,
He drove his herds beneath the noontide ray:

a bleating lamb in either arm,
hing Sister saw him pace along;
d his voice the silent valley charm,
ng oxen broke the tender song.

re his triumphs? where his warlike toil?
y his darts the crested Python slain!
re his Delphi, his delightful isle?
himself has grown a cottage-swain.

! in your golden fields no more
vest's cheerful pomp my fair detain—
hat for lost Proserpina you bore,
mother's anguish feel my pain.

r fathers left their fields unsown;
d was acorns, love their sole employ:
t, they lik'd; they staid but till alone,
ach valley snatch'd the honest joy.

ful guard, no doors, to stop desire;
appy times!—But oh! I fondly rave:
to Delia: all her eyes inspire
I'll plough or dig as Delia's slave.

ELEGY VIII.

PAIRS THAT HE SHALL EVER POSSESS DELIA.

t avails thy lover's pious care?
h incense clouds the sky in vain:
lth nor greatness was his idle pray'r;
alone he pray'd, thee hop'd to gain.

With thee I hop'd to waste the pleasing day,
Till in thy arms an age of joy was past,
Then, old with love, insensibly decay,
And on thy bosom gently breathe my last.

I scorn the Lydian river's golden wave,
And all the vulgar charms of human life;
I only ask to live my Delia's slave,
And when I long have serv'd her, call her wife.

I only ask, of her I love possess'd,
To sink, o'ercome with bliss, in safe repose;
To strain her yielding beauties to my breast,
And kiss her wearied eyelids till they close.

Attend, O Juno! with thy sober ear;
Attend, gay Venus! parent of Desire:
This one fond wish if you refuse to hear,
Oh! let me with this sigh of love expire.

ELEGY IX.

HE HAS LOST DELIA.

He who could first two gentle hearts unbind,
And rob a lover of his weeping fair,
Hard was the man; but harder, in my mind,
The lover still, who died not of despair.

With mean disguise, let others nature hide.
And mimic virtue with the paint of art!
I scorn the cheat of reason's foolish pride,
And boast the graceful weakness of my heart.

The more I think, the more I feel my pain,
And learn the more each heavenly charm to prize;
While fools, too light for passion, safe remain,
And dull sensation keeps the stupid wise.

Sad is my day, and sad my lingering night,
When wrapt in silent grief I weep alone:
Delia is lost, and all my past delight
Is now the source of unavailing moan.

Where is the wit that heighten'd beauty's charms?
Where is the face that fed my longing eyes?
Where is the shape that might have bless'd my arms?
Where all those hopes relentless Fate denies?

When spent with endless grief I die at last,
Delia may come and see my poor remains—
Oh, Delia! after such an absence past,
Canst thou still love, and not forget my pains?

Wilt thou in tears thy lovers corse attend,
With eyes averted light the solemn pyre,
Till all around the doleful flames ascend,
Then slowly sinking by degrees expire?

To soothe the hovering soul be thine the care,
With plaintive cries to lead the mournful band,
In sable weeds the golden vase to bear,
And cull my ashes with thy trembling hand!

Panchaia's odours be their costly feast,
And all the pride of Asia's fragrant year:
Give them the treasures of the furthest East,
And, what is still more precious, give thy tear.

Dying for thee there is in death a pride:
Let all the world thy hapless lover know;
No silent urn the noble passion hide,
But, deeply graven, thus my suffering show:

'Here lies a youth borne down with love and care
He could not long his Delia's loss abide;
Joy left his bosom with the parting fair,
And when he durst no longer hope—he died.'

---

*ELEGY X.**

ON DELIA'S BIRTH-DAY.

THIS day, which saw my Delia's beauty rise,
Shall more than all our sacred days be bless'd;
The world, enamour'd of her lovely eyes,
Shall grow as good and gentle as her breast.

By all our guarded sighs and hid desires,
Oh may our guiltless love be still the same!
I burn, and glory in the pleasing fires,
If Delia's bosom share the mutual flame.

Thou happy genius of her natal hour,
Accept her incense, if her thoughts be kind!
But let her court in vain thy angry pow'r,
If all our vows are blotted from her mind.

* See the beautiful little Elegy addressed by Sulpicia to Cerinthus, translated from Tibullus, in Lord Littleton's Poems.

ıou, O Venus! hear my righteous pray'r,
d the shepherdess, or loose the swain:
ther guard them both with equal care,
:t them die together in thy chain.

[demand perhaps her heart desires,
rgin-fears her nicer tongue restrain:
:cret thoughts which blushing Love inspires,
onscious eye can full as well explain.

ELEGY XI.

T LOVERS GOING TO WAR; IN WHICH HE PHI-
PHICALLY PREFERS LOVE AND DELIA TO THE
E SERIOUS VANITIES OF THE WORLD.

an who sharpen'd first the warlike steel,
ell and deadly was his iron heart!
ve the wound encountering nations feel,
eath grew stronger by his fatal art.

ıt from steel debate and battle rose:
ıld o'erturns the even scale of life:
: is free to all; and none were foes,
ırtial Luxury began the strife.

ıoil and victory adorn the bold,
I, inglorious, neither hope nor fear;
the thirst of honour, thirst of gold,
ır my absence Delia lose a tear.

Why should the lover quit his pleasing home
In search of danger on some foreign ground,
Far from his weeping fair ungrateful roam,
And risk in every stroke a double wound?

Ah! better far, beneath the spreading shade
With cheerful friends to drain the sprightly b
To sing the beauties of my darling maid,
And on the sweet idea feast my soul:

Then, full of love, to all her charms, retire,
And fold her blushing to my eager breast,
Till, quite o'ercome with softness, with desire
Like me she pants, she faints, and sinks to res

ELEGY XII.

TO DELIA.

No second love shall e'er my heart surprise;
This solemn league did first our passion bind:
Thou, only thou, canst please thy lover's eyes
Thy voice alone can soothe his troubled mind.

Oh, that thy charms were only fair to me!
Displease all others, and secure my rest.
No need of envy:—Let me happy be,
I little care that others know me bless'd.

With thee in gloomy deserts let me dwell,
Where never human footsteps mark'd the gro
Thou, light of life! all darkness canst expel,
And seem a world, with solitude around.

I say too much—my heedless words restore;
My tongue undoes me in this loving hour:
Thou know'st thy strength, and thence insulting more
Will make me feel the weight of all thy pow'r.

Whate'er I feel, thy slave I will remain,
Nor fly the burden I am form'd to bear:
In chains I'll sit me down at Venus' fane;
She knows my wrongs, and will regard my pray'r.

ELEGY XIII.

HE IMAGINES HIMSELF MARRIED TO DELIA, AND THAT, CONTENT WITH EACH OTHER, THEY ARE RETIRED INTO THE COUNTRY.

Let others boast their heaps of shining gold,
And view their fields with waving plenty crown'd,
Whom neighbouring foes in constant terror hold,
And trumpets break their slumbers, never sound:

While, calmly poor, I trifle life away,
Enjoy sweet leisure by my cheerful fire,
No wanton hope my quiet shall betray,
But, cheaply bless'd, I'll scorn each vain desire.

With timely care I'll sow my little field,
And plant my orchard with its master's hand,
Nor blush to spread the hay, the hook to wield,
Or range my sheaves along the sunny land.

If late at dusk, while carelessly I roam,
I meet a strolling kid or bleating lamb,
Under my arm I'll bring the wanderer home,
And not a little chide its thoughtless dam.

What joy to hear the tempest howl in vain,
And clasp a fearful mistress to my breast!
Or lull'd to slumber by the beating rain,
Secure and happy, sink at last to rest!

Or if the sun in flaming Leo ride,
By shady rivers indolently stray,
And with my Delia, walking side by side,
Hear how they murmur as they glide away!

What joy to wind along the cool retreat,
To stop, and gaze on Delia as I go!
To mingle sweet discourse with kisses sweet,
And teach my lovely scholar all I know.

Thus pleas'd at heart, and not with Fancy's dream,
In silent happiness I rest unknown;
Content with what I am, not what I seem:
I live for Delia and myself alone.

Ah, foolish man! who thus of her possess'd
Could float and wander with Ambition's wind?
And, if his outward trappings spoke him bless'd,
Not heed the sickness of his conscious mind.

With her I scorn the idle breath of Praise,
Nor trust to happiness that's not our own:
The smile of Fortune might suspicion raise,
But here I know that I am lov'd alone.

ıhope,* in wisdom as in wit divine,
r rise and plead Britannia's glorious cause,
h steady rein his eager wit confine,
ile manly sense the deep attention draws:

Stanhope speak his listening Country's wrongs,
humble voice shall please one partial maid;
her alone I pen my tender songs,
urely sitting in his friendly shade.

ıhope shall come and grace his rural friend:
ia shall wonder at her noble guest,
h blushing awe the riper fruit commend,
l for her husband's patron cull the best.

's be the care of all my little train
ile I with tender indolence am bless'd,
: favourite subject of her gentle reign,
love alone distinguish'd from the rest.

her I'll yoke my oxen to the plough,
loomy forests tend my lonely flock;
her a goat-herd climb the mountain's brow,
l, sleep extended on the naked rock.

! what avails to press the stately bed,
l far from her 'mid tasteless grandeur weep;
marble fountains lay the pensive head,
l while they murmur, strive in vain to sleep?

lia alone can please and never tire,
ceed the paint of thought in true delight:
th her enjoyment wakens new desire,
l equal rapture glows through every night.

* Earl of Chesterfield.

Be[illegible] and wo[illegible]n her alike contend
To c[illegible]cy and to fix the mind;
[illegible] my [illegible], [illegible]tress, and my frien
[illegible] joys or [illegible] and reason join'd.

On her I'll gaze when others' loves are e'e
And dying press her with my clay-cold ha
Thou weep'st already as I were no more,
Nor can that gentle breast the thought wit

[illegible] when I die, my latest moments spare,
[illegible] let thy [illegible] harper torments ki
[illegible] nor hurt that flowi
[illegible] soul shall love the

Oh! quit the room; oh! quit the deathful
Or thou wilt die, so tender is thy heart:
Oh! leave me, Delia! ere thou see me de
These weeping friends will do thy mourni

Let them, extended on the decent bier,
Convey the corse in melancholy state,
Through all the village spread the tender
While pitying maids our wondrous loves r

ELEGY XIV.

TO DELIA.

What scenes of bliss my raptur'd fancy fr
In some lone spot with Peace and thee ret
Though reason then my sanguine fondness
I still believ'd what flattering Love inspir'

But now my wrongs have taught my humbled mind
To dangerous bliss no longer to pretend;
In books a calm but fix'd content to find;
Safe joys! that on ourselves alone depend.

With them the gentle moments I beguile
In learned ease and elegant delight,
Compare the beauties of each different style,
Each various ray of Wit's diffusive light.

Now mark the strength of Milton's sacred lines,
Sense rais'd by genius, fancy rul'd by art,
Where all the glory of the Godhead shines,
And earliest innocence enchants the heart.

Now, fir'd by Pope and Virtue, leave the age
In low pursuit of self-undoing wrong;
And trace the author through his moral page,
Whose blameless life still answers to his song.

If time and books my lingering pain can heal,
And reason fix its empire o'er my heart:
My patriot breast a noble warmth shall feel,
And glow with love, where weakness has no part.

Thy heart, O Lyttelton! shall be my guide;
Its fires shall warm me and its worth improve:
Thy heart! above all envy and all pride,
Firm as man's sense, and soft as woman's love.

And you, O West! with her your partner dear,
Whom social mirth and useful sense commend,
With Learning's feast my drooping mind shall cheer,
Glad to escape from Love to such a friend.

But why so long my weaker heart deceive?
Ah! still I love in pride and reason's spite:
No books, alas! my painful thoughts relieve,
And, while I threat, this Elegy I write.

ELEGY XV.

TO DELIA.

In the manner of Ovid.

O SAY, thou dear possessor of my breast!
Where's now my boasted liberty and rest?
Where the gay moments which I once have known?
O, where that heart I fondly thought my own?
From place to place I solitary roam,
Abroad uneasy, nor content at home.
I scorn the beauties common eyes adore;
The more I view them, feel thy worth the more:
Unmov'd I hear them speak, or see them fair,
And only think on thee—who art not there.
In vain would books their formal succour lend;
Nor Wit nor Wisdom can relieve their friend:
Wit can't deceive the pain I now endure,
And Wisdom shows the ill without the cure.
When from thy sight I waste the tedious day,
A thousand schemes I form and things to say;
But when thy presence gives the time I seek,
My heart's so full, I wish, but cannot speak.
And could I speak with eloquence and ease,
Till now not studious of the art to please,
Could I, at woman who so oft exclaim,
Expose (nor blush) thy triumph and my shame.

e those maxims I so lately priz'd,
ourt that sex I foolishly despis'd,
hou hast softn'd my obdurate mind,
hus reveng'd the wrongs of woman kind;
vere my words and fruitless all my pain;
ı to tell thee, all I write in vain:
mble sighs shall only reach thine ears,
ll my eloquence shall be my tears.
l now (for more I never must pretend)
ne not as thy lover, but thy friend:
ands will fain thy little heart ensnare,
ithout danger, none like thee are fair;
sely choose who best deserves thy flame,
ll the choice itself become thy fame;
:t despise, though void of winning art,
lain and honest courtship of the heart:
cilful tongue in Love's persuasive lore,
h less it feels, will please and flatter more,
neanly learned in that guilty trade,
ng abuse a fond unthinking maid.
nce their lips so knowing to deceive,
nexperienc'd youth might soon believe:
nce their tears, in false submission dress'd,
thaw the icy coldness of thy breast;
ıt thine eyes to such deceitful woe:
t by the beauty of thy outward show,
ıe they do not love, whate'er they seem;
ıe—with passion founded on esteem.

ANSWER TO ELEGY XV.

BY THE LATE LORD HERVEY.

Too well these lines that fatal truth declare
Which long I've known, yet now I blush to hear.
But say what hopes thy fond ill-fated love?
What can it hope, though mutual it should prove?
This little form is fair in vain for you,
In vain for me thy honest heart is true;
For wouldst thou fix dishonour on my name,
And give me up to penitence and shame?
Or gild my ruin with the name of Wife,
And make me a poor virtuous wretch for life?
Could'st thou submit to wear the marriage-chain,
(Too sure a cure for all thy present pain)
No saffron robe for us the godhead wears,
His torch inverted and his face in tears.
Though every softer wish were amply crown'd,
Love soon would cease to smile where Fortune
frown'd:
Then would thy soul my fond consent deplore,
And blame what it solicited before;
Thy own exhausted would reproach my truth,
And say I had undone thy blinded youth:
That I had damp'd Ambition's nobler flame,
Eclips'd thy talents and obscur'd thy fame;
To madrigals and odes that wit confin'd,
That would in senates or in courts have shin'd,
Gloriously active in thy country's cause,
Asserting freedom, and enacting laws.
Or say, at best, that negatively kind
You only mourn'd and silently repin'd;

The jealous demons in my own own fond breast
Would all these thoughts incessantly suggest,
And all that sense must feel, though pity had suppress'd.
Yet added grief my apprehension fills
(If there can be addition to those ills)
When they shall cry, whose harsh reproof I dread,
"'Twas thy own deed: thy folly on thy head!"
Age knows not to allow for thoughtless youth,
Nor pities tenderness, nor honours truth;
Holds it romantic to confess a heart,
And says, those virgins act a wiser part,
Who hospitals and bedlams would explore
To find the rich, and only dread the poor;
Who, legal prostitutes, for interest sake
Clodios and Timons to their bosoms take,
And, if avenging Heav'n permit increase,
People the world with folly and disease.
Those titles, deeds, and rent rolls, only wed,
Whilst the best bidder mounts the venal bed;
And the grave aunt and formal sire approve
This nuptial sale, this auction of their love.
But if regard to worth or sense be shown,
That poor degenerate child her friends disown,
Who dares to deviate by a virtuous choice
From her great name's hereditary voice.
These scenes my prudence ushers to my mind
Of all the storms and quicksands I must find,
If I embark upon this summer-sea,
Where Flattery smooths, and Pleasure guilds the way
Had our ill fate ne'er blown thy dangerous flame
Beyond the limits of a friend's cold name,
I might upon that score thy heart receive,
And with that guiltless name my own deceive.

That commerce now in vain you recommend;
I dread the latent lover in the friend:
Of ignorance I want the poor excuse,
And know I both must take, or both refuse.
Here then the safe, the firm resolve I make,
Ne'er to encourage one I must forsake.
Whilst other maids a shameless path pursue,
Neither to interest nor to honour true,
And, proud to swell the triumph of their eyes,
Exult in love from lovers they despise;
Their maxims all revers'd I mean to prove,
And though I like the lover, quit the love.

ELEGY XVI.

TO MR. GEORGE GRENVILLE.

Oh! form'd alike to serve us and to please;
Polite with honesty, and learn'd with ease;
With heart to act, with genius to retire;
Open, yet wise; though gentle, full of fire:
With thee I scorn the low constraint of art,
Nor fear to trust the follies of my heart:
Hear then from what my long despair arose,
The faithful story of a lover's woes.—
When in a sober melancholy hour,
Reduc'd by sickness under reason's power,
I view'd my state, too little weigh'd before,
And Love himself could flatter me no more,
My Delia's hopes I would no more deceive,
But whom my passion hurt through friendship leav
I chose the coldest words my heart to hide,
And cure her sex's weakness through its pride.

The prudence which I taught I ill pursued;
The charm my reason broke my heart renew'd.
Again submissive to her feet I came,
And prov'd too well my passion by my shame;
While she, secure in coldness or disdain,
Forgot my love, or triumph'd in its pain;
Began with higher views her thoughts to raise,
And scorn'd the humble poet of her praise:
She let each little lie o'er truth prevail,
And strengthen'd by her faith each groundless tale;
Believ'd the grossest arts that Malice tried,
Nor once in thought was on her lover's side.
Oh! where were then the scenes of fancied life?
Oh! where the friend, the mistress, and the wife?
Her years of promis'd love were quickly pass'd;
Not two revolving moons could see them last!
To Stowe's delightful scenes I now repair,
In Cobham's smile to lose the gloom of care;
Nor fear that he my weakness should despise,
In nature learned, and humanely wise.
There Pitt,* in manners soft, in friendship warm,
With mild advice my listening grief shall charm:
With sense to counsel and with wit to please;
A Roman's virtue with a courtier's ease.
Nor you, my friend! whose heart is still at rest,
Contemn the human weakness of my breast:
Reason may chide the fault she cannot cure,
And pains which long we scorn'd, we oft endure.
Though wiser cares employ your studious mind,
Form'd with a soul so elegantly kind,
Your breast may lose the calm it long has known,
And learn my woes to pity, by its own.

* William Pitt, first Earl of Chatham.

PROLOGUE

TO LILLO'S ELMERIC.

1740.

No labour'd scenes to-night adorn our stage;
Lillo's plain sense would here the heart enga
He knew no art, no rule; but warmly though
From passion's force, and as he felt he wrote.
His Barnwell once no critic's test could bear,
Yet from each eye still draws the natural tea
With generous candour hear his latest strains
And let kind Pity shelter his remains.
Depress'd by want, afflicted by disease,
Dying he wrote, and dying wish'd to please:-
Oh! may that wish be now humanely paid,
And no harsh critic vex his gentle shade.
'Tis yours his unsupported fame to save,
And bid one laurel grace his humble grave.

SELECT POEMS

OF

WILLIAM SOMERVILE.

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

BY EZEKIEL SANFORD.

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'Tis yours his unsupported
And bid one laurel grace h

LIFE OF SOMERVILE.

ILLIAM SOMERVILE was born, if we may
:ve his own account, upon the banks of the
n, in 1692. He entered Winchester school,
became fellow of New College. His estate
in Warwickshire, where he was known as a
rable poet, a skilful justice of the peace, and
ill more skilful follower of game. He must
: betaken himself to worse courses in the latter
of his life; for, though his income amounted to
en hundred pounds a year, he was, at his death,
roned by the officers of that justice, which he
formerly contributed to administer. His friend
ıstone tells us, that 'he was *forced* to drink him-
into pains of the body, in order to get rid of
pains of the mind.' He died July 19, 1742.
he poetry of Somervile is a smooth and co-
s stream; seldom flowing with rapidity, and
etimes taking a turn, which is little calculated
lvance its progress. He was too fond of blank
e. Words were always at his command; and,
n free from the restraint of rhyme, he was
pted to use them in too great abundance, and
re there is little occasion. He has judiciously
ıen to be the poet of rural life, with which he
most acquainted; and, though he seldom en-
tens us with a new thought, or a new expres-
, it is confessed, that he always writes with a
plete knowledge of his subject.

THE

CHASE.

IN FOUR BOOKS.

ENCOMIUMS ON SOMERVILE.

TO WILLIAM SOMERVILE, ESQ.

ON HIS POEM

CALLED

THE CHASE.

While you, sir, gain the steep ascent to fame,
And honours due to deathless merit claim;
To a weak Muse a kind indulgence lend,
Fond with just praise your labours to commend,
And tell the world, that Somervile's her friend.
Her incense, guiltless of the forms of art,
Breathes all the huntsman's honesty of heart?
Whose fancy still the pleasing scene retains
Of Edric's villa and Ardenna's plains:
Joys, which from change superior charms receiv'd.
The horn hoarse sounding by the lyre reliev'd:
When the day crown'd with rural chaste delight,
Resigns obsequious to the festive night;
The festive night awakes the' harmonious lay,
And in sweet verse recounts the triumphs of the day.
Strange! that the British Muse should leave so long,
The Chase, the sport of Britiain's kings, unsung.
Distinguish'd land? by Heaven indulg'd to breed
The stout sagacious hound, and generous steed'

In vain! while yet no bard adorn'd our isle,
To celebrate the glorious silvan toil.
For this what darling son shall feel thy fire,
God of the' unerring bow, and tuneful lyre?—
Our vows are heard—Attend, ye vocal throng,
Somervile meditates the' adventurous song:
Bold to attempt, and happy to excel,
His numerous verse the huntsman's art shall tell.
From him, ye British youths, a vigorous race,
Imbibe the various science of the Chase;
And while the well-plann'd system you admire,
Know Brunswick only could the work inspire:
A Georgic Muse awaits Augustan days,
And Somerviles will sing, when Fredericks give the bays.

JOHN NIXON.

TO THE AUTHOR

OF

THE CHASE.

Once more, my friend, I touch the trembling lyre
And in my bosom feel poetic fire,
For thee I quit the Law's more rugged ways,
To pay my humble tribute to thy lays.
What, though I daily turn each learned sage,
And labour through the unenlighten'd page:
Wak'd by thy lines, the borrow'd flames I feel,
As flints give fire when aided by the steel.
Though in sulphureous clouds of smoke confin'd,
Thy rural scene springs fresh into my mind:
Thy genius in such colours paints the Chase,
The real to fictitious joys give place.

the wild music charms my ravish'd ear,
lull, how tasteless Handel's notes appear!
'arinelli's self the palm resigns,
:lds—but to the music of thy lines.
nds to poetry can yet be found,
without blushing, sense prefer to sound;
let this soft, this soul-enfeebling band,
warbling, minstrels quit the beggar'd land.
but a momentary joy impart,
ou, who touch the soul, and warm the heart.
.empting do thy silvan sports appear!
wild ambition might vouchsafe an ear;
her fond lust of power a while compose,
'ladly change it for thy sweet repose.
rce, unruly senates, threaten here,
e, no scaffold, to the view appear,
vy, disappointment, and despair.
bless'd vicissitude, whene'er you please,
:ep from exercise to learned ease;
o'er each classic page, each beauty trace,
ıind unwearied in the pleasing Chase.
'ould kind Heaven such happiness bestow,
ols, let knaves, be masters here below!
.eur and place, those baits to catch the wise,
ll their pageant train, I pity and despise.

J. TRACY.

TO WILLIAM SOMERVILE, ESQ.

OF WARWICKSHIRE.

On reading several of his excellent Poems.

BY ALLAN RAMSAY.

Sir, I have read and much admire
  Your Muse's gay and easy flow,
Warm'd with that true Idalian fire
  That gives the bright and cheerful glow.

I con'd each line with joyous care,
  As I can such from sun to sun,
And, like the glutton o'er his fare
  Delicious, thought them too soon done.

The witty smile, nature, and art,
  In all your numbers so combine,
As to complete their just desert,
  And grace them with uncommon shine.

Delighted we your Muse regard,
  When she, like Pindar's, spreads her wings;
And virtue, being its own reward,
  Expresses by 'The Sister Springs.'*

Emotions tender crowd the mind
  When with the royal bard you go,
To sigh in notes divinely kind
  'The mighty fall'n on Mount Gilboa.'

* See Vol. II. Fable xli.

Much surely was the virgin's joy
  Who with the Iliad had your lays,
For ere and since the siege of Troy
  We all delight in love and praise.

These heav'n-born passions, such desire,
  I never yet could think a crime,
But first-rate virtues, which inspire
  The soul to reach at the sublime.

But often men mistake the way,
  And pump for fame by empty boast;
Like your 'Gilt Ass,' who stood to bray,
  Till in a flame his tail he lost.

Him 'The' incurious Bencher' hits
  With his own tale so tight and clean,
That while I read, streams gush, by fits,
  Of hearty laughter from my een.

Old Chaucer, bard of vast ingine,
  Fontaine and Prior, who have sung
Blithe tales the best, had they heard thine
  On Lob, they'd own'd themselves outdone.

The plot's pursued with so much glee,
  The too officious 'Dog and Priest,'
The 'Squire oppress'd,' I own, for me,
  I never heard a better jest.

Pope well describ'd an Ombre game,
  And 'King revenging Captive Queen;'
He merits, but had one more fame
  If author of your 'Bowling-Green.'

You paint your parties, play each bowl,
So natural, just, and with such ease,
That while I read, upon my soul,
I wonder how I chance to please!

Yet I have pleas'd, and please the best;
And laurels sure to me belong,
Since British fair, and 'mongst the best,
Somervile's consort likes my song.

Ravish'd I heard the' harmonious fair
Sing, like a dweller of the sky,
My verses with a Scotian air;
Then saints were not so bless'd as I.

In her the valued charms unite;
She really is what all would seem;
Gracefully handsome, wise, and sweet:
'Tis merit to have her esteem.

Your noble kinsman, her lov'd mate,
Whose worth claims all the world's respect.
Met in her love a smiling fate,
Which has, and must have, good effect.

You both from one great lineage spring,
Both from De Somervile, who came
With William, England's conquering king,
To win fair plains and lasting fame.

Which 'nour he left to's eldest son:
That first-born chief you represent:
His second came to Caledon,
From whom our Somer'ile takes descent.

On him and you may Fate bestow
  Sweet balmy health and cheerful fire,
As long 's ye'd wish to live below,
  Still bless'd with all you would desire.

O, sir! oblige the world, and spread
  In print those and your other lays;
This shall be better'd while they're read,
  And after-ages sound your praise.

I could enlarge—but if I should
  On what you've wrote, my Ode would run
Too great a length—Your thoughts so crowd,
  To note them all I'd ne'er have done.

Accept this offering of a Muse,
  Who on her Pictland hills ne'er tires;
Nor should (when worth invites) refuse
  To sing the person she admires.'

PREFACE.

The old and infirm have at least this privilege, that they can recal to their minds those scenes of joy in which they once delighted; and ruminate over their past pleasures, with a satisfaction almost equal to the first enjoyment. For those ideas, to which any agreeable sensation is annexed, are easily excited; as leaving behind the most strong and permanent impressions. The amusements of our youth are the boast and comfort of our declining years. The ancients carried this notion even yet further, and supposed their heroes in the Elysian fields were fond of the very same diversions they exercised on earth. Death itself could not wean them from the accustomed sports and gaieties of life.

Pars in gramineis exercent membra palæstris,
Contendunt ludo, et fulva luctantur arena:
Pars pedibus plaudunt choreas, et carmina dicunt.
Arma procul currusque virum miratur inanes.
Stant terra defixæ hastæ, passimque soluti
Per campos pascuntur equi. Quæ gratia currum
Armorumque fuit vivis, quæ cura nitentes
Pascere equos, eadem sequitur tellure repostos.

Virg. Æneid VI.

Part on the grassy cirque their pliant limbs
In wrestling exercise, or on the sands
Struggling dispute the prize: part lead the ring,
Or swell the chorus with alternate lays.

The chief their arms admires, their empty ears,
Their lances fix'd in earth. The' unharness'd steeds
Graze unrestrain'd; horses, and ears, and arms,
All the same fond desires, and pleasing cares,
Still haunt their shades, and after death survive:

ope therefore I may be indulged (even by the re grave and censorious part of mankind) if, at leisure hours, I run over, in my elbow-chair, ne of those Chases, which were once the delight a more vigorous age. It is an entertaining, and I conceive) a very innocent amusement. The ult of these rambling imaginations will be found the following poem; which, if equally diverting my readers as to myself, I shall have gained end. I have intermixed the preceptive parts h so many descriptions and digressions in the orgic manner, that I hope they will not be ious. I am sure they are very necessary to be ll understood by any gentleman, who would joy this noble sport in full perfection. In this least I may comfort myself, that I cannot tres- s upon their patience more than Markham, me, and the other prose-writers upon this ject.

t is most certain, that hunting was the exercise the greatest heroes in antiquity. By this they med themselves for war; and their exploits inst wild beasts were a prelude to their other tories. Xenophon says, that almost all the ant nt heroes, Nestor, Theseus, Castor, Pollux, ysses, Diomedes, Achilles, &c. were *Μαθηταὶ κυνηγεσίων*, 'disciples of hunting;' being taught care- ly that art, as what would be highly serviceable them in military discipline. (*Xen. Cynegetic.*) d Pliny observes, those who were designed for

great captains, were first taught *certare cum cibus feris curru, cum audacibus robore, cum astu:* to contest with the swiftest wild be speed; with the boldest, in strength; wi most cunning, in craft and subtility. *(Plin. gyr.)* And the Roman emperors, in those ments they erected to transmit their acti future ages, made no scruple to join the glo the Chase to their most celebrated tri Neither were their poets wanting to do jus this heroic exercise. Beside that of Opp Greek, we have several poems in Latin hunting. Gratius was contemporary with as appears by this verse,

Aptaque venati Gratius arma dabit.
LIB. IV. FO

Gratius shall arm the huntsman for the chase.

But of his works only some fragments r There are many others of more modern Amongst these, Nemesianus; who seems very superior to Gratius, though of a more dege age. But only a fragment of his first book i served. We might indeed have expected t seen it treated more at large by Virgil in hi Georgic, since it is expressly part of his s But he has favoured us only with ten verse what he says of dogs, relates wholly to greyl and mastiffs:

Veloces Spartæ catulos, acremque Molossum.
GEO

The greyhound swift, and mastiff's furious breed.

And he directs us to feed them with butte *Pasce* sero *pingui*. He has, it is true, v

pon the chase in the 4th and 7th books of the
Æneid: but it is evident, that the art of hunting
very different now from what it was in his
ays, and very much altered and improved in these
tter ages. It does not appear to me that the
cients had any notion of pursuing wild beasts by
e scent only, with a regular and well-disciplined
ack of hounds; and therefore they must have
ssed for poachers amongst our modern sports-
en. The muster-roll given us by Ovid, in his
ory of Actæon, is of all sorts of dogs, and of all
untries. And the description of the ancient
nting, as we find it in the antiquities of Pere de
Montfaucon, taken from the sepulchre of the Na-
s, and the arch of Constantine, has not the least
ace of the manner now in use.

Whenever the ancients mention dogs followed
the scent, they mean no more than finding out
e game by the nose of one single dog. This was
much as they knew of the *odora canum vis.*
hus Nemesianus says,

> *Odorato noscunt vestigia prato,*
> *Atque etiam leporum secreta cubilia monstrant.*

> They challenge on the mead the recent stains,
> And trail the hare unto her secret form.

ppian has a long description of these dogs in his
st book, from ver. 479 to 526. And here,
ough he seems to describe the hunting of the
re by the scent through many turnings and wind-
gs, yet he really says no more than that one
those hounds, which he calls ἐχνεύλαγες, finds out
e game. For he follows the scent no further
an the hare's form; from whence, after he has

started her, he pursues her by sight. I am indebted for these two last remarks to a reverend and very learned gentleman, whose judgment in the *belles lettres* nobody disputes, and whose approbation gave me the assurance to publish this poem.

Oppian also observes, that the best sort of these finders were brought from Britain; this island having always been famous (as it is at this day) for the best breed of hounds, for persons the best skilled in the art of hunting, and for horses the most enduring to follow the chase. It is therefore strange, that none of our poets have yet thought it worth their while to treat of this subject; which is without doubt very noble in itself, and very well adapted to receive the most beautiful turns of poetry. Perhaps our poets have no great genius for hunting. Yet I hope my brethren of the couples, by encouraging this first but imperfect essay, will show the world they have at least some taste for poetry.

The ancients esteemed Hunting, not only as a manly and warlike exercise, but as highly conducive to health. The famous Galen recommends it above all others, as not only exercising the body, but giving delight and entertainment to the mind. And he calls the inventors of this art wise men, and well-skilled in human nature. (*Lib. de parvæ pilæ exercitio.*)

The gentlemen, who are fond of a jingle at the close of every verse, and think no poem truly musical but what is in rhyme, will here find themselves disappointed. If they be pleased to read over the short preface before the Paradise Lost,

Mr. Smith's poem in memory of his friend Mr. John Philips, and the Archbishop of Cambray's letter to Monsieur Fontenelle, they may probably be of another opinion. For my own part, I shall not be ashamed to follow the example of Milton, Philips, Thomson, and all our best tragic writers.

Some few terms of art are dispersed here and there; but such only as are absolutely requisite to explain my subject. I hope in this the critics will excuse me; for I am humbly of opinion, that the affectation, and not the necessary use, is the proper object of their censure.

But I have done. I know the impatience of my brethren, when a fine day, and the concert of the kennel, invite them abroad. I shall therefore leave my reader to such diversion, as he may find in the poem itself.

En age, segnes,
Rumpe moras; vocat ingenti clamore Cithæron,
Taygetique canes, domitrixque Epidaurus equorum;
Et vox assensu memorum ingeminata remugit.
Virg. Georg. III.

Hark, away,
Cast far behind the lingering cares of life.
Citharon calls aloud, and in full cry
Thy hounds, Taygetus. Epidaurus trains
For us the generous steed; the hunter's shouts.
And cheering cries, assenting woods return.

THE CHASE.

BOOK I.

ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed.—Address to his Royal Highness Frederick Prince of Wales.—The origin of hunting.—The rude and unpolished manner of the first hunters.—Beasts at first hunted for food and sacrifice.—The grant made by God to man, of the beasts, &c.—The regular manner of hunting first brought into this island by the Normans.—The best hounds and best horses bred here.—The advantage of this exercise to us, as islanders.—Address to gentlemen of estates.—Situation of the kennel and its several courts.—The diversion and employment of hounds in the kennel.—The different sorts of hounds for each different chase.—Description of a perfect hound.—Of sizing and sorting of hounds, the middle-sized hound recommended.—Of the large deep-mouthed hound, for hunting the stag and otter.—Of the lime-hound; their use on the borders of England and Scotland.—A physical account of scents.—Of good and bad scenting days.—A short admonition to my brethren of the couples.

The Chase I sing, hounds, and their various breed,
And no less various use. O thou, great Prince!
Whom Cambria's towering hills proclaim their lord,
Deign thou to hear my bold, instructive song.
While grateful citizens with pompous show
Rear the triumphal arch, rich with the' exploits
Of thy illustrious house; while virgins pave
Thy way with flowers, and, as the royal Youth

Passing they view, admire, and sigh in vain;
While crowded theatres, too fondly proud
Of their exotic minstrels, and shrill pipes,
The price of manhood, hail thee with a song,
And airs soft warbling; my hoarse-sounding horn
Invites thee to the Chase, the sport of kings;
Image of war, without its guilt. The Muse
Aloft on wing shall soar, conduct with care
Thy foaming courser o'er the steepy rock,
Or on the river bank receive thee safe,
Light-bounding o'er the wave, from shore to shore
Be thou our great protector, gracious Youth!
And if in future times, some envious prince,
Careless of right and guileful, should invade
Thy Britain's commerce, or should strive in vain
To wrest the balance from thy equal hand;
Thy hunter-train, in cheerful green array'd,
(A band undaunted, and inur'd to toils)
Shall compass thee around, die at thy feet,
Or hew thy passage through the' embattled foe,
And clear thy way to fame; inspir'd by thee,
The nobler chase of glory shall pursue [death.
Through fire, and smoke, and blood, and fields of
Nature, in her productions slow, aspires
By just degrees to reach perfection's height:
So mimic art works leisurely, till time
Improve the piece, or wise experience give
The proper finishing. When Nimrod bold,
That mighty hunter, first made war on beasts,
And stain'd the woodland green with purple dye,
New and unpolish'd was the huntsman's art;
No stated rule, his wanton will his guide.
With clubs and stones, rude implements of war,
He arm'd his savage bands, a multitude

Untrain'd; of twining osiers form'd, they pitch
Their artless toils, then range the desert hills,
And scour the plains below; the trembling herd
Start at the' unusual sound, and clamorous shout
Unheard before; surpris'd, alas! to find [lord,
Man now their foe, whom erst they deem'd their
But mild and gentle, and by whom as yet
Secure they graz'd. Death stretches o'er the plain
Wide-wasting, and grim slaughter red with blood:
Urg'd on by hunger keen, they wound, they kill,
Their rage licentious knows no bound; at last
Encumber'd with their spoils, joyful they bear
Upon their shoulders broad, the bleeding prey.
Part on their altars smokes a sacrifice
To that all-gracious Power, whose bounteous hand
Supports his wide creation; what remains
On living coals they broil, inelegant
Of taste, nor skill'd as yet in nicer arts
Of pamper'd luxury. Devotion pure,
And strong necessity, thus first began
The chase of beasts; though bloody was the deed,
Yet without guilt: for the green herb alone
Unequal to sustain man's labouring race,
Now every moving thing that liv'd on earth
Was granted him for food.* So just is heaven!
To give us in proportion to our wants.
  Or chance or industry in after-times
Some few improvements made, but short as yet
Of due perfection. In this isle remote
Our painted ancestors were slow to learn,
To arms devote, of the politer arts
Nor skill'd nor studious; till from Neustria's coasts

* Gen. chap. ix. ver. 3.

Victorious William, to more decent rules
Subdued our Saxon fathers, taught to speak
The proper dialect, with horn and voice
To cheer the busy hound, whose well-known cry
His listening peers approve with joint acclaim.
From him successive huntsmen learn'd to join
In bloody social leagues, the multitude
Dispers'd, to size, to sort their various tribes,
To rear, feed, hunt, and discipline the pack.
  Hail, happy Britain! highly-favour'd isle,
And Heaven's peculiar care! to thee 'tis given
To train the sprightly steed, more fleet than those
Begot by winds, or the celestial breed
That bore the great Pelides through the press
Of heroes arm'd, and broke their crowded ranks;
Which proudly neighing, with the sun begins
Cheerful his course; and ere his beams decline,
Has measur'd half thy surface unfatigued.
In thee alone, fair land of liberty!
Is bred the perfect hound, in scent and speed
As yet unrivall'd, while in other climes
Their virtue fails, a weak degenerate race.
In vain malignant steams, and winter fogs
Load the dull air, and hover round our coasts;
The huntsman ever gay, robust, and bold,
Defies the noxious vapour, and confides
In this delightful exercise, to raise
His drooping herd, and cheer his heart with joy.
  Ye vigorous youths, by smiling fortune bless'd
With large demesnes, hereditary wealth,
Heap'd copious by your wise forefather's care,
Hear and attend! while I the means reveal
To' enjoy those pleasures, for the weak too strong,
Too costly for the poor; to rein the steed

Swift-stretching o'er the plain, to cheer the peak
Opening in concerts of harmonious joy,
But breathing death. What though the gripe [illegible]
Of brazen-fisted Time, and slow disease
Creeping through every vein, and nerve [illegible]
Afflict my shatter'd frame, undaunted still,
Fix'd as a mountain rock, that braves the [illegible]
Of angry Jove; though blasted, yet unfallen
Still can my soul in Fancy's mirror view
Deeds glorious once, recal the joyous scene
In all its splendours deck'd, o'er the full bowl
Recount my triumphs past, urge others the
With hand and voice, and point the winding way
Pleas'd with that social sweet gaeuity,
The poor disbanded veteran's sole delight!

First let the kennel be the huntsman's care
Upon some little eminence erect,
And fronting to the ruddy dawn; its courts
On either hand wide-opening to receive
The sun's all-cheering beams, when mild he shine
And gilds the mountain tops. For much the pac
(Rous'd from their dark alcoves) delight to stretc
And bask, in his invigorating ray:
Warn'd by the streaming light, and merry lark,
Forth rush the jolly clan; with tuneful throats
They carol loud, and in grand chorus join'd
Salute the new-born day. For not alone
The vegetable world, but men and brutes
Own his reviving influence, and joy
At his approach. Fountain of light! if chance
Some envious cloud veil thy refulgent brow,
In vain the muse's aid; untouch'd, unstrung,
Lies my mute harp, and thy desponding bard
Sits darkly musing o'er the' unfinish'd lay.

Let no Corinthian pillars prop the dome,
vain expense, on charitable deeds
etter dispos'd, to clothe the tatter'd wretch
Vho shrinks beneath the blast, to feed the poor
inch'd with afflictive want: for use, not state,
racefully plain, let each apartment rise.
'er all let cleanliness preside, no scraps
estrew the pavement, and no half-pick'd bones,
o kindle fierce debate, or to disgust
hat nicer sense, on which the sportsman's hope,
nd all his future triumphs, must depend.
on as the growling pack with eager joy
ave lapp'd their smoking viands, morn or eve,
om the full cistern lead the ductile streams,
o wash thy court well-pav'd, nor spare thy pains,
r much to health will cleanliness avail.
ek'st thou for hounds to climb the rocky steep,
d brush the' entangled covert, whose nice scent
er greasy fallows, and frequented roads
n pick the dubious way? Banish far off
ch noisome stench, let no offensive smell
vade thy wide inclosure, but admit
e nitrous air and purifying breeze.
Water and shade no less demand thy care:
a large square the' adjacent field inclose,
ere plant in equal ranks the spreading elm,
fragrant lime; most happy thy design,
at the bottom of thy spacious court,
large canal, fed by the crystal brook,
om its transparent bosom shall reflect
wnward thy structure and inverted grove.
re when the sun's too potent gleams annoy
e crowded kennel, and the drooping pack,
stless and faint, loll their unmoisten'd tongues,

And drop their feeble tails; to cooler shades
Lead forth the panting tribe; soon shalt thou find
The cordial breeze their fainting hearts revive:
Tumultuous soon they plunge into the stream,
There lave their reeking sides, with greedy joy
Gulp down the flying wave, this way and that
From shore to shore they swim, while clamour loud
And wild uproar torments the troubled flood:
Then on the sunny bank they roll and stretch
Their dripping limbs, or else in wanton rings
Coursing around, pursuing and pursued,
The merry multitude disporting play.
  But here with watchful and observant eye
Attend their frolics, which too often end
In bloody broils and death. High o'er thy head
Wave thy resounding whip, and with a voice
Fierce-menacing o'er-rule the stern debate,
And quench their kindling rage; for oft in sport
Begun, combat ensues; growling they snarl,
Then on their hanches rear'd, rampant they seize
Each other's throats, with teeth, and claws, in gore
Besmear'd, they wound, they tear, till on the ground,
Panting, half dead the conquer'd champion lies:
Then sudden all the base ignoble crowd
Loud-clamouring seize the helpless worried wretch,
And thirsting for his blood, drag different ways
His mangled carcass on the' ensanguin'd plain.
O breasts of pity void! to' oppress the weak,
To point your vengeance at the friendless head,
And with one mutual cry insult the fall'n!
Emblem too just of man's degenerate race.
  Others apart by native instinct led,
Knowing instructor! 'mong the rankest grass

ı salubrious plant, with bitter juice
ve stor'd, and potent to allay
ious ferment. Thus the hand divine
lence, beneficent and kind
s creatures, for the brutes prescribes
remedy, and is himself
eat physician. Now grown stiff with age,
y a painful chase, the wise old hound,
ss of the frolick pack, attends
er's side, or slumbers at his ease
the bending shade; there many a ring
r in dreams; now on the doubtful foil
perplex'd, or doubles intricate
unfolds; then, wing'd with all his speed,
'er the lawn to seize his panting prey;
nperfect whimpering speaks his joy.
rent hound for every different chase
ith judgment; nor the timorous hare
h'd destroy, but leave that vile offence
ean, murderous, coursing crew; intent
and spoil. O blast their hopes, just Heav'n!
heir painful drudgeries repay
ppointment and severe remorse.
and thou thy pleasures, and give scope
r subtle play; by nature led
nd shifts she tries; to' unravel these
ustrious beagle twists his waving tail:
all her labyrinths pursues, and rings
ful knell. See there with countenace blithe,
a courtly grin, the fawning hound
hee cowering, his wide opening nose
he curls, and his large sloe-black eyes
oft blandishments, and humble joy;
y skin, or yellow-pied, or blue,

In lights or shades by nature's pencil drawn,
Reflects the various tints; his ears and legs
Fleckt here and there, in gay enamell'd pride,
Rival the speckled pard; his rush-grown tail
O'er his broad back bends in an ample arch;
On shoulders clean, upright and firm he stands;
His round cat foot, strait hams, and wide-spread thighs,
And his low-dropping chest, confess his speed,
His strength, his wind, or on the steepy hill,
Or far-extended plain: in every part
So well proportion'd, that the nicer skill
Of Phidias himself can't blame thy choice.
Of such compose thy pack. But here a mean
Observe, nor the large hound prefer, of size
Gigantic; he in the' thick-woven covert
Painfully tugs, or in the thorny brake
Torn and embarrass'd bleeds: but if too small,
The pigmy brood in every furrow swims;
Moil'd in the clogging clay, panting they lag
Behind inglorious; or else shivering creep
Benumb'd and faint beneath the sheltering thorn
For hounds of middle size, active and strong,
Will better answer all thy various ends,
And crown thy pleasing labours with success.
As some brave captain, curious and exact,
By his fix'd standard forms in equal ranks
His gay battalion; as one man they move
Step after step, their size the same, their arms
Far-gleaming, dart the same united blaze:
Reviewing generals his merit own;
How regular! how just! and all his cares
Are well repaid, if mighty George approve.
So model thou thy pack, if honour touch

Thy generous soul, and the world's just applause.
But above all take heed, nor mix thy hounds
Of different kinds; discordant sounds shall grate
Thy ears offended, and a lagging line
Of babbling curs disgrace thy broken pack.
But if the' amphibious otter be thy chase,
Or stately stag, that o'er the woodland reigns;
Or if the' harmonious thunder of the field
Delight thy ravish'd ears; the deep-flew'd hound
Breed up with care, strong, heavy, slow, but sure;
Whose ears down-hanging from his thick round head
Shall sweep the morning dew, whose clanging voice
Awake the mountain echo in her cell,
And shake the forests; the bold talbot kind
Of these the prime, as white as Alpine snows;
And great their use of old. Upon the banks
Of Tweed, slow winding through the vale, the seat
Of war and rapine once, ere Britons knew
The sweets of peace, or Anna's dread commands
To lasting leagues the haughty rivals aw'd;
There dwelt a pilfering race, well train'd and skill'd
In all the mysteries of theft, the spoil
Their only substance, feuds and war their sport:
Not more expert in every fraudful art
The' arch* felon was of old, who by the tail
Drew back his lowing prize; in vain his wiles,
In vain the shelter of the covering rock,
In vain the sooty cloud, and ruddy flames
That issued from his mouth; for soon he paid
His forfeit life; a debt how justly due
To wrong'd Alcides, and avenging Heav'n!

* Cacus, Virg. Æn. Lib. VIII.

Veil'd in the shades of night they find the stream,
Then prowling far and near, whate'er they raise
Becomes their prey; nor flocks nor herds are safe
Nor stalls protect the steer, nor strong door'd door
Secure the favourite horse. Soon as the morn
Reveals his wrongs, with ghastly visage wan,
The plunder'd owner stands, and from his lips
A thousand thronging curses burst their way;
He calls his stout allies, and in a line
His faithful hound he leads, then with a voice
That utters loud his rage, attentive cheers:
Soon the sagacious brute, his curling tail
Flourish'd in air, low-bending plies around
His busy nose, the steaming vapour snuffs
Inquisitive, nor leaves one turf untried,
Till conscious of the recent stains, his heart
Beats quick; his snuffling nose, his active tail
Attest his joy; then with deep opening mouth
That makes the welkin tremble, he proclaims
The' audacious felon; foot by foot he marks
His winding way, while all the listening crowd
Applaud his reasonings. O'er the watery ford,
Dry sandy heaths, and stony barren hills,
O'er beaten paths, with men and beasts distain'd,
Unerring he pursues; till at the cot
Arriv'd, and seizing by his guilty throat
The caitiff vile, redeems the captive prey:
So exquisitely delicate his sense!
Should some more curious sportsman here inquire
Whence this sagacity, this wondrous pow'r
Of tracing step by step, or man or brute?
What guide invisible points out their way,
O'er the dank marsh, bleak hill, and sandy plain?
The courteous Muse shall the dark cause reveal.

The blood that from the heart incessant rolls
In many a crimson tide, then here and there
In smaller rills disparted as it flows
Propell'd, the serous particles evade
Through the' open pores, and with the ambient air
Entangling mix. As fuming vapours rise,
And hang upon the gently purling brook,
There by the' incumbent atmosphere compress'd:
The panting chase grows warmer as he flies,
And through the net-work of the skin perspires;
Leaves a long-streaming trail behind, which by
The cooler air condens'd, remains, unless
By some rude storm dispers'd, or rarefied
By the meridian sun's intenser heat.
To every shrub the warm effluvia cling,
Hang on the grass, impregnate earth and skies.
With nostrils opening wide, o'er hill, o'er dale,
The vigorous hounds pursue, with every breath
Inhale the grateful steam, quick pleasures sting
Their tingling nerves, while they their thanks repay,
And in triumphant melody confess
The titillating joy. Thus on the air
Depend the hunter's hopes. When ruddy streaks
At eve forbode a blustering stormy day,
Or lowering clouds blacken the mountain's brow;
When nipping frosts, and the keen biting blasts
Of the dry parching east, menace the trees
With tender blossoms teeming; kindly spare
Thy sleeping pack, in their warm beds of straw
Low-sinking at their ease: listless they shrink
Into some dark recess, nor hear thy voice
Though oft invok'd; or haply if thy call
Rouse up the slumbering tribe, with heavy eyes,
Glaz'd, lifeless, dull, downward they drop their tails

Inverted; high on their bent backs erect
Their pointed bristles stare, or 'mong the tufts
Of ranker weeds, each stomach-healing plant
Curious they crop, sick, spiritless, forlorn.
These inauspicious days, in other cares
Employ thy precious hours; the' improving friends
With open arms embrace, and from his lips
Glean science, season'd with good-natur'd wit.
But if the' inclement skies and angry Jove
Forbid the pleasing intercourse, thy books
Invite thy ready hand, each sacred page
Rich with the wise remarks of heroes old.
Converse familiar with the' illustrious dead;
With great examples of old Greece or Rome
Enlarge thy free-born heart, and bless kind Heaven
That Britain yet enjoys dear liberty,
That balm of life, that sweetest blessing, cheap
Though purchas'd with our blood. Well-bred, polite,
Credit thy calling. See! how mean, how low,
The bookless sauntering youth, proud of the skill
That dignifies his cap, his flourish'd belt,
And rusty couples jingling by his side.
Be thou of other mould; and know that such
Transporting pleasures were by Heaven ordain'd
Wisdom's relief, and virtue's great reward.

BOOK II.

ARGUMENT.

Of the power of instinct in Brutes.—Two remarkable instances in the hunting of the roebuck, and in the hare going to seat in the morning.—Of the variety of seats or forms of the hare, according to the change of the season, weather, or wind.—Description of the hare-hunting in all its parts, interspersed with rules to be observed by those who follow that chase.—Transition to the Asiatic way of hunting, particularly the magnificent manner of the Great Mogul, and other Tartarian princes; taken from Monsieur Bernier, and the history of Gengiskan the Great.—Concludes with a short reproof of tyrants and oppressors of mankind.

Nor will it less delight the' attentive sage
To' observe that instinct, which unerring guides
The brutal race, which mimics reason's lore
And oft transcends: Heav'n-taught, the roe-buck
Loiters at ease before the driving pack, [swift
And mocks their vain pursuit; nor far he flies,
But checks his ardour, till the steaming scent
That freshens on the blade provokes their rage.
Urg'd to their speed, his weak deluded foes
Soon flag fatigued; strain'd to excess each nerve,
Each slacken'd sinew fails; they pant, they foam;
Then o'er the lawn he bounds, o'er the high hills
Stretches secure, and leaves the scatter'd crowd
To puzzle in the distant vale below.
'Tis instinct that directs the jealous hare
To choose her soft abode: with step revers'd
She forms the doubling maze; then, ere the morn
Peeps through the clouds, leaps to her close recess.

As wandering shepherds on the' Arabian plains
No settled residence observe, but shift
Their moving camp; now, on some cooler hill
With cedars crown'd, court the refreshing breeze;
And then, below, where trickling streams distil
From some penurious source, their thirst allay,
And feed their fainting flocks: so the wise hares
Oft quit their seats, lest some more curious eye
Should mark their haunts, and by dark treacherous [wiles
Plot their destruction; or perchance in hopes
Of plenteous forage, near the ranker mead
Or matted blade, wary, and close they sit.
When Spring shines forth, season of love and joy,
In the moist marsh, 'mong beds of rushes hid,
They cool their boiling blood; when summer suns
Bake the cleft earth, to thick wide-waving fields
Of corn full grown, they lead their helpless young:
But when autumnal torrents, and fierce rains
Deluge the vale, in the dry crumbling bank
Their forms they delve, and cautiously avoid
The dripping covert. Yet when winter's cold
Their limbs benumbs, thither with speed return'd
In the long grass they skulk, or shrinking creep
Among the wither'd leaves; thus changing still,
As fancy prompts them, or as food invites.
But every season carefully observ'd,
The' inconstant winds, the fickle element,
The wise experienc'd huntsman soon may find
His subtle, various game, nor waste in vain
His tedious hours, till his impatient hounds,
With disappointment vex'd, each springing lark
Babbling pursue, far scatter'd o'er the fields.

Now golden Autumn from her open lap
Her fragrant bounties show'rs; the fields are shorn;

Inwardly smiling, the proud farmer views
The rising pyramids that grace his yard,
And counts his large increase; his barns are stor'd,
And groaning stadles bend beneath their load.
All now is free as air, and the gay pack
In the rough bristly stubbles range unblam'd;
No widow's tears o'erflow, no secret curse
Swells in the farmer's breast, which his pale lips
Trembling conceal, by his fierce landlord aw'd:
But courteous now he levels every fence,
Joins in the common cry, and halloos loud,
Charm'd with the rattling thunder of the field.
Oh bear me, some kind power invisible!
To that extended lawn, where the gay court
View the swift racers, stretching to the goal;
Games more renown'd, and a far nobler train,
Than proud Elean fields could boast of old.
Oh! were a Theban lyre not wanting here,
And Pindar's voice, to do their merit right!
Or to those spacious plains, where the strain'd eye,
In the wide prospect lost, beholds at last
Sarum's proud spire, that o'er the hills ascends,
And pierces through the clouds. Or to thy downs,
Fair Cotswold, where the well-breath'd beagle climbs,
With matchless speed, thy green aspiring brow,
And ves the lagging multitude behind.
Hail, gentle Dawn! mild blushing goddess, hail!
Rejoic'd I see thy purple mantle spread
O'er half the skies; gems pave thy radiant way,
And orient pearls from every shrub depend.
Farewell, Cleora; here deep sunk in down
Slumber secure, with happy dreams amus'd,
Till grateful steams shall tempt thee to receive

Thy early meal, or thy officious maids,
The toilet plac'd, shall urge thee to perform
The' important work. Me other joys invite;
The horn sonorous calls, the pack awak'd
Their matins chant, nor brook my long delay.
My courser hears their voice; see there, with ears
And tail erect, neighing he paws the ground;
Fierce rapture kindles in his reddening eyes,
And boils in every vein. As captive boys,
Cow'd by the ruling rod, and haughty frowns
Of pedagogues severe, from their hard tasks
If once dismiss'd, no limits can contain
The tumults rais'd within their little breasts,
But give a loose to all their frolic play:
So from their kennel rush the joyous pack;
A thousand wanton gaieties express
Their inward ecstasy, their pleasing sport
Once more indulg'd, and liberty restor'd.
The rising sun that o'er the' horizon peeps,
As many colours from their glossy skins
Beaming reflects, as paint the various bow
When April showers descend. Delightful scene!
Where all around is gay; men, horses, dogs,
And in each smiling countenance appears
Fresh-blooming health, and universal joy.

Huntsman, lead on! behind the clustering pack
Submiss attend, hear with respect thy whip
Loud clanging, and thy harsher voice obey:
Spare not the straggling cur that wildly roves,
But let thy brisk assistant on his back
Imprint thy just resentments; let each lash
Bite to the quick, till howling he return,
And whining creep amid the trembling crowd.

Here on this verdant spot, where Nature kind,

With double blessings crowns the farmer's hopes;
Where flowers autumnal spring, and the rank mead
Affords the wandering hares a rich repast;
Throw off thy ready pack. See where they spread
And range around, and dash the glittering dew.
If some stanch hound, with his authentic voice,
Avow the recent trail, the justling tribe
Attend his call, then with one mutual cry
The welcome news confirm, and echoing hills
Repeat the pleasing tale. See how they thread
The brakes, and up yon furrow drive along!
But quick they back recoil, and wisely check
Their eager haste; then o'er the fallow'd ground
How leisurely they work, and many a pause
The' harmonious concert breaks; till more assur'd,
With joy redoubled the low valleys ring.
What artful labyrinths perplex their way!
Ah! there she lies: how close! she pants, she doubts
If now she lives; she trembles as she sits,
With horror seiz'd. The wither'd grass that clings
Around her head, of the same russet hue,
Almost deceiv'd my sight, had not her eyes
With life full-beaming her vain wiles betray'd.
At distance draw thy pack, let all be hush'd;
No clamour loud, no frantic joy be heard;
Lest the wild hound run gadding o'er the plain
Untractable, nor hear thy chiding voice.
Now gently put her off; see how direct [bring
To her known mew she flies! Here, huntsman,
(But without hurry) all thy jolly hounds,
And calmy lay them in. How low they stoop,
And seem to plough the ground! then all at once
With greedy nostrils snuff the fuming steam
That glads their fluttering hearts. As winds let loose

From the dark caverns of the blustering god,
They burst away, and sweep the dewy lawn:
Hope gives them wings, wh[illegible]the's spur'd on by fam
The welkin rings; men, d[illegible] hills, rocks, and woods
In the full concert join. [illegible]w, my brave youths,
Stripp'd for the chase, give all your souls to joy!
See how their coursers, than the mountain-roe
More fleet, the verdant [illegible]et skim, thick clouds
Snorting they breathe, their shining heels scarce
The grass unbruis'd; with emulation fir'd [pain
They strain to lead the field, top the barr'd gate;
O'er the deep ditch exulting bound, and brush
The thorny-twining hedge: the riders bend
O'er their arch'd necks; with steady hands, by turns
Indulge their speed, or moderate their rage.
Where are their sorrows, disappointments, wrongs,
Vexations, sickness, cares? All, all are gone,
And with the panting winds lag far behind.

Huntsman! her gait observe; if in wide rings
She wheel her mazy way, in the same round
Persisting still, she'll foil the beaten track.
But if she fly, and with the favouring wind
Urge her bold course; less intricate thy task:
Push on thy pack. Like some poor exil'd wretch
The frighted chase leaves her late dear abodes,
O'er plains remote she stretches far away;
Ah! never to return! for greedy Death
Hovering exults, secure to seize his prey.

Hark! from yon covert, where those towering [oaks
Above the humble copse aspiring rise,
What glorious triumphs burst in every gale
Upon our ravish'd ears! the hunters shout,
The clanging horns swell their sweet-winding notes
The pack wide-opening load the trembling air

ıs melody; from tree to tree
gated cry redoubling bounds,
d zephyrs waft the floating joy
l the regions near: afflictive birch
ıe school-boy dreads, his prison broke,
; he flies, nor heeds his master's call;
traveller forgets his road,
the' adjacent hill; the ploughman leaves
sh'd furrow; nor his bleating flocks
ıe shepherd's joy; men, boys, and girls
unpeopled village; and wild crowds
r the plain, by the sweet frenzy seiz'd.
she pants! and o'er yon opening glade
ing by; while, at the further end,
ng pack unravel wile by wile,
n maze. The covert's utmost bound
:irts; behind them cautious creeps,
: very track, so lately stain'd
ıteaming crowd, seems to pursue
: flies. Let cavillers deny
ı have reason; sure 'tis something more,
n directs, and stratagem inspires,
: short extent of human thought.
—I see her from the covert break;
little eminence she sits;
listens with one ear erect,
and doubtful what new course to take,
ɔ' escape the fierce blood-thirsty crew,
rge on, and still in volleys loud
voes, and mock her sore distress.
louder peals the loaded winds
ıe gathering storm, her fears prevail;
ıe plain, and o'er the mountain's ridge,
ies; nor ships with wind and tide,

And all their canvass-wings, skud half so fast.
Once more, ye jovial train, your courage try,
And each clean courser's speed. We scour along,
In pleasing hurry and confusion toss'd;
Oblivion to be wish'd. The patient pack
Hang on the scent unwearied; up they climb,
And ardent we pursue; our labouring steeds
We press, we gore; till once the summit gain'd,
Painfully panting, there we breathe awhile;
Then like a foaming torrent, pouring down
Precipitant, we smoke along the vale.
Happy the man, who with unrivall'd speed
Can pass his fellows, and with pleasure view
The struggling pack; how in the rapid course
Alternate they preside, and justling push
To guide the dubious scent; how giddy youth
Oft babbling errs, by wiser age reprov'd;
How, niggard of his strength, the wise old hound
Hangs in the rear, till some important point
Rouse all his diligence, or till the chase
Sinking he finds; then to the head he springs,
With thirst of glory fir'd, and wins the prize.
Huntsman, take heed; they stop in full career.
Yon crowding flocks, that at a distance gaze,
Have haply foil'd the turf. See! that old hound.
How busily he works, but dares not trust
His doubtful sense; draw yet a wider ring.
Hark! now again the chorus fills. As bells
Sallied a while at once their peal renew,
And high in air the tuneful thunder rolls.
See, how they toss, with animated rage
Recovering all they lost!—That eager haste
Some doubling wile foreshows.—Ah! yet once more
They're check'd;—hold back with speed—on either
hand

They flourish round—ev'n yet persist—'Tis right;
Away they spring; the rustling stubbles bend
Beneath the driving storm. Now the poor chase
Begins to flag, to her last shifts reduc'd.
From brake to brake she flies, and visits all [cure,
Her well-known haunts, where once she rang'd se-
With love and plenty bless'd. See! there she goes,
She reels along, and by her gait betrays
Her inward weakness. See, how black she looks!
The sweat that clogs the' obstructed pores, scarce
A languid scent: and now in open view [leaves
See, see, she flies! each eager hound exerts
His utmost speed, and stretches every nerve.
How quick she turns! their gaping jaws eludes,
And yet a moment lives; till round enclos'd
By all the greedy pack, with infant screams
She yields her breath, and there reluctant dies.
So when the furious Bacchanals assail'd
Threi an Orpheus, poor ill-fated bard!
Loud was the cry, hills, woods, and Hebrus' banks,
Return their clamorous rage; distress'd he flies,
Shifting from place to place, but flies in vain;
For eager they pursue, till panting, faint,
By noisy multitudes o'erpower'd, he sinks,
To the relentless crowd a bleeding prey.

The huntsman now a deep incision made,
Shakes out with hands impure, and dashes down
Her reeking entrails, and yet quivering heart.
These claim the pack, the bloody perquisite
For all their toils. Stretch'd on the ground she lies,
A mangled corse; in her dim glaring eyes
Cold death exults, and stiffens every limb.
Awed by the threatening whip, the furious hounds
Around her bay; or at their master's foot,

Each happy favourite courts his kind applause,
With humble adulation cowering low.
All now is joy. With cheeks full blown they wind
Her solemn dirge, while the loud-opening pack
The concert swell, and hills and dales return
The sadly-pleasing sounds. Thus the poor hare,
A puny, dastard animal, but vers'd
In subtle wiles, diverts the youthful train.
But if thy proud aspiring soul disdains
So mean a prey, delighted with the pomp,
Magnificence and grandeur of the chase;
Hear what the Muse from faithful records sings.
Why on the banks of Gemna, Indian stream,
Line within line, rise the pavilions proud,
Their silken streamers waving in the wind?
Why neighs the warrior's horse? From tent to tent,
Why press in crowds the buzzing multitude?
Why shines the polish'd helm, and pointed lance,
This way and that far-beaming o'er the plain?
Nor Visapour nor Golconda rebel;
Nor the great Sophy, with his numerous host,
Lays waste the provinces; nor glory fires
To rob, and to destroy, beneath the name
And specious guise of war. A nobler cause
Calls Aurengzebe to arms. No cities sack'd,
No mother's tears, no helpless orphan's cries,
No violated leagues, with sharp remorse
Shall sting the conscious victor: but mankind
Shall hail him good and just. For 'tis on beasts
He draws his vengeful sword; on beasts of prey
Full-fed with human gore. See, see, he comes!
Imperial Dehli, opening wide her gates,
Pours out her thronging legions, bright in arms
And all the pomp of war. Before them sound

ıs and trumpets, breathing martial airs,
ɔld defiance. High upon his throne,
on the back of his proud elephant,
ɜ great chief of Tamur's glorious race:
e he sits, amidst the radiant blaze
ıs and gold. Omrahs about him crowd,
ign the' Arabian steed, and watch his nod:
ɔtent Rajahs, who themselves preside
alms of wide extent; but here submiss
ıomage pay, alternate kings and slaves.
hese, with prying eunuchs girt around,
r sultanas of his court; a troop
ıen beauties, but with care conceal'd
:ach intrusive eye; one look is death.
ıel Eastern law! (had kings a pow'r
ıal to their wild tyrannic will)
us of the sun's all-cheering ray,
ess severe. The vulgar close the march,
ınd artificers; and Dehli mourns
ıpty and depopulated streets.
the camp arriv'd, with stern review
;h groves of spears, from file to file, he darts
rp experienc'd eye; their order marks,
ı his station rang'd, exact and firm,
the boundless line his sight is lost.
:ater multitudes in arms appear'd,
ıe extended plains, when Ammon's son
ıighty Porus in dread battle join'd,
ssal world the prize. Nor was that host
umerous of old, which the great king*
out on Greece from all the' unpeopled East;
:idg'd the Hellespont from shore to shore,

* Xerxes.

And drank the rivers dry. Meanwhile in troops
The busy hunter-train mark out the ground,
A wide circumference: full many a league
In compass round; woods, rivers, hills, and plains
Large provinces; enough to gratify
Ambition's highest aim, could reason bound
Man's erring will. Now sit in close divan
The mighty chiefs of this prodigious host.
He from the throne high-eminent presides,
Gives out his mandates proud, laws of the chase,
From ancient records drawn. With reverence low
And prostrate at his feet, the chiefs receive
His irreversible decrees; from which
To vary, is to die. Then his brave bands
Each to his station leads; encamping round,
Till the wide circle is completely form'd.
Where decent order reigns, what these command
Those execute with speed, and punctual care;
In all the strictest discipline of war:
As if some watchful foe, with bold insult,
Hung lowering o'er their camp. The high resolve
That flies on wings, through all the' encircling line
Each motion steers, and animates the whole.
So by the sun's attractive power controll'd,
The planets in their spheres roll round his orb,
On all he shines, and rules the great machine.
Ere yet the morn dispels the fleeting mists,
(The signal giv'n by the loud trumpet's voice)
Now high in air the' imperial standard waves,
Emblazon'd rich with gold, and glittering gems;
And like a sheet of fire, through the dun gloom
Streaming meteorous. The soldiers' shouts,
And all the brazen instruments of war,
With mutual clamour and united din,

ıe large concave. While from camp to camp
catch the varied sounds, floating in air,
l all the wide circumference, tigers fell
k at the noise; deep in his gloomy den
ıon starts, and morsels yet unchew'd
from his trembling jaws. Now all at once
rd they march embattled, to the sound
rtial harmony; fifes, cornets, drums,
rouse the sleepy soul to arms, and bold
c deeds. In parties here and there
h'd o'er hill and dale, the hunters range
ıitive; strong dogs, that match in fight
ıoldest brute, around their masters wait,
hful guard. No haunt unsearch'd; they drive
every covert, and from every den,
ırking savages. Incessant shouts
ıo through the woods, and kindling fires
ı from the mountain tops; the forest seems
ıingling blaze: like flocks of sheep they fly
: the flaming brand: fierce lions, pards,
tigers, bears, and wolves; a dreadful crew
m blood-thirsty foes: growling along,
stalk indignant; but fierce vengeance still
pealing on their rear, and pointed spears
ıt immediate death. Soon as the night
'd in her sable veil forbids the chase,
pitch their tents, in ev'n ranks, around
ircling camp. The guards are plac'd, and fires
ıper distances ascending rise,
aint the horizon with their ruddy light:
ınd some island's shore of large extent,
the gloomy horrors of the night,
illows breaking on the pointed rocks,
ıll one flame, and the bright circuit wide

Appears a bulwark of surrounding fire.
What dreadful howlings, and what hideous roar,
Disturb those peaceful shades! where erst the bird
That glads the night had cheer'd the listening groves
With sweet complainings. Through the silent gloom
Oft they the guards assail; as oft repell'd
They fly reluctant, with hot-boiling rage
Stung to the quick, and mad with wild despair.
Thus day by day, they still the chase renew;
At night encamp; till now in straighter bounds
The circle lessens, and the beasts perceive
The wall that hems them in on every side.
And now their fury bursts, and knows no mean;
From man they turn, and point their ill-judg'd rage
Against their fellow-brutes. With teeth and claws
The civil war begins; grappling they tear,
Lions on tigers prey, and bears on wolves;
Horrible discord! till the crowd behind
Shouting pursue, and part the bloody fray.
At once their wrath subsides: tame as the lamb
The lion hangs his head; the furious pard,
Cow'd and subdued, flies from the face of man,
Nor bears one glance of his commanding eye:
So abject is a tyrant in distress!

At last within the narrow plain confin'd,
A listed field, mark'd out for bloody deeds,
An amphitheatre more glorious far [heaps,
Than ancient Rome could boast, they crowd in
Dismay'd, and quite appall'd. In meet array,
Sheath'd in refulgent arms, a noble band
Advance; great lords of high imperial blood,
Early resolv'd to' assert their royal race,
And prove by glorious deeds their valour's growth
Mature, ere yet the callow down has spread

Its curling shade. On bold Arabian steeds
With decent pride they sit, that fearless hear
The lion's dreadful roar; and down the rock
Swift-shooting plunge, or o'er the mountain's ridge
Stretching along, the greedy tiger leave
Panting behind. On foot their faithful slaves
With javelins arm'd attend; each watchful eye
Fix'd on his youthful care, for him alone
He fears, and to redeem his life, unmov'd
Would lose his own. The mighty Aurengzebe.
From his high elevated throne, beholds
His blooming race; revolving in his mind
What once he was, in his gay spring of life,
When vigour strung his nerves. Parental joy
Melts in his eyes, and flushes in his cheeks.
Now the loud trumpet sounds a charge. The shouts
Of eager hosts, through all the circling line,
And the wild howlings of the beasts within,
Rend wide the welkin; flights of arrows, wing'd
With death, and javelins launch'd from every arm,
Gall sore the brutal bands, with many a wound
Gor'd through and through. Despair at last prevails,
When fainting nature shrinks, and rouses all
Their drooping courage. Swell'd with furious rage
Their eyes dart fire; and on the youthful band
They rush implacable. They their broad shields
Quick interpose; on each devoted head
Their flaming falchions, as the bolts of Jove,
Descend unerring. Prostrate on the ground
The grinning monsters lie, and their foul gore
Defiles the verdant plain. Nor idle stand
The trusty slaves; with pointed spears they pierce
Through their tough hides, or at their gaping mouths
An easier passage find. The king of brutes

in broken roarings breathes his last; the bear
Grumbles in death; nor can his spotted skin,
Though sleek it shine, with varied beauties gay,
Save the proud pard from unrelenting fate.
The battle bleeds, grim Slaughter strides along,
Glutting her greedy jaws, grins o'er her prey.
Men, horses, dogs, fierce beasts of every kind,
A strange promiscuous carnage, drench'd in blood
And heaps on heaps amass'd. What yet remain
Alive, with vain assault contend to break
The' impenetrable line. Others, whom fear
Inspires with self-preserving wiles, beneath
The bodies of the slain for shelter creep.
Aghast they fly, or hide their heads dispers'd.
And now perchance (had Heaven but pleas'd) the work
Of death had been complete; and Aurengzebe
By one dread frown extinguish'd half their race.
When lo! the bright sultanas of his court
Appear, and to his ravish'd eyes display
Those charms, but rarely to the day reveal'd.
Lowly they bend, and humbly sue, to save
The vanquish'd host. What mortal can deny
When suppliant beauty begs? At his command,
Opening to right and left, the well-train'd troops
Leave a large void for their retreating foes:
Away they fly, on wings of fear upborne,
To seek on distant hills their late abodes.
Ye proud oppressors, whose vain hearts exult
In wantonness of power! 'gainst the brute race,
Fierce robbers like yourselves, a guiltless war
Wage uncontroll'd: here quench your thirst of blood;
But learn from Aurengzebe to spare mankind.

BOOK III.

THE ARGUMENT.

Of King Edgar, and his imposing a tribute of wolves' heads upon the kings of Wales: from hence a transition to fox-hunting, which is described in all its parts.—Censure of an over numerous pack.—Of the several engines to destroy foxes, and other wild beasts.—The steel-trap described, and the manner of using it.—Description of the pitfall for the lion; and another for the elephant.—The ancient way of hunting the tiger with a mirror.—The Arabian manner of hunting the wild boar.—Description of the royal stag-chase at Windsor Forest.—Concludes with an address to his Majesty, and an eulogy upon mercy.

In Albion's isle when glorious Edgar reign'd,
He, wisely provident, from her white cliffs
Launch'd half her forests, and with numerous fleets
Cover'd his wide domain: there proudly rode
Lord of the deep, the great prerogative
Of British monarchs. Each invader bold,
Dane and Norwegian, at a distance gaz'd,
And, disappointed, gnash'd his teeth in vain.
He scour'd the seas; and to remotest shores
With swelling sails the trembling corsair fled.
Rich commerce flourish'd; and with busy oars
Dash'd the resounding surge. Nor less at land
His royal cares; wise, potent, gracious prince!
His subjects from their cruel foes he sav'd,
And from rapacious savages their flocks.
Cambria's proud kings (though with reluctance) [paid
Their tributary wolves; head after head,
In full account, till the woods yield no more,

And all the ravenous race extinct is lost.
In fertile pastures, more securely graz'd
The social troops; and soon their large increase
With curling fleeces whiten'd all the plains.
But yet, alas! the wily fox remain'd,
A subtle, pilfering foe, prowling around
In midnight shades, and wakeful to destroy.
In the full fold, the poor defenceless lamb,
Seiz'd by his guileful arts, with sweet warm blood
Supplies a rich repast. The mournful ewe,
Her dearest treasure lost, through the dim night
Wanders perplex'd, and darkling bleats in vain:
While in the' adjacent bush, poor Philomel,
(Herself a parent once, till wanton churls
Despoil'd her nest) joins in her loud laments,
With sweeter notes and more melodious woe.
For these nocturnal thieves, huntsman! prepare
Thy sharpest vengeance. Oh! how glorious 'tis
To right the' oppress'd, and bring the felon vile
To just disgrace! ere yet the morning peep,
Or stars retire from the first blush of day,
With thy far-echoing voice alarm thy pack,
And rouse thy bold compeers. Then to the copse
Thick with entangling grass or prickly furze,
With silence lead thy many-colour'd hounds,
In all their beauty's pride. See! how they range
Dispers'd, how busily this way and that
They cross, examining with curious nose
Each likely haunt. Hark! on the drag I hear
Their doubtful notes, preluding to a cry
More nobly full, and swell'd with every mouth.
As straggling armies at the trumpet's voice
Press to their standard, hither all repair,
And hurry through the woods, with hasty step

Rustling, and full of hope; now driven on heaps
They push, they strive; while from his kennel sneaks
The conscious villain. See! he skulks along,
Sleek at the shepherd's cost, and plump with meals
Purloin'd: so thrive the wicked here below!
Though high his brush he bear, though tipp'd with [white
It gaily shine; yet ere the sun declin'd
Recal the shades of night, the pamper'd rogue
Shall rue his fate revers'd; and at his heels
Behold the just avenger, swift to seize
His forfeit head, and thirsting for his blood.
Heavens! what melodious strains! how beat our [hearts
Big with tumultuous joy! the loaded gales
Breathe harmony; and as the tempest drives
From wood to wood, through every dark recess
The forest thunders, and the mountains shake.
The chorus swells; less various and less sweet
The trilling notes, when in those very groves
The feather'd choristers salute the spring,
And every bush in concert joins; or when
The master's hand, in modulated air,
Bids the loud organ breathe, and all the powers
Of music in one instrument combine,
An universal minstrelsy. And now
In vain each earth he tries, the doors are barr'd
Impregnable, nor is the covert safe;
He pants for purer air. Hark! what loud shouts
Re-echo through the groves! he breaks away;
Shrill horns proclaim his flight. Each straggling hound
Strains o'er the lawn to reach the distant pack:
'Tis triumph all and joy. Now, my brave youths,
Now give a loose to the clean generous steed;
Flourish the whip, nor spare the galling spur;

But in the madness of delight forget
Your fears. Far over the rocky hills we rang
And dangerous our course; but in the brave
True courage never fails. In vain the stream
In foaming eddies whirls; in vain the ditch
Wide-gaping threatens death. The craggy st
Where the poor dizzy shepherd crawls with c
And clings to every twig, gives us no pain;
But down we sweep, as stoops the falcon bold
To pounce his prey. Then up the' opponent
By the swift motion slung, we mount aloft:
So ships in winter-seas now sliding sink
Adown the steepy wave, then toss'd on high
Ride on the billows, and defy the storm. [c
What lengths we pass! where will the wandc
Lead us bewilder'd? Smooth as swallows skim
The new-shorn mead, and far more swift we fl
See my brave pack; how to the head they pr
Justling in close array, then more diffuse
Obliquely wheel, while from their opening mc
The volley'd thunder breaks. So when the cr
Their annual voyage steer, with wanton wing
Their figure oft they change, and their loud cl
From cloud to cloud rebounds. How far behi
The hunter-crew, wide-straggling o'er the plai
The panting courser now with trembling nerv
Begins to reel; urg'd by the goring spur,
Makes many a faint effort: he snorts, he foams
The big round drops run trickling down his si
With sweat and blood distain'd. Look back and
The strange confusion of the vale below,
Where sour vexation reigns; see yon poor jad
In vain the' impatient rider frets and swears,
With galling spurs harrows his mangled sides;

He can no more: his stiff unpliant limbs
Rooted in earth, unmov'd and fix'd he stands,
For every cruel curse returns a groan,
And sobs, and faints, and dies. Who without grief
Can view that pamper'd steed, his master's joy,
His minion and his daily care, well clothed,
Well fed with every nicer cate; no cost,
No labour spar'd; who, when the flying chase
Broke from the copse, without a rival led
The numerous train: now a sad spectacle
Of pride brought low, and humbled insolence,
Drove like a pannier'd ass, and scourg'd along.
While these with loosen'd reins, and dangling heels,
Hang on their reeling palfreys, that scarce bear
Their weights; another in the treacherous bog
Lies floundering, half-ingulf'd. What biting thoughts
Torment the' abandon'd crew! old age laments
His vigour spent: the tall, plump, brawny youth
Curses his cumbrous bulk; and envies now
The short pygmean race, he whilom ken'd
With proud insulting leer. A chosen few
Alone the sport enjoy, nor droop beneath [height
Their pleasing toils. Here, huntsman! from this
Observe yon birds of prey: If I can judge,
'Tis there the villain lurks; they hover round,
And claim him as their own. Was I not right?
See! there he creeps along; his brush he drags,
And sweeps the mire impure; from his wide jaws
His tongue unmoisten'd hangs; symptoms too sure
Of sudden death. Hah! yet he flies, nor yields
To black despair: but one loose more, and all
His wiles are vain. Hark! through yon village now
The rattling clamour rings. The barns, the cots,
And leafless elms return the joyous sounds.

Through every homestall, and through every ya
His midnight walks, panting, forlorn, he flies;
Through every hole he sneaks, through every jake
Plunging he wades besmear'd, and fondly hopes
In a superior stench to lose his own:
But, faithful to the track, the' unerring hounds
With peals of echoing vengeance close pursue.
And now distress'd, no sheltering covert near,
Into the hen-roost creeps, whose walls with gore
Distain'd attest his guilt. There, villain, there
Expect thy fate deserv'd. And soon from thence
The pack inquisitive, with clamour loud,
Drag out their trembling prize; and on his blood
With greedy transport feast. In bolder notes
Each sounding horn proclaims the felon dead:
And all the' assembled village shouts for joy.
The farmer, who beholds his mortal foe
Stretch'd at his feet, applauds the glorious deed,
And grateful calls us to a short repast:
In the full glass the liquid amber smiles,
Our native product; and his good old mate
With choicest viands heaps the liberal board,
To crown our triumphs, and reward our toils.

Here must the' instructive Muse (but with respec
Censure that numerous pack, that crowd of state
With which the vain profusion of the great
Covers the lawn, and shakes the trembling copse
Pompous encumbrance! a magnificence
Useless, vexatious! for the wily fox,
Safe in the' increasing number of his foes,
Kens well the great advantage: slinks behind,
And slily creeps through the same beaten track,
And hunts them step by step; then views escap'd
With inward estacy, the panting throng

In their own footsteps puzzled, foil'd, and lost.
So when proud Eastern kings summon to arms
Their gaudy legions, from far distant climes
They flock in crowds, unpeopling half a world:
But when the day of battle calls them forth
To charge the well-train'd foe, a band compact
Of chosen veterans; they press blindly on,
In heaps confus'd, by their own weapons fall,
A smoking carnage scatter'd o'er the plain.
Nor hounds alone this noxious brood destroy:
The plunder'd warrenner full many a wile
Devises to entrap his greedy foe,
Fat with nocturnal spoils. At close of day,
With silence drags his trail; then from the ground
Pares thin the close graz'd turf, there with nice hand
Covers the latent death, with curious springs
Prepared to fly at once, whene'er the tread
Of man or beast unwarily shall press
The yielding surface. By the' indented steel
With gripe tenacious held, the felon grins,
And struggles, but in vain: yet oft 'tis known,
When every art has fail'd, the captive fox
Has shar'd the wounded joint, and with a limb
Compounded for his life. But if perchance
In the deep pitfall plung'd, there's no escape;
But unrepriev'd he dies, and bleach'd in air,
The jest of clowns, his reeking carcass hangs.
Of these are various kinds; not ev'n the king
Of Brutes evades this deep devouring grave:
But by the wily African betray'd,
Heedless of fate, within its gaping jaws
Expires indignant. When the orient beam
With blushes paints the dawn, and all the race
Carnivorous, with blood full-gorg'd, retire

Into their darksome cells, there satiate snore
O'er dripping offals, and the mangled limbs
Of men and beasts; the painful forester
Climbs the high hills, whose proud aspiring tops,
With the tall cedar crown'd, and taper fir,
Assail the clouds. There 'mong the craggy rocks,
And thickets intricate, trembling he views
His footsteps in the sand; the dismal road
And avenue to death. Hither he calls
His watchful bands; and low into the ground
A pit they sink full many a fathom deep.
Then in the midst a column high is rear'd,
The butt of some fair tree; upon whose top
A lamb is plac'd, just ravish'd from his dam:
And next a wall they build, with stones and earth,
Encircling round, and hiding from all view
The dreadful precipice. Now when the shades
Of night hang lowering o'er the mountain's brow,
And hunger keen, and pungent thirst of blood,
Rouse up the slothful beast, he shakes his sides,
Slow-rising from his lair, and stretches wide
His ravenous paws, with recent gore distain'd.
The forests tremble, as he roars aloud,
Impatient to destroy. O'erjoy'd he hears
The bleating innocent, that claims in vain
The shepherd's care, and seeks, with piteous moan,
The foodful teat; himself, alas! design'd
Another's meal. For now the greedy brute
Winds him from far; and leaping o'er the mound
To seize his trembling prey, headlong is plung'd
Into the deep abyss. Prostrate he lies,
Astunn'd and impotent. [illegible] what avail
Thine eye-balls flashing fi[illegible], thy length of tail
That lashes thy broad sides, thy jaws besmear'd

›lood and offals crude, thy shaggy main
:rror of the woods, thy stately port,
ulk enormous, since by stratagem
rength is foil'd? Unequal is the strife,
sovereign reason combats brutal rage.
listant Ethiopia's sun-burnt coasts,
ack inhabitants a pitfall frame,
a different kind, and different use.
lender poles the wide capacious mouth,
ırdles slight, they close; o'er these is spread
r of verdant turf, with all its flowers
g delusive, and from strictest search
ıling the deep grave, that yawns below.
›oughs of trees they cut, with tempting fruit
ous kinds surcharg'd; the downy peach,
ustering vine, and of bright golden rind
agrant orange. Soon as evening grey
ces slow, besprinkling all around
:ind refreshing dews the thirsty glebe,
ately elephant from the close shade
tep majestic strides, eager to taste
›oler breeze, that from the sea-beat shore
tful breathes, or in the limpid stream
e his panting sides; joyous he scents
ch repast, unweeting of the death
ırks within: and soon he sporting breaks
ittle boughs, and greedily devours
uit delicious. Ah! too dearly bought;
ice is life. For now the treacherous turf
ling gives way; and the unwieldy beast
ıking, drops into the dark profound.
en dilated vapours, struggling heave
cumbent earth, if chance the cavern'd ground
ing subside, and the thin surface yield,

Down sinks at once the pondrous dome, ingulf
With all its towers. Subtle, delusive man!
How various are thy wiles! artful to kill
Thy savage foes, a dull unthinking race!
Fierce from his lair springs forth the speckled p
Thirsting for blood, and eager to destroy;
The huntsman flies, but to his flight alone
Confides not: at convenient distance fix'd,
A polish'd mirror stops in full career
The furious brute: he there his image views;
Spots against spots with rage improving glow;
Another pard his bristly wiskers curls,
Grins as he grins, fierce-menacing, and wide
Distends his opening paws; himself against
Himself oppos'd, and with dread vengeance ar
The huntsman, now secure, with fatal aim
Directs the pointed spear, by which transfix'd
He dies, and with him dies the rival shade.
Thus man innumerous engines forms, to' assail
The savage kind: but most the docile horse,
Swit and confederate with man, annoys
His brethren of the plains; without whose aid
The hunter's arts are vain, unskill'd to wage
With the more active brutes an equal war.
But borne by him, without the well-train'd pac
Man dares his foe, on wings of wind secure.
Him the fierce Arab mounts, and with his tro
Of bold compeers ranges the deserts wild,
Where, by the magnet's aid, the traveller
Steers his untrodden course; yet oft on land
Is wreck'd, in the high-rolling waves of sand
Immers'd and lost. While these intrepid band
Safe in their horses' speed, out-fly the storm, [p
And scouring round, make men and beasts t

The grisly boar is singled from his herd,
As large as that in Erimanthian woods,
A match for Hercules. Round him they fly
In circles wide; and each in passing sends
His feather'd death into his brawny sides.
But perilous the' attempt: for if the steed
Haply too near approach; or the loose earth
His footing fail; the watchful angry beast
The' advantage spies; and at one sidelong glance
Rips up his groin. Wounded, he rears aloft,
And plunging, from his back the rider hurls
Precipitant; then bleeding spurns the ground,
And drags his reeking entrails o'er the plain.
Meanwhile the surly monster trots along,
But with unequal speed; for still they wound,
Swift-wheeling in the spacious ring. A wood
Of darts upon his back he bears; adown
His tortur'd sides the crimson torrents roll
From many a gaping font: and now at last
Staggering he falls, in blood and foam expires.
But whither roves my devious Muse, intent
On antique tales; while yet the royal stag
Unsung remains? Tread with respectful awe [bard,
Windsor's green glades; where Denham, tuneful
Charm'd once the listening dryads, with his song
Sublimely sweet:—O! grant me, sacred Shade,
To glean submiss what thy full sickle leaves.
The morning sun that gilds with trembling rays
Windsor's high towers, beholds the courtly train
Mount for the chase, nor views in all his course
A scene so gay: heroic, noble youths,
In arts and arms renown'd, and lovely nymphs
The fairest of this isle, where beauty dwells
Delighted, [deserts her Paphian grove

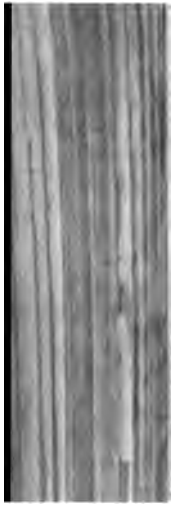
For our more favour'd shades: in proud parade
These shine magnificent, and press around
The royal happy pair. Great in themselves,
They smile superior of external show
Regardless, while their inbred virtues give
A lustre to their pow'r, and grace their court
With real splendours, far above the pomp
Of eastern kings in all their tinsel pride.
Like troops of Amazons, the female band
Prance round their cars, not in refulgent arms
As those of old; unskill'd to wield the sword,
Or bend the bow, these kill with surer aim.
The royal offspring, fairest of the fair,
Lead on the splendid train. Anna, more bright
Than summer suns, or as the lightning keen,
With irresistible effulgence arm'd,
Fires every heart. He must be more than man,
Who unconcern'd can bear the piercing ray.
Amelia, milder than the blushing dawn,
With sweet engaging air, but equal pow'r,
Insensibly subdues, and in soft chains
Her willing captives leads. Illustrious maids,
Ever triumphant! whose victorious charms,
Without the needless aid of high descent, [lords
Had awed mankind, and taught the world's great
To bow and sue for grace. But who is he,
Fresh as a rose-bud newly blown, and fair
As opening lilies; on whom every eye
With joy and admiration dwells? See, see,
He reins his docile barb with manly grace.
Is it Adonis for the chase array'd?
Or Britain's second hope? Hail blooming Youth!
May all your virtues with your years improve,
Till in consummate worth you shine, the pride

Of these our days, and to succeeding times
A bright example. As his guard of mutes
On the great sultan wait, with eyes deject
And fix'd on earth, no voice, no sound is heard
Within the wide serail, but all is hush'd,
And awful silence reigns; thus stand the pack
Mute and unmov'd, and cowering low to earth,
While pass the glittering court, and royal pair:
So disciplin'd those hounds, and so reserv'd,
Whose honour 'tis to glad the hearts of kings.
But soon the winding horn, and huntsman's voice,
Let loose the general chorus; far around
Joy spreads its wings, and the gay morning smiles.
Unharbour'd now the royal stag forsakes
His wonted lair; he shakes his dappled sides,
And tosses high his beamy head; the copse
Beneath his antlers bends. What doubling shifts
He tries! not more the wily hare; in these
Would still persist, did not the full-mouth'd pack
With dreadful concert thunder in his rear:
The woods reply, the hunter's cheering shouts
Float through the glades, and the wide forest rings.
How merrily they chant! their nostrils deep
Inhale the grateful steam. Such is the cry,
And such the' harmonious din, the soldier deems
The battle kindling, and the statesman grave
Forgets his weighty cares; each age, each sex,
In the wild transport joins; luxuriant joy,
And pleasure in excess, sparkling exult
On every brow, and revel unrestrain'd.
How happy art thou, man, when thou'rt no more
Thyself! when all the pangs that grind thy soul,
In rapture and in sweet oblivion lost,
Yield a short interval, and ease from pain!
See the swift courser strains, his shining hoofs

Securely beat the solid ground. Who now
The dangerous pitfall fears, with tangling heat
High-overgrown? Or who the quivering bog
Soft-yielding to the step? All now is plain,
Plain as the strand sea-lav'd, that stretches far
Beneath the rocky shore. Glades crossing gla
The forest opens to our wondering view:
Such was the king's command. Let tyrants fe
Lay waste the world; his the more glorious pa
To check their pride; and when the brazen w
Of war is hush'd (as erst victorious Rome)
To' employ his station'd legions in the works
Of peace; to smooth the rugged wilderness;
To drain the stagnate fen, to raise the slope
Depending road, and to make gay the face
Of nature, with the' embellishments of art.

How melts my beating heart! as I behold
Each lovely nymph, our island's boast and prid
Push on the generous steed, that strokes along
O'er rough, o'er smooth, nor heeds the steepy
Nor falters in the' extended vale below:
Their garments loosely waving in the wind,
And all the flush of beauty in their cheeks!
While at their sides their pensive lovers wait,
Direct their dubious course: now chill'd with f
Solicitous, and now with love inflam'd.
O! grant, indulgent Heaven, no rising storm
May darken with black wings this glorious scen
Should some malignant power thus damp our j
Vain were the gloomy cave, such as of old
Betray'd to lawless love the Tyrian queen:
For Britain's virtuous nymphs are chaste as fair
Spotless, unblam'd, with equal triumph reign
In the dun gloom, as in the blaze of day.

Now the blown stag, through woods, bogs, roads,
and streams,
Has measur'd half the forest; but alas!
He flies in vain, he flies not from his fears.
Though far he cast the lingering pack behind,
His haggard fancy still with horror views
The fell destroyer; still the fatal cry
Insults his ears, and wounds his trembling heart.
So the poor fury-haunted wretch (his hands
In guiltless blood distain'd) still seems to hear
The dying shrieks; and the pale threatning ghost
Moves as he moves, and as he flies, pursues.
See here his slot; up yon green hill he climbs,
Pants on its brow awhile, sadly looks back
On his pursuers, covering all the plain;
But wrung with anguish, bears not long the sight,
Shoots down the steep, and sweats along the vale:
There mingles with the herd, where once he reign'd
Proud monarch of the groves, whose clashing beam
His rivals awed, and whose exalted pow'r
Was still rewarded with successful love.
But the base herd have learn'd the ways of men;
Averse they fly, or with rebellious aim
Chase him from thence: needless their impious deed,
The huntsman knows him by a thousand marks,
Black, and emboss'd; nor are his hounds deceiv'd;
Too well distinguish these, and never leave
Their once devoted foe; familiar grows
His scent, and strong their appetite to kill.
Again he flies, and with redoubled speed
Skims o'er the lawn; still the tenacious crew
Hang on the track, aloud demand their prey,
And push him many a league. If haply then
Too far escap'd, and the gay courtly train



In full pursuit, and check their thi
Soon at the king's command, like
Damm'd up awhile, they foam, an
With fresh-recruited-might. The
His foes were lost, now once more
The dreadful din; he shivers ever
He starts, he bounds; each bush p
Press'd by the fresh relay, no pau
Breathless and faint, he falters in l
And lifts his weary limbs with pai
Sustain their load; he pants, he s
Drops down his heavy head to ear
His cumbrous beams oppress'd.
Some prying eye surprise him; so
Erect his towering front, bounds o
With ill-dissembled vigour, to am
The knowing forester; who inly s
At his weak shifts, and unavailing
So midnight tapers waste their las
Shine forth awhile, and as they bl

To gleaming hope, the' unhappy's last reserve.
Where shall he turn? or whither fly? Despair
Gives courage to the weak. Resolv'd to die,
He fears no more, but rushes on his foes,
And deals his deaths around; beneath his feet
These groveling lie, those by his antlers gor'd
Defile the' ensanguin'd plain. Ah! see distress'd
He stands at bay against yon knotty trunk,
That covers well his rear; his front presents
An host of foes. O! shun, ye noble train,
The rude encounter, and believe your lives
Your country's due alone. As now aloof
They wing around, he finds his soul uprais'd,
To dare some great exploit; he charges home
Upon the broken pack, that on each side
Fly diverse; then as o'er the turf he strains,
He vents the cooling stream, and up the breeze
Urges his course with eager violence;
Then takes the soil, and plunges in the flood
Precipitant; down the mid-stream he wafts
Along, till (like a ship distress'd, that runs
Into some winding creek) close to the verge
Of a small island, for his weary feet
Sure anchorage he finds, there skulks immers'd
His nose alone above the wave draws in
The vital air; all else beneath the flood
Conceal'd and lost, deceives each prying eye
Of man or brute. In vain the crowding pack
Draw on the margin of the stream, or cut
The liquid wave with oary feet, that move
In equal time. The gliding waters leave
No trace behind, and contracted pores
But sparingly perspire: the huntsman strains
His labouring lungs, and puffs his cheeks in vain.

Al length a blood-hound bold, studious to kill,
And exquisite of sense, winds him from far;
Headlong he leaps into the flood, his mouth
Loud opening spends amain, and his wide throat
Swells every note with joy; then fearless dives
Beneath the wave, hangs on his haunch, and wounds
The' unhappy brute, that flounders in the stream,
Sorely distress'd, and struggling strives to mount
The steepy shore. Haply once more escap'd;
Again he stands at bay, amid the groves
Of willows, bending low their downy heads.
Outrageous transport fires the greedy pack;
These swim the deep, and those crawl up with pain
The slippery bank, while others on firm land
Engage; the stag repels each bold assault,
Maintains his post, and wounds for wounds returns.
As when some wily corsair boards a ship
Full-freighted, or from Afric's golden coasts,
Or India's wealthy strand, his bloody crew
Upon her deck he slings; these in the deep
Drop short, and swim to reach her steepy sides,
And clinging climb aloft; while those on board
Urge on the work of fate; the master bold,
Press'd to his last retreat, bravely resolves
To sink his wealth beneath the whelming wave.
His wealth, his foes, nor unreveng'd to die.
So fares it with the stag: so he resolves
To plunge at once into the flood below,
Himself, his foes, in one deep gulf immers'd.
Ere yet he executes his dire intent,
In wild disorder once more views the light;
Beneath a weight of woe, he groans distress'd:
The tears run trickling down his hairy cheeks;
He weeps, nor weeps in vain. The king beholds

His wretched plight, and tenderness innate
Moves his great soul: soon at his high command
Rebuk'd, the disappoinsed hungry pack
Retire submiss, and grumbling quit their prey.
  Great Prince! from thee, what may thy subjects hope;
So kind, and so beneficent to brutes?
O mercy, heavenly born! sweet attribute!
Thou great, thou best prerogative of pow'r!
Justice may guard the throne, but join'd with thee,
On rocks of adamant it stands secure,
And braves the storm beneath; soon as thy smiles
Gild the rough deep, the foaming waves subside,
And all the noisy tumult sinks in peace.

BOOK IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

Of the necessity of destroying some beasts, and preserving oth
for the use of man.—Of breeding of hounds; the season for t
business.—The choice of the dog, of great moment.—Of the
ter of whelps.—Of the number to be reared.—Of setting them
to their several walks.—Care to be taken to prevent their hu
ing too soon.—Of entering the whelps.—Of breaking them fr
running at sheep.—Of the diseases of hounds.—Of their age.—
madness; two sorts of it described, the dumb, and outrage
madness: its dreadful effects.—Burning of the wound rec
mended as preventing all ill consequences.—The infecti
hounds to be separated and fed apart.—The vanity of trusti
to the many infallible cures for this malady.—The dismal effe
of the biting of a mad dog, upon man, described.—Description
the otter-hunting.—The conclusion.

WHATE'ER of earth is form'd, to earth returns
Dissolv'd: the various objects we behold,
Plants, animals, this whole material mass,
Are ever changing, ever new. The soul
Of man alone, that particle divine,
Escapes the wreck of worlds, when all things fail
Hence, great the distance 'twixt the beasts th
perish,
And God's bright image, man's immortal race!
The brute creation are his property,
Subservient to his will, and for him made:
As hurtful these he kills, as useful those
Preserves; their sole and arbitrary king.
Should he not kill, as erst the Samian sage
Taught unadvis'd, and Indian brachman's now

preach, the teeming ravenous brutes
the scanty space of this terrene,
ring all the globe: should not his care
ıis growing stock, their kinds might fail,
ıt once more on roots and acorns feed,
ıgh the deserst range shivering forlorn,
titute of every solace dear,
y smiling gaiety of life.
udent huntsman therefore will supply
ıal large recruits his broken pack,
agate their kind. As from the root
ɔns still spring forth, and daily yield
ming honours to the parent-tree:
his pack be fam'd, far sought his breed,
:es at their tables feast those hounds
presents an acceptable boon.
. the Sun through the bright Ram has urg'd
y course, or mother Earth unbound
n bosom to the western gale;
:her'd troops, their social leagues dissolv'd,
:ir mates, and on the leafless elm
rook builds high her wicker nest;
l the wanton females of thy pack,
their taper tails, and frisking court
bald mates enamour'd; their red eyes
ɜ impure; nor :est, nor food they take,
y furious love. In separate cells
ıem now, lest bloody civil wars
y peaceful state. If left at large,
ling rivals in dread battle join,
encounter. On Scamander's streams
'old with far less fury fought,
right Spartan dame, their valour's prize,
ınd torn thy favourite hounds shall lie,

Stretch'd on the ground; thy kennel shall appear
A field of blood: like some unhappy town
In civil broils confus'd, while Discord shakes
Her bloody scourge aloft, fierce parties rage,
Staining their impious hands in mutual death;
And still the best belov'd and bravest fall:
Such are the dire effects of lawless love!
  Huntsman! these ills by timely prudent care
Prevent; for every longing dame select
Some happy paramour; to him alone
In leagues connubial join. Consider well
His lineage; what his fathers did of old,
Chiefs of the pack, and first to climb the rock,
Or plunge into the deep, or thread the brake
With thorns sharp-pointed, plash'd, and briers i
    woven;
Observe with care his shape, sort, colour, size.
Nor will sagacious huntsmen less regard
His inward habits: the vain babbler shun,
Ever loquacious, ever in the wrong;
His foolish offspring shall offend thy ears
With false alarms and loud impertinence.
Nor less the shifting cur avoid, that breaks
Illusive from the pack: to the next hedge
Devious he strays, there every mew he tries;
If haply then he cross the streaming scent,
Away he flies vain-glorious; and exults
As of the pack supreme, and in his speed
And strength unrivall'd. Lo! cast far behind,
His vex'd assosiates pant, and labouring strain
To climb the steep ascent. Soon as they reach
The' insulting boaster, his false courage fails,
Behind he lags, doom'd to the fatal noose;
His master's hate, and scorn of all the field.

What can from such be hop'd, but a base brood
Of coward curs, a frantic, vagrant race?
When now the third revolving moon appears,
With sharpen'd horns, above the horizon's brink;
Without Lucina's aid, expect thy hopes
Are amply crown'd; short pangs produce to light
The smoking litter crawling, helpless, blind;
Nature their guide, they seek the pouting teat
That plenteous streams. Soon as the tender dam
Has form'd them with her tongue, with pleasure view
The marks of their renown'd progenitors;
Sure pledge of triumphs yet to come. All these
Select with joy; but to the merciless flood
Expose the dwindling refuse, nor o'erload
The' indulgent mother. If thy heart relent,
Unwilling to destroy, a nurse provide,
And to the foster parent give the care
Of thy superfluous brood; she'll cherish kind
The alien offspring; pleas'd thou shalt behold
Her tenderness, and hospitable love.
If frolic now and playful, they desert
Their gloomy cell, and on the verdant turf,
With nerves improv'd, pursue the mimic chase,
Coursing around; unto thy choisest friends
Commit thy valued prize: the rustic dames
Shall at thy kennel wait, and in their laps
Receive thy growing hopes, with many a kiss
Caress, and dignify their little charge
With some great title, and resounding name
Of high import. But cautious here observe
To check their youthful ardour, nor permit
The unexperienc'd younker, immature,
Alone to range the woods, or haunt the brakes
Where dodging conies sport: his nerves unstrung,

And strength unequal: the laborious chase
Shall stint his growth, and his rash forward yout
Contract such vicious habits, as thy care
And late correction never shall reclaim.
When to full strength arriv'd, mature and bok
Conduct them to the field; not all at once,
But as thy cooler prudence shall direct,
Select a few, and form them by degrees
To stricter discipline. With these consort
The stanch and steady sages of thy pack,
By long experience vers'd in all the wiles
And subtle doublings of the various chase.
Easy the lesson of the youthful train,
When instinct prompts, and when example guid
If the too forward younker at the head
Press boldly on, in wanton sportive mood,
Correct his haste, and let him feel abash'd
The ruling whip. But if he stop behind
In wary modest guise, to his own nose
Confiding sure; give him full scope to work
His winding way, and with thy voice applaud
His patience and his care; soon shalt thou view
The hopeful pupil leader of his tribe,
And all the listening pack attend his call.
Oft lead them forth where wanton lambkins pla
And bleating dams with jealous eyes observe
Their tender care. If at the crowding flock
He bay presumptuous, or with eager haste
Pursue them scatter'd o'er the verdant plain;
In the foul fact attach'd, to the strong ram
Tie fast the rash offender. See? at first
His horn'd companion, fearful, and amaz'd,
Shall drag him trembling o'er the rugged grou
Then with his load fatigued, shall turn wheri

And with his curl'd hard front incessant peal
The panting wretch; till breathless and astunn'd,
Stretch'd on the turf he lie. Then spare not thou
The twining whip, but ply his bleeding sides
Lash after lash, and with thy threatening voice,
Harsh-echoing from the hills, inculcate loud
His vile offence. Sooner shall trembling doves,
Escap'd the hawk's sharp talons, in mid air
Assail their dangerous foe, than he once more
Disturb the peaceful flocks. In tender age
Thus youth is train'd; as curious artists bend
The taper, pliant twig; or potters form
Their soft and ductile clay to various shapes.
Nor is't enough to breed; but to preserve
Must be the huntsman's care. The stanch old hounds,
Guides of thy pack, though in number few,
Are yet of great account; shall oft unite
The gordian knit, when reason at a stand
Puzzling is lost, and all thy art is vain.
O'er clogging fallows, o'er dry plaster'd roads,
O'er floated meads, o'er plains with flocks distain'd
Rank-scenting, these must lead the dubious way.
As party-chiefs in senates who preside,
With pleaded reason and with well-turn'd speech
Conduct the staring multitude; so these
Direct the pack, who with joint cry approve,
And loudly boast discoveries not their own.
Unnumber'd accidents, and various ills,
Attend thy pack, hang hovering o'er their heads,
And point the way that leads to Death's dark cave.
Short is their span; few at the date arrive
Of ancient Argus, in old Homer's song
So highly honour'd: kind, sagacious brute;

Not ev'n Minerva's wisdom could conceal
Thy much-lov'd master from thy nicer sense.
Dying, his lord he own'd, view'd him all o'er
With eager eyes, then clos'd those eyes, well pleas'd.
Of lesser ills the Muse declines to sing,
Nor stoops so low; of these each groom can tell
The proper remedy. But O! what care,
What prudence can prevent madness, the worst
Of maladies? Terrific pest! [illegible]st blasts
The huntsman's hopes, and desolation spreads
Through all the' unpeopled kennel unrestrain'd,
More fatal than the' enven[illegible]'d viper's bite;
Or that Apulian spid[illegible]p[illegible]nous sting,
Heal'd by the the pleas[illegible]tidote of sounds.
When Sirius reigns, and the sun's parching beams
Bake the dry gaping surface, visit thou
Each eve and morn, with quick observant eye,
Thy panting pack. If in dark sullen mood
The glouting hound refuse his wonted meal,
Retiring to some close, obscure retreat,
Gloomy, disconsolate: with speed remove
The poor infectious wretch, and in strong chains
Bind him suspected. Thus that dire disease
Which art can't cure, wise caution may prevent.
But this neglected, soon expect a change,
A dismal change, confusion, frenzy, death.
Or in some dark recess the senseless brute
Sits sadly pining: deep melancholy,
And black despair, upon his clouded brow
Hang lowering; from his half-opening jaws
The clammy venom, and infectious froth,
Distilling fall; and from his lungs inflam'd,
Malignant vapours taint the ambient air,
Breathing perdition: his dim eyes we glaz'd,

He droops his pensive head, his trembling limbs
No more support his weight; abject he lies,
Dumb, spiritless benumb'd; till death at last
Gracious attends, and kindly brings belief.
  Or if outrageous grown, behold, alas!
A yet more dreadful scene; his glaring eyes
Redden with fury, like some angry boar
Churning he foams; and on his back erect
His pointed bristles rise; his tail incurv'd
He drops, and with harsh broken howlings rends
The poison-tainted air, with rough hoarse voice
Incessant bays, and snuffs the' infectious breeze:
This way and that he stares aghast, and starts
At his own shade; jealous, as if he deem'd
The world his foes. If haply tow'rd the stream
He cast his roving eye, cold horror chills
His soul; averse he flies, trembling, appall'd.
Now frantic to the kennel's utmost verge
Raving he runs, and deals destruction round:
The pack fly diverse; for whate'er he meets
Vengeful he bites, and every bite is death.
  If now perchance through the weak fence escap'd,
Far up the wind he roves, with open mouth
Inhales the cooling breeze; nor man nor beast
He spares, implacable. The hunter-horse,
Once kind associate of his silvan toils,
(Who haply now without the kennel's mound
Crops the rank mead, and listening hears with joy
The cheering cry, that morn and eve salutes
His raptur'd sense) a wretched victim falls.
Unhappy quadruped! no more, alas!
Shall thy fond master with his voice applaud
Thy gentleness, thy speed; or with his hand
Stroke thy soft dappled sides, as he each day

Visits thy stall, well-pleas'd; no more shalt thou
With sprightly neighings, to the winding horn,
And the loud opening pack in concert join'd,
Glad his proud art. For oh! the secret wound
Rankling inflames; he bites the ground and dies.
Hence to the village with pernicious haste
Baleful he bends his course: the village flies
Alarm'd; the tender mother in her arms
Hugs close the trembling babe; the doors are barr'd;
And flying curs, by native instinct taught,
Shun the contagious bane: the rustic bands
Hurry to arms, the rude militia seize
Whate'er at hand they find; clubs, forks, or guns,
From every quarter charge the furious foe,
In wild disorder, and uncouth array: [gor'd,
Till now with wounds on wounds oppress'd and
At one short poisonous gasp he breathes his last.
Hence to the kennel, Muse! return, and view
With heavy heart that hospital of woe;
Where horror stalks at large; insatiate death
Sits growling o'er his prey: each hour presents
A different scene of ruin and distress.
How busy art thou, Fate! and how severe
Thy pointed wrath! the dying and the dead
Promiscuous lie; o'er these the living fight
In one eternal broil: not conscious why,
Nor yet with whom. So drunkards in their cups
Spare not their friends, while senseless squabble
reigns.
Huntsman! it much behoves thee to avoid
The perilous debate. Ah! rouse up all
Thy vigilance, and tread the treacherous ground
With careful step. Thy fires unqench'd preserve,
As erst the vestal flame; the pointed steel

In the hot embers hide; and if surpris'd
Thou feel'st the deadly bite, quick urge it home
Into the recent sore, and cauterize
The wound; spare not thy flesh, nor dread the'
Vulcan shall save when Æsculapius fails. [event:
Here, should the knowing Muse recount the means
To stop this growing plague: and here, alas!
Each hand presents a sovereign cure, and boasts
Infallibity, but boasts in vain.
On this depend; each to his separate seat
Confine, in fetters bound: give each his mess
Apart, his range in open air; and then
If deadly symptoms to thy grief appear,
Devote the wretch, and let him greatly fall,
A generous victim for the public weal.
Sing, philosophic Muse, the dire effects
Of this contagious bite on hapless man.
The rustic swains, by long tradition taught
Of leeches old, as soon as they perceive
The bite impress'd, to the sea-coasts repair.
Plung'd in the briny flood, the' unhappy youth
Now journeys home secure; but soon shall wish
The seas as yet had cover'd him beneath
The foaming surge, full many a fathom deep,
A fate more dismal, and superior ills
Hang o'er his head devoted. When the moon
Closing her monthly round, returns again
To glad the night; or when full-orb'd she shines
High in the vault of Heaven; the lurking pest
Begins the dire assault. The poisonous foam
Through the deep wound instill'd with hostile rage
And all its fiery particles saline,
Invades the arterial fluid; whose red waves
Tempestuous heave, and their cohesion broke,

Fermenting boil; intestine war ensues,
And order to confusion turns embroil'd.
Now the distended vessels scarce contain
The wild uproar, but press each weaker part,
Unable to resist: the tender brain
And stomach suffer most; convulsions shake
His trembling nerves, and wandering pungent pains
Pinch sore the sleepless wretch; his fluttering pulse
Oft intermits; pensive and sad he mourns
His cruel fate, and to his weeping friends
Laments in vain: to hasty anger prone,
Resents each slight offence, walks with quick step,
And wildly stares; at last with boundless sway
The tyrant frenzy reigns. For as the dog
(Whose fatal bite convey'd the' infectious bane)
Raving he foams, and howls, and barks, and bates:
Like agitations in his boiling blood
Present like species to his troubled mind;
His nature, and his actions all canine.
So as (old Homer sung) the' associates wild
Of wandering Ithacus, by Circe's charms [groves:
To swine transform'd, run gruntling through the
Dreadful example to a wicked world!
See there distress'd he lies! parch'd up with thirst,
But dares not drink: till now at last his soul
Trembling escapes, her noisome dungeon leaves,
And to some purer region wings away.
One labour yet remains, celestial Maid!
Another element demands thy song.
No more o'er craggy steeps, through coverts thick
With pointed thorn, and briers intricate,
Urge on with horn and voice the painful pack:
But skim with wanton wing the' irriguous vale,
Where winding streams amid the flowery meads

Perpetual glide along; and undermine
The cavern'd banks, by the tenacious roots
Of hoary willows arch'd; gloomy retreat
Of the bright scaly kind; where they at will,
On the green watry reed their pasture graze,
Suck the moist soil, or slumber at their ease,
Rock'd by the restless brook, that draws aslope
Its humid train, and laves their dark abodes.
Where rages not oppression? Where, alas!
Is innocence secure? Rapine and spoil
Haunt ev'n the lowest deeps: seas have their sharks;
Rivers and ponds enclos'd, the ravenous pike;
He in his turn becomes a prey; on him
The' amphibious otter feasts. Just is his fate
Deserv'd: but tyrants know no bounds; nor spears
That bristle on his back defend the perch
From his wide greedy jaws; nor burnish'd mail
The yellow carp; nor all his arts can save
The' insinuating eel, that hides his head
Beneath the slimy mud; nor yet escapes
The crimson-spotted trout, the river's pride,
And beauty of the stream. Without remorse,
This midnight pillager, ranging around,
Insatiate swallows all. The owner mourns
The' unpeopled rivulet, and gladly hears
The huntsman's early call, and sees with joy
The jovial crew, that march upon its banks
In gay parade, with bearded lances arm'd.
This subtle spoiler of the beaver kind,
Far off perhaps, where ancient alders shade
The deep still pool, within some hollow trunk
Contrives his wicker couch; whence he surveys
His long purlieu, lord of the stream, and all
The finny shoals his own. But you, brave youths,

Dispute the felon's claim; try every root,
And every reedy bank; encourage all
The busy-spreading pack, that fearless plunge
Into the flood, and cross the rapid stream.
Bid rocks and caves, and each resounding shore,
Proclaim your bold defiance; loudly raise
Each cheering voice, till distant hills repeat
The triumphs of the vale. On the soft sand
See there his seal impress'd! and on that bank
Behold the glittering spoils, half-eaten fish,
Scales, fins, and bones, the leavings of his feast.
Ah! on that yielding sag-bed, see, once more
His seal I view: o'er yon dank rushy marsh
The sly goose-footed prowler bends his course,
And seeks the distant shallows. Huntsman, bring
Thy eager pack; and trail him to his couch.
Hark! the loud peal begins, the clamorous joy,
The gallant chiding loads the trembling air.
Ye Naiads fair, who o'er these floods preside,
Raise up your dripping heads above the wave,
And hear our melody; the' harmonious notes
Float with the stream; and every winding creek
And hollow rock, that o'er the dimpling flood
Nods pendent, still improve from shore to shore
Our sweet reiterated joys. What shouts!
What clamour loud! what gay heart-cheering sounds!
Urge through the breathing brass their mazy way!
Not quires of tritons glad with sprightlier strains
The dancing billows, when proud Neptune rides
In triumph o'er the deep. How greedily
They snuff the fishy steam, that to each blade
Rank-scenting clings. See! how the morning dews
They sweep, that from their feet besprinkling drop,
Dispers'd, and leave a track oblique behind.

on firm land they range; then in the flood
/ plunge tumultuous; or through reedy pools
ling they work their way; no holt escapes
r curious search. With quick sensation now
fuming vapour stings; flutter their hearts,
joy redoubled bursts from every mouth
uder symphonies. Yon hollow trunk,
. with its hoary head incurv'd salutes
passing wave, must be the tyrant's fort,
dread abode. How these impatient climb,
le others at the root incessant bay:
/ put him down. See, there he dives along!
ascending bubbles mark his gloomy way:
k fix the nets, and cut off his retreat
the sheltering deeps. Ah, there he vents!
pack plunge headlong, and protended spears
ıce destruction: while the troubled surge
;nant foams, and all the scaly kind
ghted, hide their heads. Wild tumult reigns,
loud uproar. Ah there once more he vents!
that bold hound has seiz'd him; down they sink,
:ther lost; but soon shall he repent
:ash assault. See, there escap'd, he flies
drown'd, and clambers up the slippery bank
ı ooze and blood distain'd. Of all the brutes,
:ther by Nature form'd, or by long use,
artful diver best can bear the want
ıtal air. Unequal is the fight,
:ath the whelming element. Yet there
ives not long; but respiration needs
roper intervals. Again he vents!
n the crowd attack. That spear has pierc'd
ıeck; the crimson waves confess the wound,
is the bearded lance, unwelcome guest,

Where'er he flies; with him it sinks beneath,
With him it mounts; sure guide to every foe.
Inly he groans; nor can his tender wound
Bear the cold stream. Lo! to yon sedgy bank
He creeps disconsolate; his numerous foes
Surround him, hounds and men. Pierc'd through and through,
On pointed spears they lift him high in air;
Wriggling he hangs, and grins, and bites in vain:
Bid the loud horns, in gaily-warbling strains,
Proclaim the felon's fate; he dies, he dies.
Rejoice, ye scaly tribes, and leaping dance
Above the wave, in sign of liberty
Restor'd; the cruel tyrant is no more.
Rejoice, secure and bless'd; did not as yet
Remain some of your own rapacious kind;
And man, fierce man, with all his various wiles.
O happy! if ye knew your happy state,
Ye rangers of the fields: whom Nature boon
Cheers with her smiles, and every element
Conspires to bless. What, if no heroes frown
From marble pedestals; nor Raphael's works,
Nor Titian's lively tints, adorn our walls:
Yet these the meanest of us may behold;
And at another's cost may feast at will
Our wondering eyes; what can the owner more?
But vain, alas! is wealth, not grac'd with pow'r.
The flowery landscape, and the gilded dome,
And vistas opening to the wearied eye,
Through all his wide domain; the planted grove,
The shrubby wilderness, with its gay choir
Of warbling birds, can't lull to soft repose
The' ambitious wretch, whose discontented soul
Is harrow'd day and night; he mourns, he pines,

ntil his prince's favour makes him great.
ee there he comes, the' exalted idol comes!
he circle's form'd, and all his fawning slaves
evoutly bow to earth; from every mouth
he nauseous flattery flows, which he returns
'ith promises, that die as soon as born:
ile intercourse! where virtue has no place.
rown but the monarch; all his glories fade;
e mingles with the throng, outcast, undone,
he pageant of a day; without one friend
o soothe his tortur'd mind; all, all are fled.
or though they bask'd in his meridian ray,
he insects vanish, as his beams decline.
Not such our friends; for here no dark design,
o wicked interest bribes the venal heart;
rt inclination to our bosom leads,
nd weds them there for life; our social cups
nile, as we smile; open, and unreserv'd.
'e speak our inmost souls; good humour, mirth,
ft complaisance, and wit from malice free,
nooth every brow, and glow on every cheek.
O happiness sincere! what wretch would groan
eneath the galling load of power, or walk
pon the slippery pavements of the great,
'ho thus could reign, unenvied and secure?
Ye guardian powers who make mankind your care,
ve me to know wise Nature's hidden depths;
ace each mysterious cause, with judgment read
e' expanded volume, and submiss adore
at great creative Will, who at a word
oke forth the wondrous scene. But if my soul
this gross clay confin'd, flutters on earth
ith less ambitious wing; unskill'd to range
om orb to orb, where Newton leads the way;

And view with piercing eyes the grand machine,
Worlds above worlds; subservient to his voice,
Who veil'd in clouded majesty, alone
Gives light to all; bids the great system move,
And changeful seasons in their turns advance,
Unmov'd, unchang'd, Himself. Yet this at least
Grant me propitious, an inglorious life,
Calm and serene; nor lost in false pursuits
Of wealth or honours; but enough to raise
My drooping friends, preventing modest want
That dares not ask. And if, to crown my joys,
Ye grant me health, that, ruddy in my cheeks,
Blooms in my life's decline; fields, woods, and streams,
Each towering hill, each humble vale below,
Shall hear my cheering voice, my hounds shall wake
The lazy morn, and glad the' horizon round.

FIELD SPORTS.

ADVERTISEMENT.

several acts of parliament in favour of Fal-
y are an evident proof of that high esteem
ancestors had conceived for this noble diver-
. Our neighbours, France, Germany, and
, and all the rest of Europe, have seemed to
with one another who should pay the greatest
ours to the couragious Falcon. Princes and
es were her protectors, and men of the great-
genius, and most accomplished in all sorts of
ature, with pleasure carried the hawk on their
: but the princes of Asia, Turks, Tartars, Per-
, Indians, &c. have greatly outdone us Eu-
ans in the splendour and magnificence of their
parades, both as huntsmen and falconers: for
gh the description of flying at the stag and
r wild beasts, with eagles, may be thought a
incredible; yet permit me to assure the reader
it is no fiction, but a real fact. All the an-
t books of Falconry give us an account of it,
the relations of travellers confirm it: but
t I think puts it out of all dispute, is the de-
tion the famous Monsieur de Thou has given
his Latin poem, *De Re Accipitrariâ*, reprinted

at Venice, in 1735, with an Italian translation and notes.

Hoc studio Hæmonii circumsonat aula tyranni,
Tercentum illi equites, quoties venabula poscit,
Tot pedites adsunt: longo nemus omne resugit
Latrantum occursu, venatorumque repulsis
Vocibus; huic gemini, neque enim satis esse ferendo
Unus tanto oneri possit, cedente petauro
Circum aquilam gestant, aliam totidem inde ministri
Impositam subeunt: quarum minor illa volueri
Ore canum voces fingit, nemora avia complens
Terrore ingenti: latebris tum excita repente
Infelix fera prorumpit: ruit altera demum
Sublimis compar magno stridore per auras;
Involat inque oculos et provolat atque capaces
Expandens per inane sinus caligine densa,
Horribilique supervolitans cælum obruit umbra.
Nec minor interea obsistit: sublimis ut illa,
Hæc humilis sic terga volans premit et latus urget:
Neve gradum referat retro, et vestigia vertat,
Seu Caprea aut Cervus sese tulit obvius illis,
Rostro atque ungue minax vetat, et cum compare vires
Alternat socias, artemque remunerat arte.
Nec mora, nec requies: furiis exterrita tantis
Donec in insidias cæca convalle locatas
Precipitet rabidis fera mox lanianda Molossis.

I am very much obliged to those gentlemen who have read with favour my poem upon Hunting: their goodness has encouraged me to make this short supplement to the Chase, and in this poem to give them some account of all the more polite entertainments of the field.

FIELD SPORTS.

TO

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE.

Hæc incondita solus
Montibus, et sylvis, studio jactabat inani. *Virg.* Ecl. ii.

ARGUMENT.

troduction.—Description of flying at the stag with eagles, after the manner of the Asiatic princes.—Description of hern-hawking.—Of flying at the river.—Partridge-hawking.—Daring the lark with an hobby just mentioned.—Shooting flying.—Setting.—Angling.—Conclusion.

NCE more, great Prince! permit an humble bard
rostrate to pay his homage at your feet;
hen, like the morning lark from the low ground
owering aloft, sublime, to soar and sing;
ng the heart-cheering pleasure of the fields,
he choice delight of heroes and of kings.
In earlier times monarchs of Eastern race,
t their full blaze of pride, as story tells,
rain'd up the' imperial eagle, sacred bird!
ooded, with jingling bells she perch'd on high;
ot as when erst on golden wings she led
he Roman legions o'er the conquer'd globe,
ankind her quarry; but a docile slave,
am'd to the lure, and careful to attend
er master's voice. Behold the man renown'd,

Abbas the Great, (whom all his fawning slaves
Deem'd king of kings; vain fools! they sure forgot
Greater Leonidas, and those fatal straits*
Blood-stain'd, where slaughter'd Persians fell o
A dreadful carnage!) see his numerous host [heaps
Spread wide the plains, and in their front upborn
Each on her perch, that bends beneath her weight
Two sister eagles, stately pondrous birds!
The air's a desert, and the feather'd race
Fly to the neighbouring covert's dark retreats.
The royal pair on wing, this whirls around
In circles wide, or like the swallow skims
The russet plain, and mimics as she flies
(By many a sleepless night instructed well)
The hound's loud openings, or the spaniel's quest
What cannot wakeful industry subdue!
Meanwhile, that mounts on high, and seems to view
A black ascending cloud, when pierc'd the gloom
Of vapours dank condens'd, the sun's bright beams
Pain not her sight: she with expanded sails
Works through the' ethereal fluid; then perhaps
Sees through a break of clouds this self-pois'd orb
Hard by her handmaid moon. She looks beneath
Contemptuous, and beholds from far this earth,
This molehill earth, and all its busy arts,
Labouring for life, which lasts so short a day,
Just blazing and extinct. So thou, my soul!
That breath of life which all men must perceive,
But none distinctly know, when once escap'd
From this poor helpless corse, and when on high
Borne on angelic wings, look down with scorn
On this mean lessening world, and knaves grown rich

* Straits of Thermopylæ. See the story of Xerxes.

By chance, or fraud, or insolence of power.
Now from her highest pitch, by quick degrees,
With less ambition, nearer earth she tends,
As yet scarce visible, and high in air,
Pois'd on extended wings, with sharper ken
Attentive marks whate'er is done below.
Thus some wise general, from a rising ground,
Observes the' embattled foe, where serried ranks
Forbid access, or where their order loose
Invites the attack, and points the way to fate.
All now is tumult; each heart swells with joy;
The falconers shout, and the wide concave rings:
Tremble the forests round; the joyous cries [hills,
Float through the vales; and rocks, and woods, and
Return the varied sounds. Forth bursts the stag,
Nor trusts the mazes of his deep recess;
Fear hid him close; strange inconsistent guide!
Now hurries him aghast, with busy feet,
Far o'er the spacious plain: he pants to reach
The mountain's brow, or with unsteady step
To climb the craggy cliff; the greyhounds strain
Behind to pinch his haunch, who scarce evades
Their gaping jaws. One eagle, wheeling, flies
In airy labyrinths, or with easier wing
Skims by his side, and stuns his patient ear
With hideous cries; then peals his forehead broad.
Or at his eyes her fatal malice aims:
The other, like the bolt of angry Heav'n,
Darts down at once and fixes on his back
Her griping talons, ploughing with her beak
His pamper'd chine: the blood and sweat distill'd.
From many a dripping furrow, stains the soil.
Who *pities* not this fury-hunted wretch,
Embarrass'd thus, on every side distress'd?

Death will relieve him; for the greyhounds fierce,
Seizing their prey, soon drag him to the ground:
Groaning he falls; with eyes that swim in tears
He looks on man, chief author of his woe,
And weeps, and dies! the grandees press around,
To dip their sabres in his boiling blood:
Unseemly joy! 'tis barbarous to insult
A fallen foe. The dogs, and birds of prey,
Insatiate, on his reeking bowels feast;
But the stern Falconer claims the lion's share.
Such are the sports of kings; and better far
Than royal robbery, and the bloody jaws
Of all-devouring war! Each animal,
By natural instinct taught, spares his own kind;
But man, the tyrant man! revels at large,
Free-booter unrestrain'd; destroys at will
The whole creation, men and beasts his prey;
These for his pleasure, for his glory those.
Next will I sing the valiant falcon's fame,
Aërial fights, where no confederate brute
Joins in the bloody fray, but bird with bird
Justs in mid air. Lo! at his siege,* the hern,
Upon the bank of some small purling brook,
Observant stands to take his scaly prize,
Himself another's game; for mark, behind
The wily falconer creeps; his grazing horse
Conceals the treacherous foe, and on his fist
The' unhooded falcon sits: with eager eyes
She meditates her prey, and in her wild
Conceit already plumes the dying bird.
Up springs the hern, redoubling every stroke,
Conscious of danger, stretches far away,

* The place where the hern takes his stand, watching his prey.

busy pennons and projected beak,
ing the' opponent clouds: the falcon swift
ws at speed, mounts as he mounts, for hope
vigour to her wings: another soon
is after to support the bold attack;
ips a third. As in some winding creek
oud Iberia's shore, the corsairs sly
waiting to surprise a British sail,
reighted from Hetruria's friendly ports,
h Byzantium; after her they scud,
ng the spumy waves with equal oars,
preading all their shrouds; she makes the main,
ig every gale, nor yet forgets
ear her deck, and tell the' insulting foe,
ls of thunder, Britons cannot fear.
s the hern pursued, but fighting flies.
grows the conflict; every nerve's employ'd:
hrough the yielding element they soar,
ng high, then sink at once, and rove
kless mazes through the troubled sky.
t; no peace. The falcon hovering flies
'd in air, and confidently bold
o'er him like a cloud, then aims her blow
his destin'd head. The watchful hern
from her like a blazing meteor swift
ilds the night, eludes her talons keen
inted beak, and gains a length of way.
e the' attentive crowd; all hearts are fix'd
important war, and pleasing hope
in each breast. The vulgar and the great,
y happy now, with freedom share
mmon joy: the shepherd-boy forgets
ating care; the labouring hind lets fall
n unsown; in transport lost, he robs

The' expecting furrow, and in wild amaze
The gazing village point their eyes to Heav'n.
Where is the tongue can speak the falconer's cheer,
'Twixt hopes and fears, as in a tempest toss'd?
His fluttering heart, his varying cheeks confess
His inward woe. Now, like a wearied stag,
That stands at bay, the hern provokes their rage;
Close by his languid wing, in downy plumes,
Covers his fatal beak, and cautious hides
The well-dissembled fraud. The falcon darts
Like lightning from above, and in her breast
Receives the latent death; down plumb she falls
Bounding from earth, and with her trickling gore
Defiles her gaudy plumage. See, alas!
The falconer in despair; his favourite bird
Dead at his feet, as of his dearest friend
He weeps her fate; he meditates revenge,
He storms, he foams, he gives a loose to rage;
Nor wants he long the means; the hern fatigued,
Borne down by numbers, yields; and prone on earth
He drops; his cruel foes wheeling around,
Insult at will. The vengeful falconer flies
Swift as an arrow shooting to their aid,
Then muttering inward curses, breaks his wings,
And fixes in the ground his hated beak;*
Sees with malignant joy, the victors proud
Smear'd with his blood, and on his marrow feast.†
Unhappy bird! our fathers' prime delight,
Who fenc'd thine eyry round with sacred laws;‡

* This is done to prevent his hurting the hawk; they generally also break their legs.

† The reward of the hawk; made of the brains, marrow, and blood, which they call in Italian *Sappa*.

‡ No man was permitted to shoot within 600 yards of the eyry, or nest of a hern, under great penalties.

Nor mighty princes now disdain to wear
Thy waving crest, the mark of high command,
With gold, and pearl, and brilliant gems adorn'd.*
Now, if the crystal stream delight thee more,
Sportsman! lead on, where through the reedy bank
The' insinuating waters, filter'd, stray
In many a winding maze. The wild-duck there
Gluts on the fattening ooze, or steals the spawn
Of teeming shoals, her more delicious feast.
How do the sunbeams on the glassy plain
Sport wanton, and amuse our wandering eyes
With variously-reflected changing rays!
The murmuring stream salutes the flowery mead
That glows with fragrance; Nature all around
Consents to bless. What sluggard now would sink
In beds of down? What miser would not leave
His bags untold for this transporting scene?—
Falconer, take care, oppose thy well-train'd steed,
And slily stalk; unhood thy falcon bold,
Observe at feed the unsuspecting team
Paddling with oary feet: he's seen; they fly.
Now at full speed the falconer spurs away
To' assist his favourite hawk; she from the rest
Has singled out the mallard, young and gay,
Whose green and azure brightens in the sun.
Swift as the wind that sweeps the desert plain,
With feet, wings, beak, he cuts the liquid sky:
Behoves him now both oar and sail; for see
The' unequal foe gains on him as he flies.
Long holds the' aërial course; they rise, they fall,
Now skim in circling rings, then stretch away
With all their force, till at one fatal stroke

* The hern's top worn at coronations here, and by the great men in Asia in their turbans.

The vigorous hawk, exerting every nerve,
Truss'd in mid air bears down her captive prey.
'Tis well on earth they fall; for oft the duck
Mistrusts her coward wings, and seeks again
The kind protecting flood: if haply then
The falcon rash aim a decisive blow,
And spring to gripe her floating prey, at once
She dives beneath, and near some osier's root
Pops up her head secure; then views her foe,
Just in the grasping of her fond desires,
And in full pride of triumph whelm'd beneath
The gliding stream. Ah! where are now, proud bir
Thy stately trappings, and thy silver bells,
Thy glossy plumage, and thy silken crest?
Say, tyrant of the skies! wouldst thou not now
Exchange with thy but late desponding foe
Thy dreadful talons, and thy polish'd beak,
For her web-feet despis'd? How happy they,
Who, when gay Pleasure courts, and Fortune smile
Fear the reverse; with caution tread those paths
Where roses grow, but wily vipers creep!

These are expensive joys, fit for the great,
Of large domains possess'd: enough for me
To boast the gentle spar-hawk on my fist,
Or fly the partridge from the bristly field,
Retrieve the covey with my busy train,
Or with my soaring hobby dare the lark.

But if the shady woods my cares employ
In quest of feather'd game, my spaniels beat
Puzzling the' entangled copse, and from the bral
Push forth the whirring pheasant; high in air
He waves his varied plumes, stretching away
With hasty wing. Soon from the' uplifted tube
The mimic thunder bursts, the leaden death

:rtakes him, and with many a giddy whirl
· earth he falls, and at my feet expires.
When Autumn smiles, all beauteous in decay,
nd paints each chequer'd grove with various hues,
.y setter ranges in the new-shorn fields,
fis nose in air erect; from ridge to ridge
'anting he bounds, his quarter'd ground divides
.n equal intervals, nor careless leaves
One inch untried. At length the tainted gales
His nostrils wide inhale: quick joy elates
His beating heart, which, awed by discipline
Severe, he dares not own, but cautious creeps
Low-covering, step by step; at last attains
His proper distance; there he stops at once,
And points with his instructive nose upon
The trembling prey. On wings of wind upborne
The floating net unfolded flies, then drops,
And the poor fluttering captives rise in vain.
Or haply on some river's cooling bank,
Patiently musing, all intent I stand
To hook the scaly glutton. See; down sinks
My cork, that faithful monitor; his weight
My taper angle bends; surpris'd, amaz'd,
He glitters in the sun, and struggling, pants
For liberty, till in the purer air
He breathes no more. Such are our pleasing ca
And sweet amusements; such each busy drudg
Envious must wish, and all the wise enjoy.
Thus, most illustrious Prince! have I presun
In my obscure sojourn, to sing at ease
Rural delights, the joy and sweet repast
Of every noble mind; and now perchance
Untimely sing, since from yon neighbouring s
The grumbling thunder rolls; calm Peace

Starts from her couch, and the rude din of war
Sounds harsh in every ear. But, righteous Heav'n!
Britain deserted, friendless and alone,
Will not as yet despair: shine but in arms,
O Prince! belov'd by all; patron profess'd
Of liberty; with every virtue crown'd;
Millions shall crowd her strand, and her white cliffs,
As Teneriffe or Atlas firm, defy
The break of seas, and malice of her foes,
Nor the proud Gaul prevail where Cæsar fail'd.

THE BOWLING-GREEN.

Where fair Sabrina's wandering currents flow,
A large smooth plain extends its verdant brow;
Here every morn, while fruitful vapours feed
The swelling blade, and bless the smoking mead,
A cruel tyrant reigns: like Time, the swain
Whets his unrighteous scythe, and shaves the plain:
Beneath each stroke the peeping flowers decay,
And all the' unripen'd crop is swept away:
The heavy roller next he tugs along,
Whiffs his short pipe, or rears a rural song;
With curious eye then the press'd turf he views,
And every rising prominence subdues.
  Now when each craving stomach was well-stor'd,
And Church and King had travell'd round the board,
Hither at Fortune's shrine to pay their court
With eager hopes the motley tribe resort;
Attorneys spruce, in their plate-button'd frocks,
And rosy parsons, fat and orthodox:
Of every sect, Whigs, Papists, and Highflyers,
Cornuted aldermen, and hen-peck'd squires;

ɛ-hunters, quacks, scribblers in verse and prose,
d half-pay captains, and half-witted beaus.
the green cirque the ready racers stand,
pos'd in pairs, and tempt the bowler's hand;
:h polish'd sphere does his round brother own,
e twins distinguish'd by their marks are known.
the strong rein guides the well-manag'd horse,
re weighty lead infus'd directs their course:
ese in the ready road drive on with speed,
: those in crooked paths more artfully succeed.
the tall ship that makes some dangerous bay,
th a side wind obliquely slopes her way.
! there the silver tumbler fix'd on high,
e victor's prize, inviting every eye!
e champions or consent or chance divide,
iile each man thinks his own the surer side,
d the jack leads the skilful bowler's guide.
Bendo stripp'd first; from foreign coasts he brought
:haos of receipts, and anarchy of thought;
ıere the tumultuous whims to faction prone,
ll justled monarch Reason from her throne:
re dangerous than the porcupine's his quill,
.r'd to slaughter, and secure to kill.
: loose, just Heaven! each virulent disease,
t save us from such murderers as these.
ght Bendo live but half a patriarch's age,
e' unpeopled world would sink beneath his rage;
r need to' appease the just Creator's ire
ıecond deluge or consuming fire.
winks one eye, and knits his brow severe,
en from his hand launches the flying sphere;
t of the green the guiltless wood he hurl'd,
ift as his patients from this nether world;

Then grinn'd malignant, but the jocund crowd
Deride his senseless rage, and shout aloud.
Next, Zadoc, 'tis thy turn, imperious priest!
Still late at church, but early at a feast.
No turkey-cock appears with better grace,
His garments black, vermilion paints his face:
His wattles hang upon his stiffen'd band,
His platter feet upon the trigger stand,
He grasps the bowl in his rough brawny hand:
Then squatting down, with his grey goggle-eyes
He takes his aim, and at the mark it flies;
Zadoc pursues, and wabbles o'er the plain,
But shakes his strutting paunch, and ambles on in vain;
For, oh! wide-erring to the left it glides,
The inmate lead the lighter wood misguides.
He, sharp reproofs with kind entreaties joins,
Then on the counter side with pain reclines,
As if he meant to regulate its course,
By power attractive and magnetic force:
Now almost in despair, he raves, he storms,
Writhes his unwieldy trunk in various forms.
Unhappy Proteus! still in vain he tries
A thousand shapes; the bowl erroneous flies,
Deaf to his prayers, regardless of his cries:
His puffing cheeks with rising rage inflame,
And all his sparkling rubies glow with shame.
Bendo's proud heart, proof against Fortune's frown,
Resolves once more to make the prize his own:
Cautious he plods, surveying all the green,
And measures with his eye the space between:
But as on him 'twas a peculiar curse
To fall from one extreme into a worse,

Conscious of too much vigour, now for fear
He should exceed, at hand he checks the sphere.
Soon as he found its languid force decay,
And the too weak impression die away,
Quick after it he scuds, urges behind,
Step after step; and now, with anxious mind,
Hangs o'er the bowl, slow-creeping on the plain,
And chides its faint efforts, and bawls amain:
Then on the guiltless green the blame to lay,
Curses the mountains that obstruct his way;
Brazens it out with an audacious face,
His insolence improving by disgrace.

Zadoc, who now with three black-mugs had cheer'd
His drooping heart, and his sunk spirits rear'd,
Advances to the trigg with solemn pace,
And ruddy hope sits blooming on his face.
The bowl he pois'd, with pain his hams he bends,
On well-chose ground unto the mark it tends:
Each adverse heart pants with unusual fear,
With joy he follows the propitious sphere:
Alas! how frail is every mortal scheme,
We build on sand, our happiness a dream!
Bendo's short bowl stops the proud victor's course,
Purloins his fame, and deadens all its force.
At Bendo, from each corner of his eyes,
He darts malignant rays, then muttering flies
Into the bower; there, panting and half dead,
In thick mundungus clouds he hides his head.

Muse! raise thy voice: to win the glorious prize,
Bid all the fury of the battle rise.
These but the light-arm'd champions of the field,
See Griper there! a veteran well skill'd:
This able pilot knows to steer a cause
Through all the rocks and shallows of the laws:

Or if 'tis wreck'd, his trembling client saves
On the next plank, and disappoints the waves.
In this, at least, all histories agree,
That though he lost his cause he sav'd his fee.
When the fat client looks in jovial plight,
How complaisant the man! each point how right!
But if the' abandon'd orphan puts his case,
And poverty sits shrinking on his face,
How like a cur he snarls! when at the door
For broken scraps he quarrels with the poor.
The farmer's oracle, when rent-day's near,
And landlords, by forbearance, are severe;
When huntsmen trespass, or his neighbour's swine,
Or tatter'd Crape extorts by right divine:
Him all the rich their contributions pay,
Him all the poor with aching hearts obey:
He in his swanskin doublet struts along,
Now begs, and now rebukes, the pressing throng.
A passage clear'd, he takes his aim with care,
And gently from his hand lets loose the sphere:
Smooth as a swallow o'er the plain it flies,
While he pursues its track with eager eyes;
Its hopeful course approv'd, he shouts aloud,
Claps both his hands, and justles through the crowd.
Hovering awhile, soon at the mark it stood,
Hung o'er inclin'd, and fondly kiss'd the wood;
Loud is the' applause of every betting friend,
And peals of clamorous joy the concave rend.
But in each hostile face a dismal gloom
Appears, the sad presage of loss to come:
'Mong these Trebellius, with a mournful air
Of livid hue, just dying with despair,
Shuffles about, screws his chop-fallen face,
'd no whip'd gig so often shifts his place;

Then gives his sage advice with wondrous skill,
Which no man ever heeds, or ever will:
Yet he persists, instructing to confound,
And with his cane points out the dubious ground.
Strong Nimrod now, fresh as the rising dawn,
Appears; his sinewy limbs and solid brawn
The gazing crowd admires. He nor in courts
Delights, nor pompous balls, but rural sports
Are his soul's joy. At the horn's brisk alarms
He shakes the' unwilling Phillis from his arms;
Mounts with the sun, begins his bold career,
To chase the wily fox or rambling deer:
So Hercules, by Juno's dread command,
From savage beasts and monsters freed the land.
Hark! from the covert of yon gloomy brake
Harmonious thunder rolls, the forests shake;
Men, boys, and dogs, impatient for the chase,
Tumultuous transports flush in every face;
With ears erect the courser paws the ground,
Hills, vales, and hollow rocks, with cheering cries
resound: [speed,
Drive down the precipice (brave youths!) with
Bound o'er the river banks, and smoke along the
But whither would the devious Muse pursue [mead.
The pleasing theme, and my past joys renew?
Another labour now demands thy song.
Stretch'd in two ranks, behold the' expecting throng
As Nimrod pois'd the sphere: his arms he drew
Back like an arrow in the Parthian yew, [it flew:
Then launch'd the whirling globe, and full as swift
Bowls dash'd on bowls confounded all the plain,
Safe stood the foe, well cover'd by his train.
Assaulted tyrants thus their guard defends,
Escaping by the ruin of their friends.
But now he stands expos'd, their order broke,
And seems to dread the next decisive stroke:

So at some bloody siege, the ponderous ball
Batters with ceaseless rage the crumbling wall,
(A breach once made) soon galls the naked town,
Riots in blood, and heaps on heaps are thrown.
Each avenue thus cle[illegible]th aching heart
Griper beheld, exert[illegible] art;
Once more resolves to check his furious foe,
Block up the passage, and elude the blow.
With cautious hand, and with less force, he threw
The well-pois'd sphere, that gently circling flew,
But stopping short, cover'd the mark from view.
So little Teucer on the well-fought field
Securely sculk'd behind his brother's shield.
Nimrod, in dangers bold, whose heart elate
Nor courted Fortune's smiles nor fear'd her hate,
Perplex'd, but not discourag'd, walk'd around,
With curious eye examin'd all the ground;
Not the least opening in the front was found.
Sideway he leans, declining to the right,
And marks his way, and moderates his might.
Smooth-gliding o'er the plain the' obedient sphere
Held on its dubious road, while hope and fear
Alternate ebb'd and flow'd in every breast:
Now rolling nearer to the mark it press'd;
Then chang'd its course, by the strong bias rein'd,
And on the foe discharg'd the force that yet remain'd:—
Smart was the stroke: away the rival fled,
The bold intruder triumph'd in his stead.
Victorious Nimrod seiz'd the glittering prize,
Shouts of outrageous joy invade the skies;
Hands, tongues, and caps, exalt the victor's fame,
Sabrina's banks return him loud acclaim.

END OF VOL. XVII.

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